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"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants." - -Macauley

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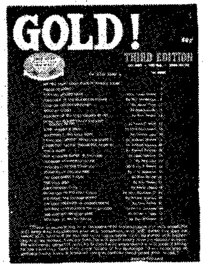
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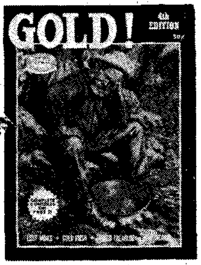
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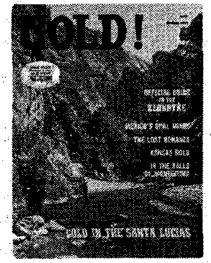
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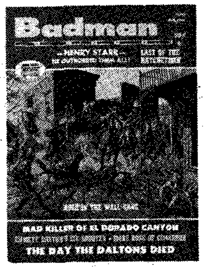
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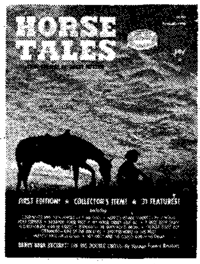
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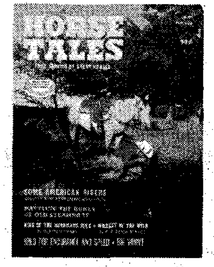
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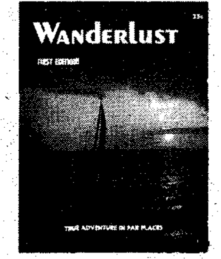
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Cover: Jim Bones

Beaver Creek, Carson National Forest, New Mexico

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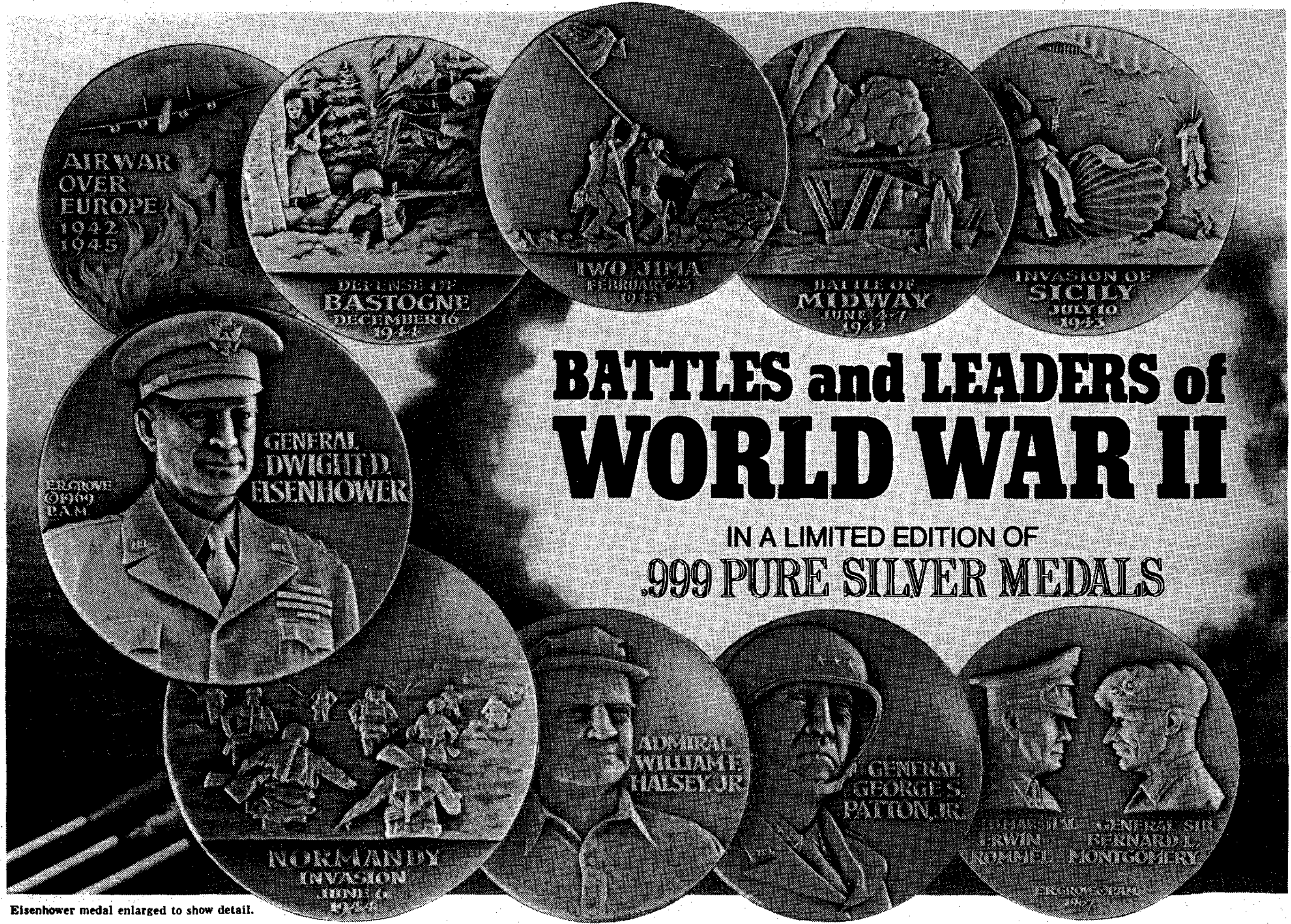
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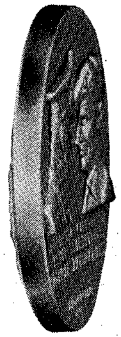

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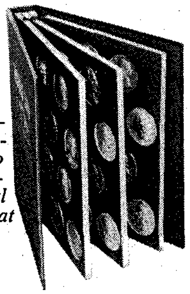

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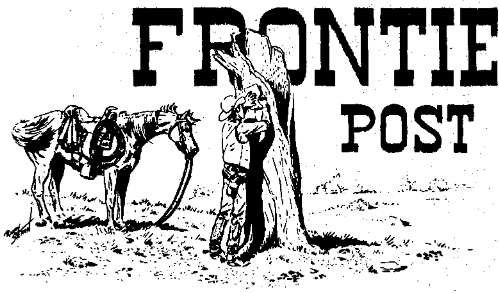


Miners

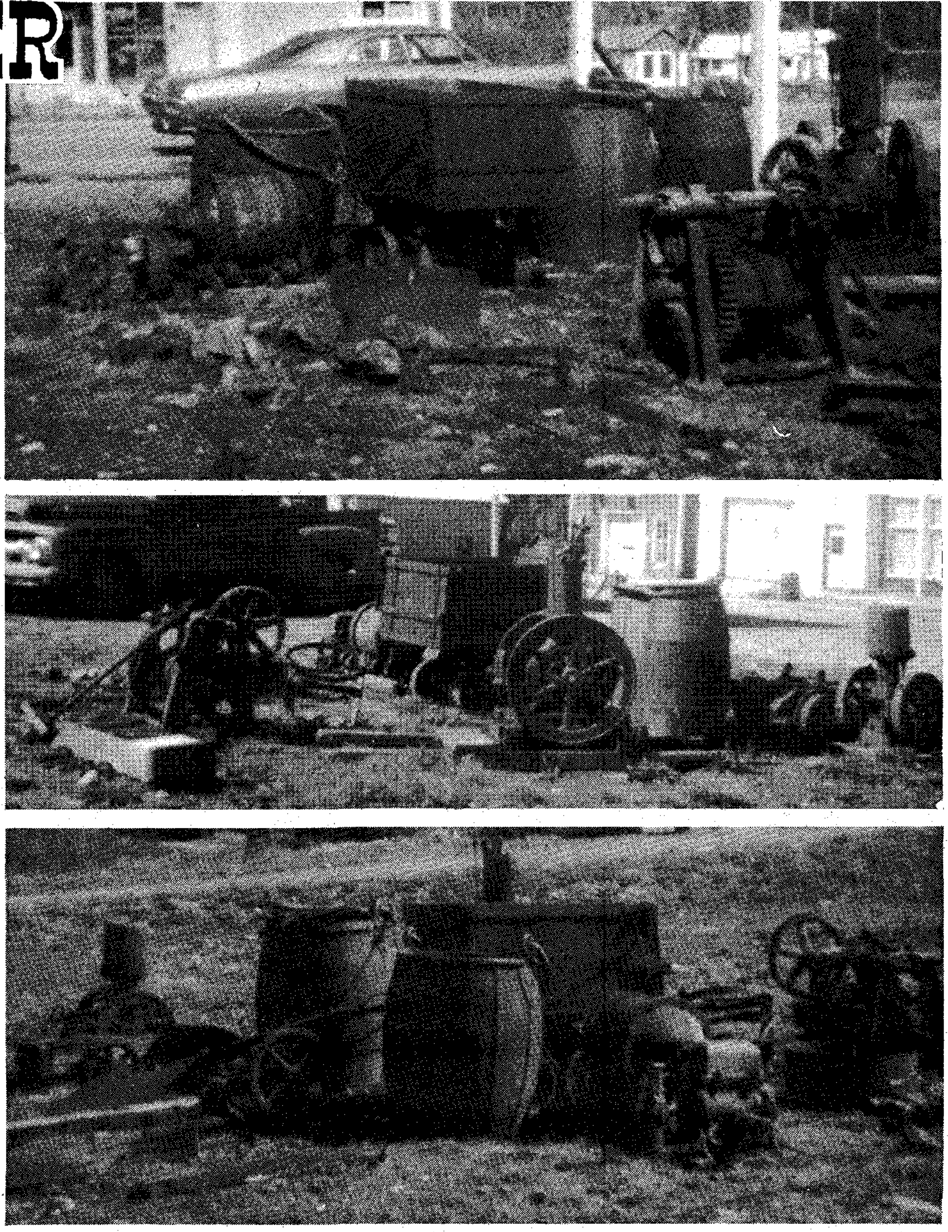
Rico, Colorado is a small town, almost a ghost, high in the San Juan Mountains in southeast Colorado. It was an old silver camp. Now what little mining is left is mostly for lead and zinc.

The enclosed pictures were taken there in the summer of 1971. They are pictures of the tools of the early-day miner, when most of his equipment was hand forged by the old-time blacksmith. These relics have been in disuse, rusting and disintegrating under the heavy snows of winter. Many have disappeared entirely.

For years I have lived in California and each summer I go back to the old stomping ground where I spent my boyhood. I hated to see these things disappear and so with some old friends, decided to try and save what few were left. We put them on an empty lot by the Rico Liquor Store to be preserved and show just what the "Hard Rock Miner" of yore had to work with. Since they have been put on exhibition many people from elsewhere have wanted to buy them, but they are to be kept permanently in Rico.

For those who are interested, they are as follows: two hoist buckets, one hoist bucket for water, one upright gas engine, one upright gas engine started by kerosene then switched to diesel fuel to start a hot-head compressor, one mine car and the wheels off another, one hand hoist, one small crusher, one ball mill, one hand water pump, one dirt plow and one rock plow used with horses or mules in the 1880s, two hand-forged irons to be used with old-time whiskey barrels for hoists, and miscellaneous other hand-forged articles.

These things, of course, can never be replaced but maybe they can in some small way show the hardships and inconveniences under which this hardy breed of men worked. I hope so.—George E. Stanley, 1349 Carob Way, Montebello, California 90640



Early-day mining equipment on display at Rico, Colorado.

Our Readers Are Musical!

I would like to sincerely thank you for publishing my letter in Frontier Post, requesting old songs. To this date, I have received right at two hundred letters from all over the United States; also quite a few from Canada, one from across the Atlantic Ocean (England), and just yesterday I received one from Okinawa.

No one will ever make me believe there is a generation gap, as I have heard from people of all ages, from thirteen to eighty years and also from people in all walks of life. Speaking of which, I also heard from a sailor stationed at the U.S. Navy base in Cuba.

I would like to let the people who wrote to me and sent me the words to most of the songs, know that I received their letters and I really will answer all of them. My husband has been seriously ill and has just returned home after four weeks in the hospital, and the doctors say it will take him quite a long time to recuperate.

Again, I would like to thank you. And to thank everyone who wrote to me. I promise you, I will answer all your letters personally. By the way, my mother-in-law said the title to the one song I asked about is "The Retiring Brakeman," not "The Redheaded Brakeman."—Rosemary McMullen, 12223 Chittenden, Corcoran, California 93212

Jesse James' Follower

I would appreciate hearing from any readers who are acquainted with past events of the region of the James family. I have read of a Bill Stiles who joined the company of Jesse James and his followers. I have also seen a picture of Bill Stiles. I would like to know who the nearest relatives of Bill Stiles were.

My name is also Stiles and my father was raised not too far from where the James boys were raised. My father, James Warren Stiles, was born and raised at Farley, Missouri. He was the son of Dr. Luke and Sarilda Stiles.

The Bill Stiles I wish information about is not the noted Billy Stiles of Arizona.—Harry B. Stiles, General Delivery, Florence, Arizona 85232

Sixkiller Kin

Did you know that one of the articles in your November '72 issue has an important sports note hidden within the paragraphs? According to Jim Etter ("The Day Sequoyah Houston Fell to Cherokee Bill") a man named Taylor Sixkiller was accidentally killed in a previous attempt on Houston's life. Taylor Sixkiller must have been an ancestor to the famous Washington quarterback, Sonny Sixkiller. According to *Sports Illustrated* (October 4, 1971) Sixkiller was born in Tahlequah, Oklahoma. His family moved to Oregon when he was one.

(Continued on page 39)

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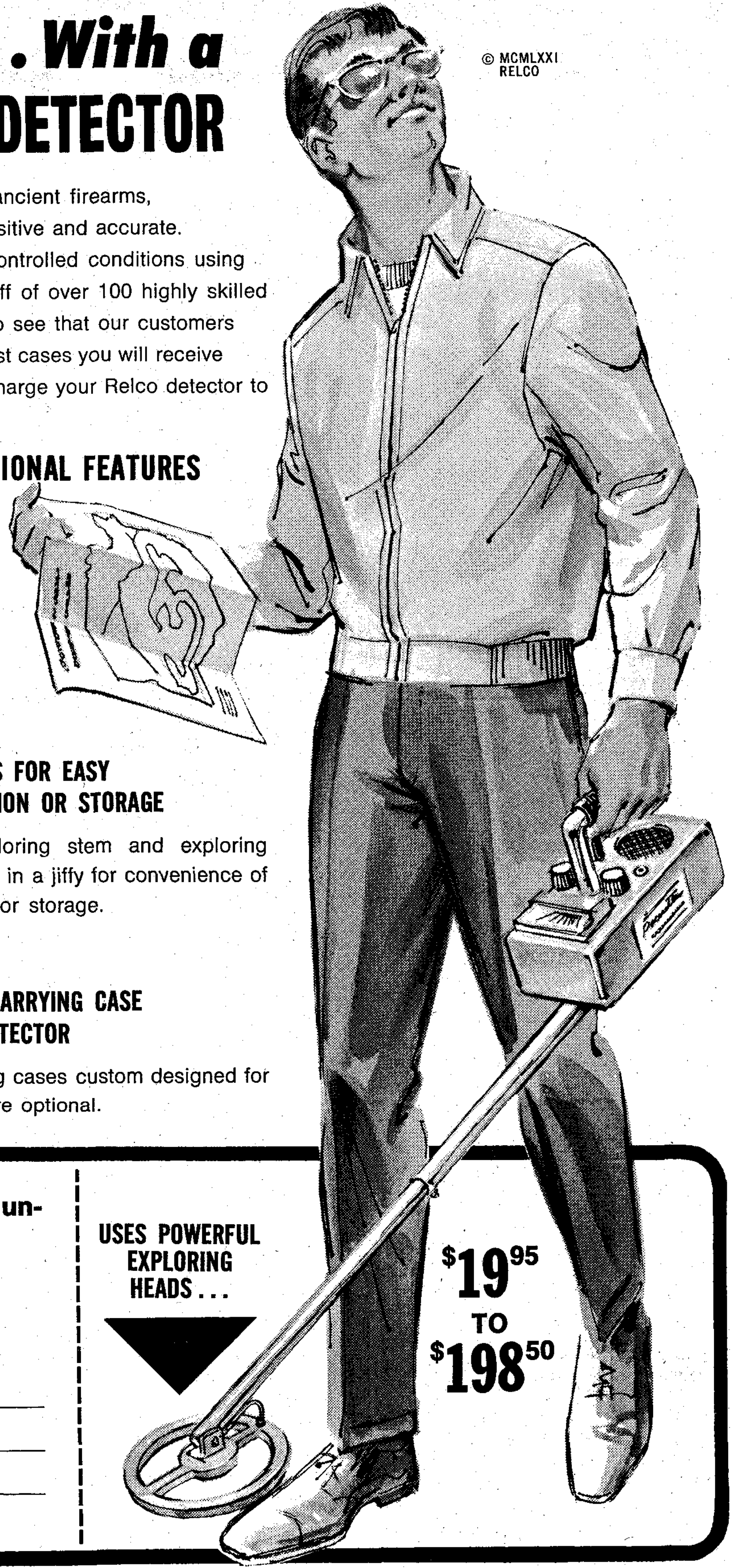

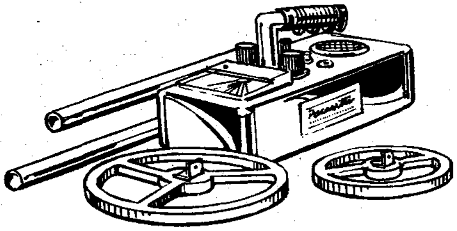

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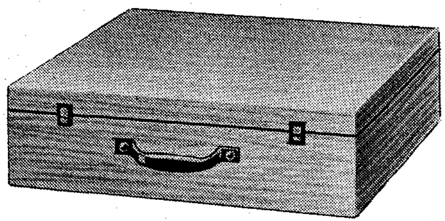

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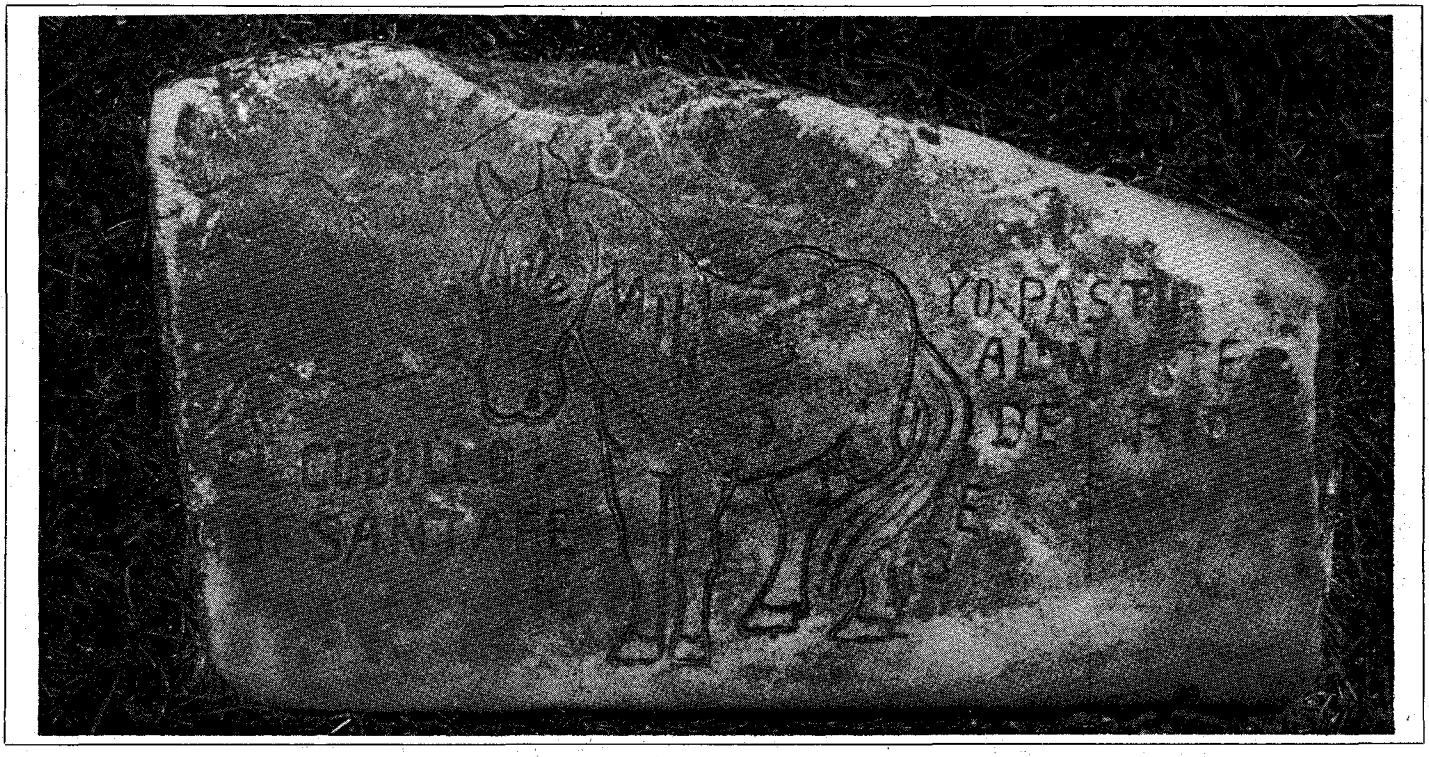


The Horse Map side of Map No. 1 found by Travis Tumlinson. This photograph was given the authors in 1965 by Travis and Grace Marlowe for use in lectures and slide-show presentations. It is the only photograph the McGees know of which shows this side without tape.

BY

BERNICE and JACK McGEE

Photos, Illustrations, Maps
Courtesy Authors

ONCE UPON A TIME, in an enchanted "Never-Never-Land," an ageless desert rolled northward from an ancient sea. In the spring its magic sands were pincushions for new-born scents and hues. Earth and sky were held together by arms of giant cacti. By day the upstretched arms cradled the sun across the sky; by night, they anchored a night-blanket of moon and stars to light the desert's dark.

Indian gods were said to dwell on cloud-ringed peaks of nearby mountains, their moods reflected in the shadowed, craggy heights. If angered, the gods rumbled ominous warnings from mountain to mountain, across canyons to trembling desert. Black clouds hid the sun. A Thunder God shook the earth and spit jagged words of "beware" at any who dared enter his domain.

It is said an expedition of Mexican miners was exploring the Great Sonoran Desert and, unaware of the Indian legend, had pushed deep into the jealously guarded Arizona mountains in search of gold and silver. Their trespassing stirred only displeasure but by mining they were doomed! It was decreed they die at the hands of Apaches who, avenging their gods, massacred all who used pick and shovel on sacred ground. Thus, a legend was born. Without survivors, who could tell "when" and "where" it happened? Tradition has set the legendary date in late 1847 or early 1848.

The Mexicans supposedly were led into the Superstition Mountains by members of the Peralta family, wealthy cattle ranchers and mine owners of Arispe, (Sonora) Mexico. It is here the legend can be shattered into a dozen segments of controversy. Each historical reference to the Peralta family differs. Some insist Don Miguel was killed in the massacre along with one or more of his sons, their names Enrico, Pedro, Manuel, and Ramon.

"Peralta" is a grand old name in Spanish, Mexican and American history, but has been unmercifully abused over the years. The worst violation was thought to have been inflicted by Missouri-born James Addison Reavis in 1883 when he formally laid claim to a Spanish Land Grant of twelve million acres of Arizona and New Mexico, known as "The Peralta Grant."

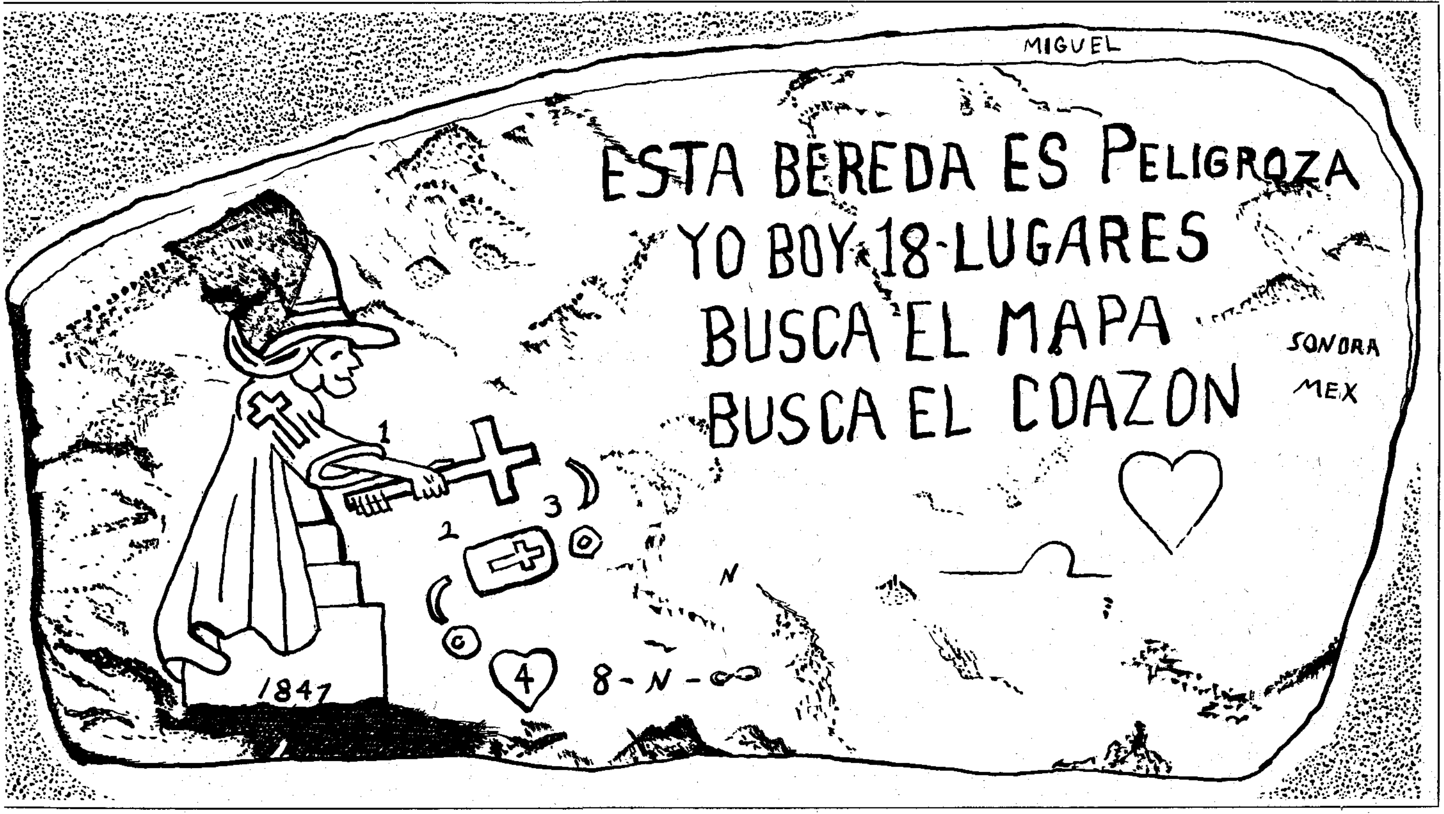
The fraudulent James Addison Peralta-Reavis introduced into history two additional names to an ever-growing list of Peraltas. Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba was shoved into Arizona history as the first "Baron of Arizona." His only son, Jesus Miguel Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba y Sanchez de Bonilla, heir to the vast Peralta Grant, was named the second "Baron." James Addison Reavis had fully intended to become the third—and almost succeeded!

His famous trial versus the United States of America presented an incredible succession of lies and forgeries. Lasting two weeks, it began on June 3, 1895 in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Testimony proved the Peralta Grant a hoax, and erased the two Peraltas from authentic history. The Barons had never existed.

TO UNDERSTAND how such a hoax could survive twelve long years, one only has to read the well documented *The Peralta Grant—James Addison Reavis and the Barony of Arizona* by Donald M. Powell.

In 1899 *The Call*, a San Francisco newspaper, printed an article by Reavis, entitled, "Confessions of Peralta-Reavis, the King of Forgers." But it may well be

NE MAPS A HOAX?



Author's statement regarding the Priest side of Map No. 1: "We have tried our best to duplicate the Priest Map. It is a composite of our own memories, photos in Marlowe's book, the Hansons' hand-drawn maps, and miscellaneous photos and letters. Any omissions are explained in the story."

that now the "King" will have to relinquish his title to a new forger—both having much in common. They each selected the state of Arizona to bear the brunt of their pranks, and once again the proud name of Peralta is being exploited. *This time, on a set of four carved stones said to be "treasure maps"!*

To see how this possible hoax is being fed by legend, let us return to those anxious moments when the Peraltas and their miners are awaiting "massacre" in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona.

"Por Dios! Why were we chosen to die in this wilderness?"

"Que lastima! What irony to die in this unknown place where no Peralta heir can find the precious treasure, paid for with our lives!"

"Pero no!" The brilliant "sons de la Peralta" reportedly contrived a last-minute, three-phased plan! At least the *treasure* would not be lost!

Phase one—map-making! Though horrible death was sure to come at any moment, prayers and rosaries were set aside long enough for the Peraltas to scheme their way across four stone maps with a plan so outrageous and extravagant it hasn't been figured out yet. For 125 years the "Peralta Treasure" has patiently gathered cobwebs, even though the so-called Peralta Treasure Maps were found in 1949!

On one side of what 20th century treasure-hunters have dubbed "Map No. 1" was carved an ornate drawing of a horse, flanked by cryptic, misspelled Spanish inscriptions.

On its reverse side is a second list of distorted Spanish, engraved beside an equally distorted, long-haired human of undetermined sex. The figure wears a long skirt, a tall hat, and has been labeled a "priest." Partially exposed beneath his long robe is a tiered pedestal on which he is standing. Its base tier is inscribed 1847!

From the priest's hand a church-cross is held extended like a fishing pole. Dangling beneath is a back-lashed line of charm bracelet rejects—crescents, crosses, day-old doughnuts, a few numerals, and a small heart.

The Peralta Maps 2 and 3 are slashed with a bewildering maze of dot-lined trails, drilled holes, nervous zigzags, arrows and Xs, with numerals becoming more plentiful.

Map No. 4 is by far the most artistic. Shaped like a huge valentine, the yellowish rock was hewn to fit perfectly inside the heart-shaped depression of Map No. 3. Reportedly cut from a slab of red chalcedony, the little Heart Map wears two faces. It changes each time it is turned over and slipped into the heart cavity. On one side the "000000" across its surface reads "1000000" when nestled against the numeral "1" on Map No. 3.

Its other face has been kept secret from the public. When turned over and dropped into the hollow heart, it becomes the missing piece of a stone jigsaw puzzle. It picks up the dotted trail and joins the arched line curving inward from the numeral "1." Jagged lines and canyons meet in unison to give Map No. 3 a "total look." Between them is a circle, a triangle, an "X" and an "Omega." For men supposedly in a hurry, this small "pièce de résistance" was probably what cost the Peraltas their scalps!

THE painfully complicated Phase One had ended. The maps were completed. It was now time to carry out Phase Two, equally time consuming and twice as ridiculous. Someone's winning idea of *where* to hide the maps was to smuggle them outside the mountains, past vengeful Apaches, and bury them on the desert floor—well down the safe path to home!

What happened to those men selected for the burial party? When the maps were discovered in 1949 they were found on the desert, eight to ten miles away from the mountains. Three maps were carefully buried "8 paces north" of Map No. 1. Two were found at a depth of three feet, and the Heart Map eight inches below them, so we can safely assume they had not been dropped in flight. Are we to believe that once the burial party was that far south, with the maps safely buried, these stout-hearted chauvinists sneaked *back through* Apache lines for the privilege of dying with their companions? Had they continued going south, toward the alleged Peralta holdings in Arispe or Chihuahua, their service as guides *back* to the mines and caches would have been priceless to the Peralta heirs at home. With guides, there would have been *no need* of the cumbersome treasure maps.

The legend also would have us believe the Peraltas still had time to carry out Phase Three. A marked trail to match the stone maps must now be built at different locations on the desert, canyon walls and mountaintops! Trail markers of carved cacti and rock monuments would be vital to the Peralta heir expected to find and use the stone maps. The maps and harmonizing trail *had to be used together to find the treasure.*

Legend would also have us believe the doomed Peraltas were *actually depending* on some family member to wander the Great Sonoran Desert and the uncharted wastelands of Apachería in search of his missing relatives, and in his blind groping across unknown territory he would suddenly straddle the microscopic grave covering his set of Peralta Maps—as yet unknown to him!

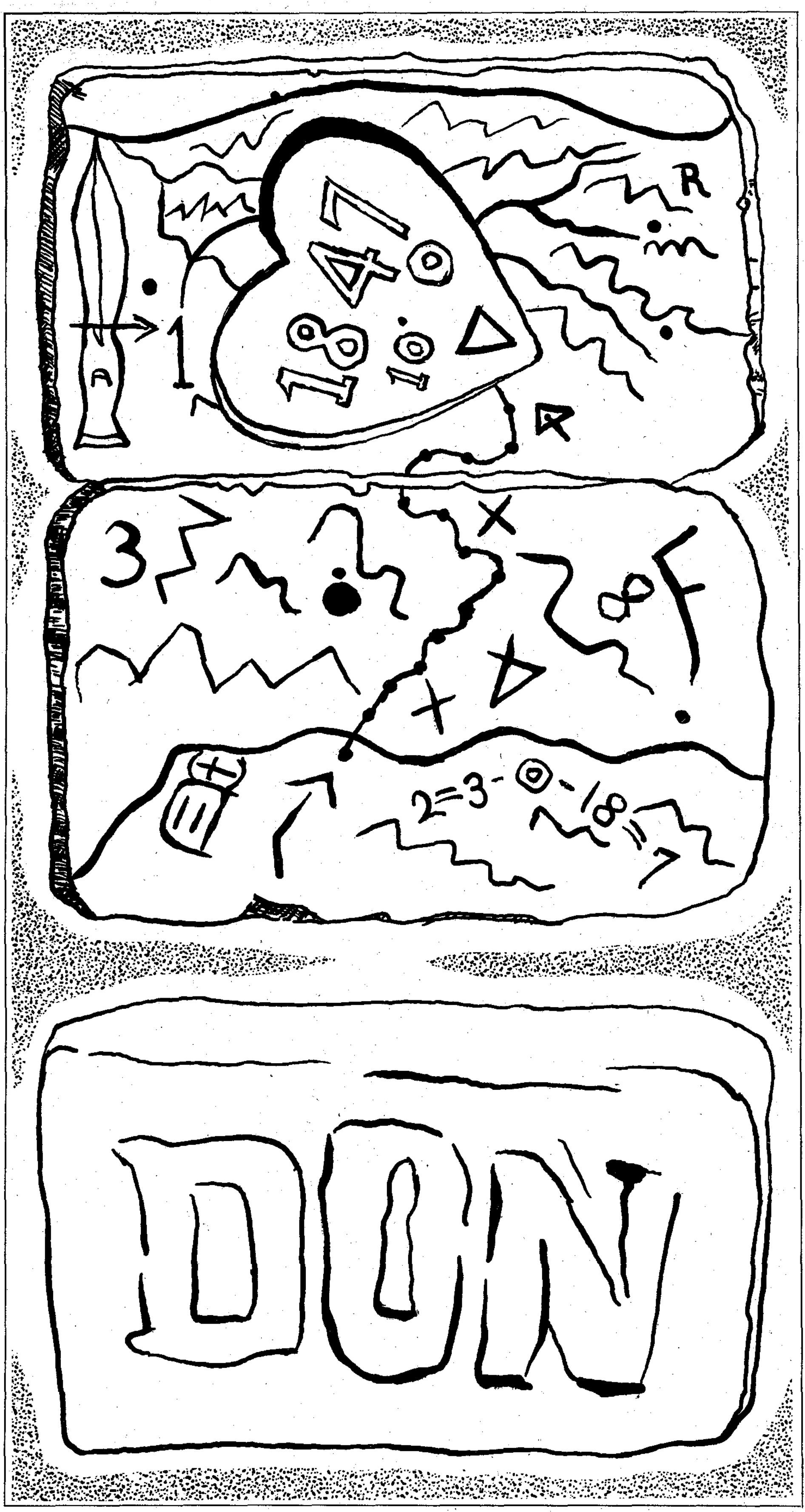
At this spot, a Sixth Sense, or ESP would take command. The heir would somehow *know* that below his horse's weary legs, underneath the burning hoofs, four maps to treasure were buried just for him. Only then would he realize his family's fate. The expedition had been lost to the last man and mule!

Maps made, then hidden, and a matched trail of signs erected, Phase Four had to depend entirely upon this poor unsuspecting heir who has just found himself saddled with a load of rock so heavy they would give two packmules the heaves! He apologizes to his mules, explaining to them in Spanish that without the cumbersome load he wouldn't be able to find the marked trail to the Peralta mines and martyred treasure.

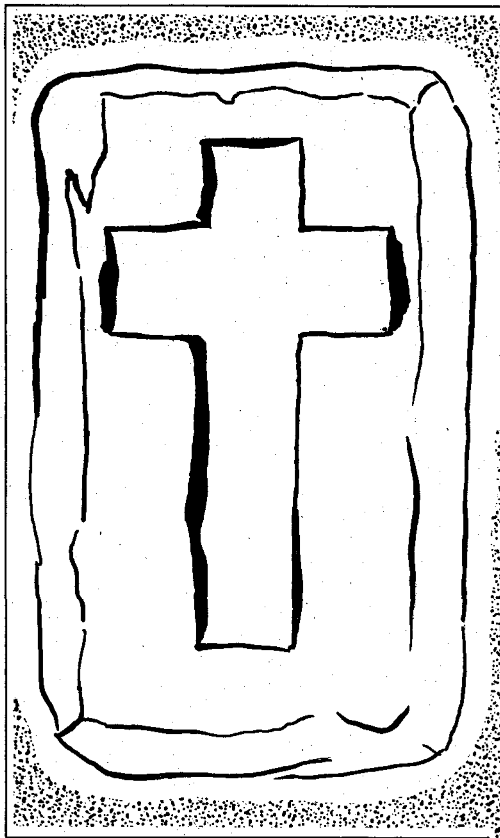
The heir was first expected to recognize a trail of directional symbols carved into cactus, trees, rocks and anything else not made of sand. It would be simple. Did he not have four genuine Peralta Treasure Maps to guide him?

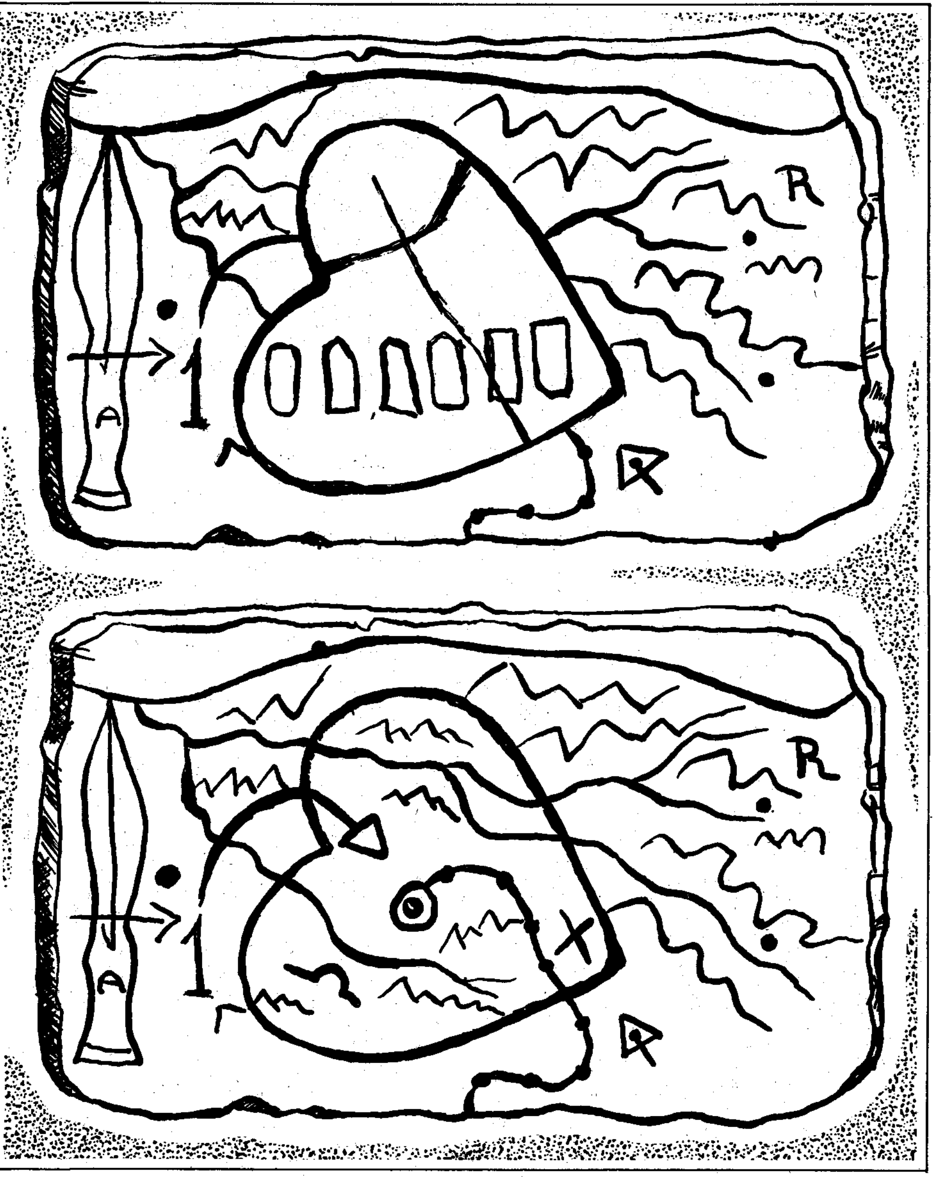
Since the map instructions were written in Spanish, we assume the expected searcher could read. If so, he would have been appalled at his deceased relatives' capacity for spelling!

IF THE Peraltas worked on their maps and trails under imminent threat of death, the danger must have been ignored. The elaborate trail they supposedly built to match the stone maps



Map No. 3 (top) and Map No. 2 (bottom), which together form one large map, reportedly were found buried face to face as if to protect their intricate work from erosion. Map No. 3 is shown as it looks before the insertion of the Peralta Heart Map, opposite page. The backside of Map No. 2 is identified by DON.





Map No. 4 is a yellowish rock designed to fit into a depression in Map No. 3. Top right shows the "Public Face" of the Peralta Heart Map inserted into Map No. 3; below is the "Hidden Face" of the Heart Map. The authors believe this is the first time the latter has been publicly displayed. Above: The Cross is the backside of Map No. 3.

criss-crossed half the desert and *all* the mountain range. A trail to what? For miners so hell-bent on saving their precious hoard of mineral plunder, the Peraltas forgot to mention several important things on their maps—*gold, silver, treasure, mines,* and even the name *Peralta!*

The intricate "trail to treasure," presumedly built by Mexicans while ducking, hiding, running and dodging Apache arrows would have taken the Corps of Engineers five years to complete—and only then if they gave up lunch and coffee breaks! Over the past thirty years Superstition Dutch-Hunters have reported finding parts of the Peralta Trail strewn from the Gila River, north to the Four Peaks, and from Picket Post Mountain near Superior, to the Usery Mountains west of Goldfield. To accomplish all this, it is possible the Peraltas really died of old age while trying to outwit future generations of treasure-seeking gringos.

Surprising as it may seem to the reader, to us and to the Peralta ghosts who are said to still lurk in their canyon haunts, no Peralta heir ever showed up to claim his inheritance. So an Indian legend and an old treasure yarn merged to ignite one of the Southwest's largest treasure hunts. The sparks that set it off were those awesome treasure maps. Stories vary as to when and how they were discovered.

For unknown reasons the man whom history would credit for making the belated discovery has always been blanketed with the utmost secrecy. He was first mentioned in 1964 when *Life Magazine* announced the existence of such maps in an article, "Mysterious Maps to Lost Gold Mines." Without being named, he was briefly described as an Oregon policeman, deceased, whose widow had given the maps to the man *Life* had interviewed in Arizona. To protect his life and his privacy, this man later was given the alias, Travis Marlowe.

In 1965 Travis Marlowe published *Superstition Treasures* in which he admittedly protects the true identity of his policeman friend by calling him "Jack." In his book, and in personal interviews with us, Marlowe has related how the Peralta Maps were found.

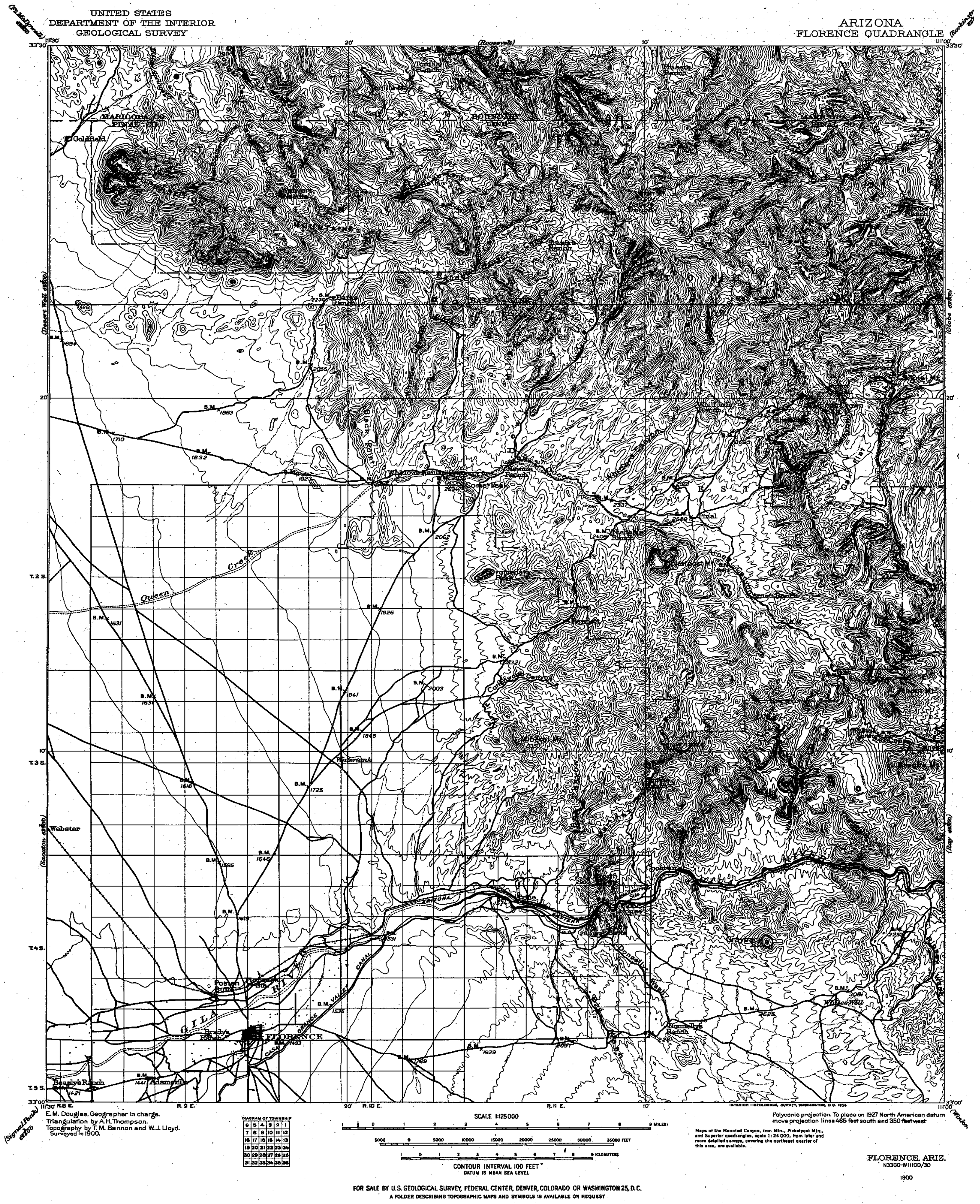
Mr. Marlowe claims Jack and his family were en route from a northwestern city to vacation with relatives in Texas. In Arizona they drove by Superstition Mountain, where Jack turned off Highway 80-60, parked, and took a walk into the desert.

The object of this hike was a better view of Weaver's Needle, the famous landmark hidden behind Superstition and Bluff Springs Mountains. Only the tip of this lofty spire can be seen at intervals along the highway, where it cranes a lonely neck to peep over the imprisoning ring of mountains.

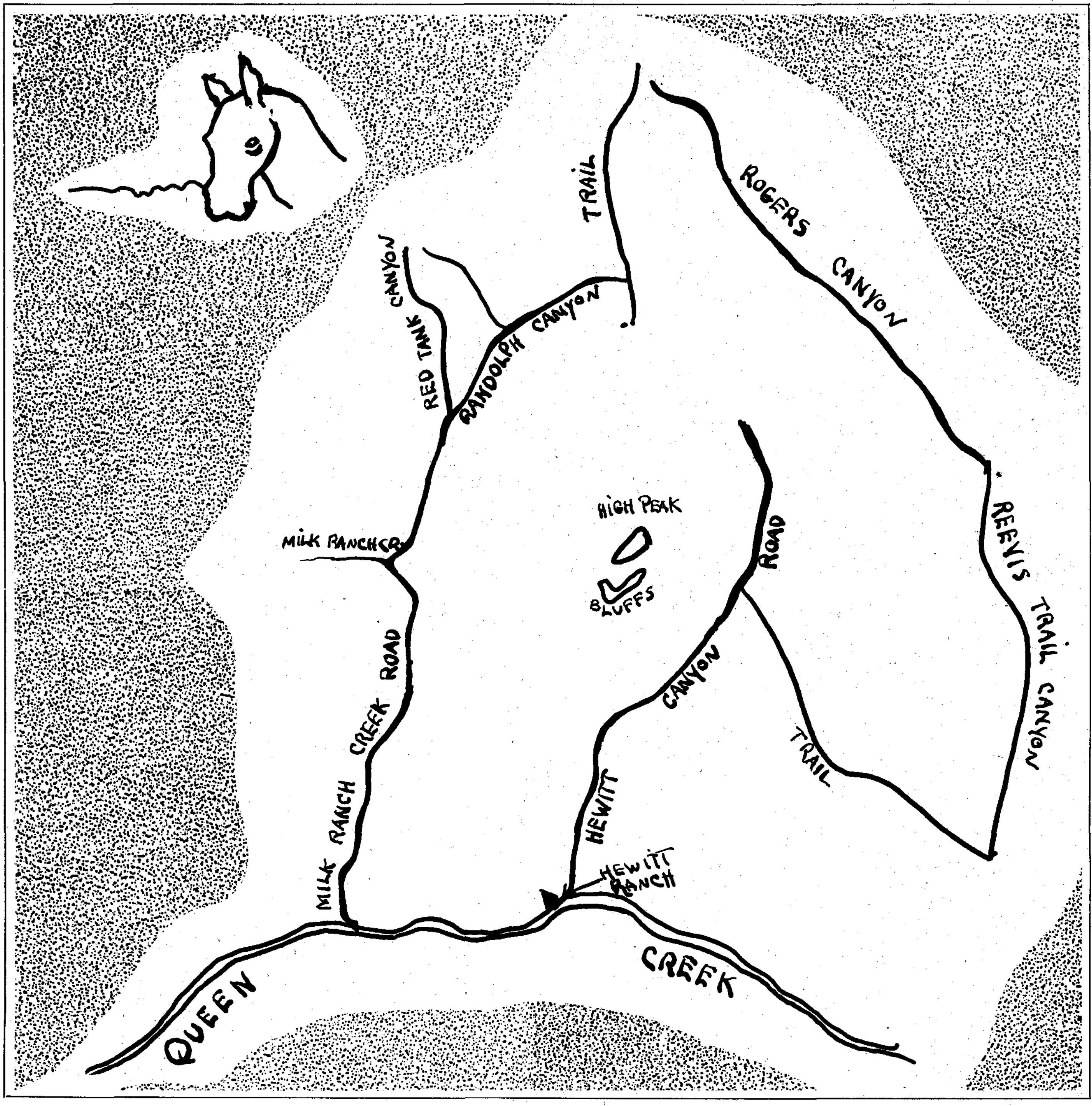
Jack climbed a small hill, or rise, to crane back at Weaver's Needle. There, he tripped over a rock whose inscribed corner had worked free of its sandy grave. Map No. had, at last, risen from its desert shroud.

The odds against making such a discovery are a million to one, yet this man, chosen by fate to win possession of the fabled maps, was continually brushed aside. He was the key to the whole story. He came, he found, he owned, he *used* the maps for the nine or ten years preceding his death.

FOR history's sake we needed to delve into Jack's past. The maps have become legend, and whether this story proves or disproves their credibility, they will always belong to history. To try to document this man's life was harder than trying to break the maps into the


UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
ARIZONA
FLORENCE QUADRANGLE
Goldfield
Black
Queen Creek
Webster
Whitlow Ranch
Florence
Poston Butte
Brady's Ranch
Beasly's Ranch
Adamsville
GILA
ARIZONA EASTERN
CASA GRANDE VALLEY CANAL
Grayback
Troy
E. M. Douglas, Geographer in charge.
Triangulation by A. H. Thompson.
Topography by T. M. Bannon and W. J. Lloyd.
Surveyed in 1900.
DIAGRAM OF TOWNSHIP
SCALE 1:125000
CONTOUR INTERVAL 100 FEET
DATUM IS MEAN SEA LEVEL
Polyconic projection. To place on 1927 North American datum move projection lines 465 feet south and 350 feet west
Maps of the Haunted Canyon, Iron Mtn., Picketpost Mtn., and Superior quadrangles, scale 1:24 000, from later and more detailed surveys, covering the northeast quarter of this area, are available.
FLORENCE, ARIZ.
N3300-W11100/30
1900
FOR SALE BY U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, FEDERAL CENTER, DENVER, COLORADO OR WASHINGTON 25, D.C.
A FOLDER DESCRIBING TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS AND SYMBOLS IS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

Florence Quadrangle Map—the "last of its kind"—surveyed in 1900.



The Florence Quadrangle Horse, traced by the authors from the topographical map, actual size, as it appears on the Florence Quadrangle. The smaller horse in the upper left-hand corner was traced from the Peralta Horse Map in Travis Marlowe's book—actual size. Notice the placement of ears, eyes, curved lips, jaw, throat, and neck. Every line was critical to the rock-artist in effecting an exact match.

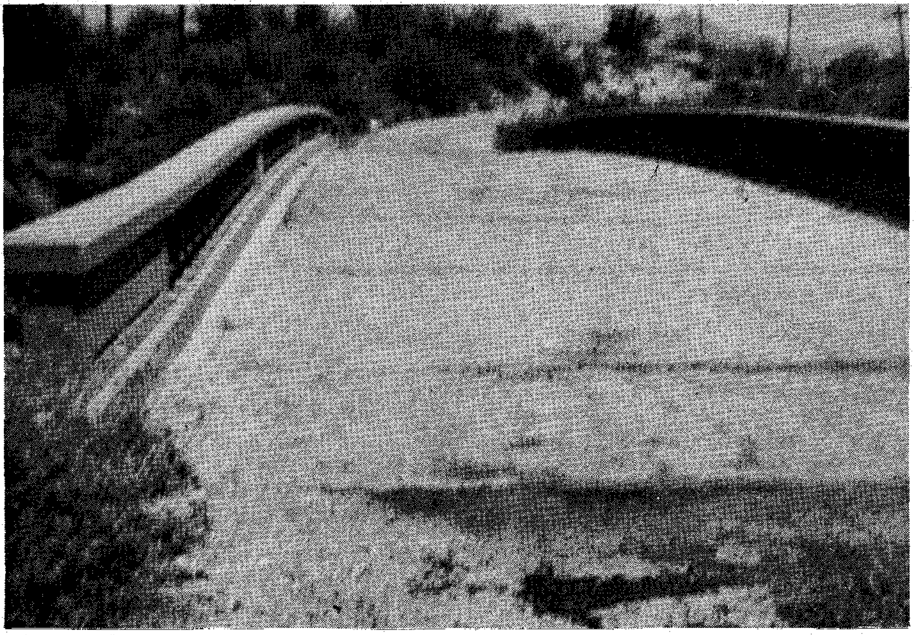
category of "hoax." Months of inquiries netted unanswered letters. Doors that once opened in friendship and information slammed shut. Even so, the man Jack is no longer a mystery man. He does have a name and a past.

A new source of information opened to us, but it had its price—a request that their real names not be used. They want no publicity, but only wish to identify an old friend who they feel deserves credit for making the Peralta Map discovery.

"Don and Pam Hanson" have identified Jack as Travis Tumlinson, whose ancestral roots reached far back into Texas history. The Tumlinsons and the Hansons became good friends in Hood River, Oregon when the stone maps were in Tumlinson's possession. From the Hansons came a second version of where and how the Peralta Maps were found.

Travis and Eileen Tumlinson left Oregon for a vacation in Texas, but stopped somewhere near Florence Junction to search for arrowheads. "He pulled his car off the main road into the barrow pit and climbed through the fence. He was familiar with the area, and had some time to spare. He had hunted arrowheads here before, and knew it was a good place to look. He had not been out of the car very long, possibly a half-hour, when he stumbled over a brick. Wondering what a brick would be doing way out there, he went back and dug up the rock that turned out to be Map No. 1.

"If you've ever hunted arrowheads, you will know that you can spend a half-hour



Adolph Ruth Bridge on old paved highway, northwest of Florence Junction. This is where Glenn Magill claims the Peralta Maps were found.

just looking over a ten-foot square of ground, so that doesn't mean you are half an hour from the car. By the time you've zigzagged and backtracked, you don't get very far!

"Travis showed us these maps he himself had found. When he found them we do not know, but he had had them for several years.

"The little heart-map was carved from a yellowish slate-type rock. It was much harder and smoother than the other stones, which were a gray sandstone."

The exact "where" the maps were found is a much disputed subject, but the area can be generally agreed upon when correlating the data given in the following accounts by people well known in the Superstition area.

The Hansons have hand-drawn copies of the Peralta Stone Maps which they kindly lent us. On a margin below one of the drawings was a notation of where the maps were found—taken from the verbal directions of Travis Tumlinson. The words "Florence Junction" were accented by a directional arrow, marking the Junction as being located between Phoenix and Globe.

Travis Marlowe has written that Jack drove off the main highway, parked, then walked up a small hill, or mound, where Map No. 1 was found. This site was pointed out to us by Travis and Grace Marlowe while driving across Queen Creek Bridge on Highway 80-60. The area was identified by a pointed finger as we crossed the bridge. The hand pointed toward the Superstition Mountains and a voice said, "Just over that little hill." The only hill glimpsed in passing was a man-made cut through which a highway had been blasted, leaving a high bank on the north side of the highway.

The banked hill, or rise, was pinched between the highway and a wide, sandy curve of Queen Creek. At the bridge's west end is a flat area of desert that rolls northward. The east end connects with the "hill," or high bank, that would make parking next to the highway pretty dangerous. But at the west end there is a wide place to pull off onto the shoulder, or barrow pit. A short distance to the right of the parking area, Queen Creek's inviting depth of creek banks, deep sand, and tumbled river rocks might tempt a hiking hunter of arrowheads.

L. G. "Doc" Rosecrans has also heard versions of where the maps were found. Doc is steeped in the lore of Superstition Mountains, having made his home there over twenty-five years ago. He establishes the burial site as "Just west of Florence Junction there is a flat area where Indians used to camp—or so I heard—and this is the area where I understand the maps were buried."

Doc and we are still plagued by reports we heard long ago, before the Peralta Maps were ever made public. At that time friends who ranch the Superstitions had asked us to help identify several symbols recently found in the area. The pencil-drawn symbols had been copied from some "maps" that had been "turned up alongside a new lane of highway being added to Highway 80-60." The maps were evidently uncovered when graders were working this newly divided highway. Reportedly they were found just east of the Queen Creek Bridge, west of Florence Junction. Doc told us that the new strip of road for westbound traffic had already covered the place where the maps were found.

The penciled symbols meant nothing to us at the time. They were out of context, selected at random, and few in number. Later we recognized the same symbols as part of the Peralta Stone Maps. This report would still place the discovery site near the hill east of the bridge.

From Glenn Magill comes a fourth version of where the maps were found. Glenn is a private investigator from Oklahoma who made headlines in 1966 when he and seven associates filed claim on the "Dutchman Mine." The story of their discovery is told in Curt Gentry's *The Killer Mountains.*

Glenn Magill is a staunch defender of the stone maps' validity and is convinced, beyond any doubt, that the maps point to one of the Peralta mines known as the Lost Dutchman.

Glenn agrees with Marlowe that the tablets *were* found "off the main highway." From Florence Junction a paved loop called the "old highway" will take the sightseeing visitor closer to the mountains *if* he is familiar with the road. It is not shown on state maps, and it is not designated as a tourist drive at the highway entrance. Glenn feels this was the road used by Jack, as described in Marlowe's book, and that the maps were found on the north side of the ornate, old cement bridge he calls the "Adolph Ruth Bridge."

To the best of all our combined knowledge, this is how and where the stone maps were found.

IMMEDIATELY after its discovery in 1949, Peralta Map No. 1 traveled on to Texas for a brief visit where it was shown to Tumlinson's father. Then after a short stop-over in Arizona to revisit the place it had been buried, the map was taken home to Oregon while the other three maps lay in waiting, undetected. On his next vacation Travis Tumlinson was somehow able to reunite the four Peralta maps.

Not since the curious Pandora pried open the forbidden box had so many premeditated troubles been unleashed on the Treasure Hunter's world. "Hope" had remained in Pandora's Box, but now it had been freed with the stone maps to infect everyone who looked at them.

TEN YEARS LATER, in 1959, Travis Tumlinson and his wife were managers of the A.G.A. (Apple Growers Association) fruit camp in Hood River, Oregon. It was here the Tumlinsons and Hansons became good friends.

During several visits with Travis and Grace Marlowe, we had been told of Jack and his family. The Marlowes called Jack's wife "Eileen," and their daughter "Janie." The Hansons *also* list Tumlinson's wife as Eileen, and their small daughter as Janie! Marlowe even took the name "Travis" as part of his own alias. This would seem to prove that the man Marlowe describes as "Jack," and the man who told the Hansons how and where his maps were found, are one and the same.

The Hansons offered a physical description of the Tumlinsons. "How do you describe someone who is average looking? Travis was just a shade under six feet—5′10″ or 5′11″. He was overweight by quite a few pounds. Weighed 200 pounds. Beginning to bald. What hair he had was brown. He wore glasses.

"Eileen was also average. She had light brown, fairly long hair. She was 5′3″ or 5′4″. Probably weighed 125-130 pounds. No glasses. What can we say?

They were just your usual nice-looking couple. As far as that goes, that description could almost describe Don and me."

Don and Pam Hanson tried to give us a picture of the Tumlinsons' life in Hood River. "The fruit camp was where transient apple- and pear-harvest workers lived during the picking and packing season. There were several acres of cabins; one room renting for $6.00 a week, two rooms for $8.00. This camp had every sort of person imaginable living there. Some were good people who returned year after year. They worked hard and saved their money. Then again, there were the winos who worked only long enough to buy another bottle."

Travis and Eileen were managers of this camp, their house sitting in the middle of all the cabins. The Hansons recalled an incident told in Marlowe's book, of someone trying to break into the Tumlinson house four times in one month in what was thought to be an attempt to steal the maps.

"Break-ins weren't too unusual in such a place, and someone did try to get into the Tumlinsons' house. But someone also tried to break into our cabin one night—and we didn't have any maps!"

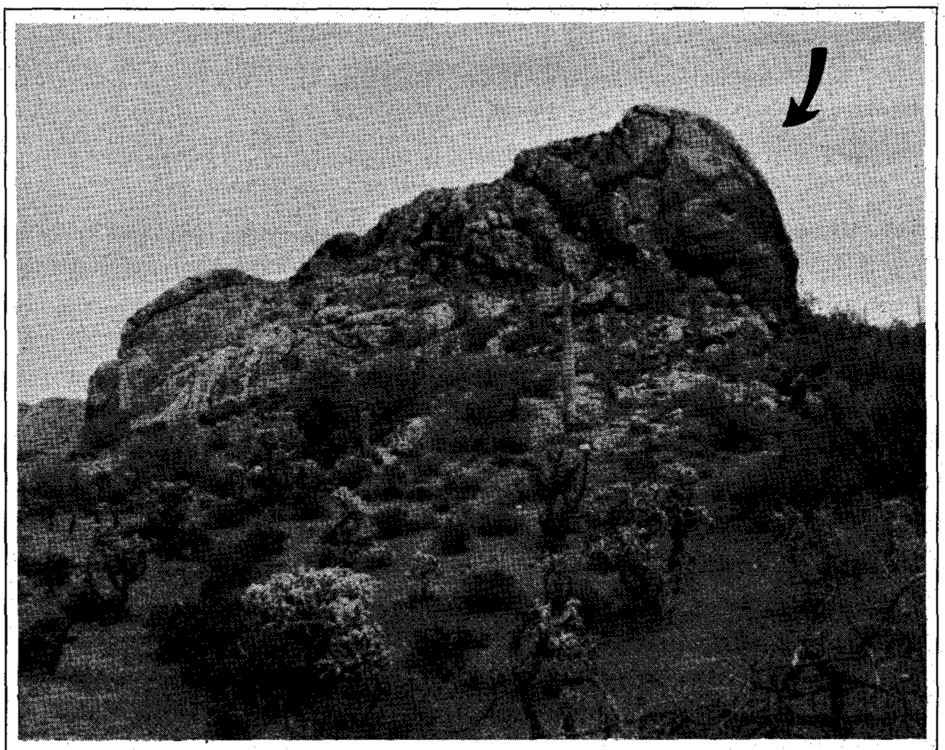
Beside managing the fruit camp, Travis was one of the many foremen in the cold storage area. But his third job may explain why Marlowe had called Jack an Oregon policeman—he worked as a deputy of some sort, mostly to keep order in the camp.

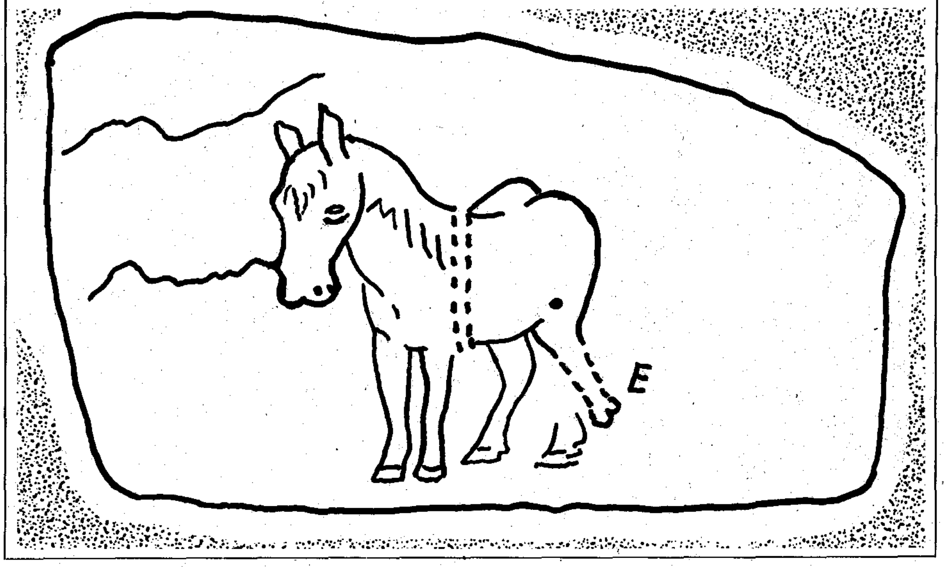
The Hansons had much in common with Travis and Eileen. Together they hunted arrowheads, often trading points from other states. And then there were the stone maps. "Travis would take Don into the den where they would sit on the edge of the bed, with the maps spread on the floor. They discussed and pored over them for hours. During those evenings in the den, Travis talked quite freely about the maps.

"Travis and his uncle worked together to try to unravel the maps, spending $2,000 one summer trying to find something. This was in addition to other times they had searched. We don't have any idea of the uncle's name, but we had the feeling Travis was named after this particular uncle. They had been very close until they had a falling out over some things the uncle had found—a Spanish pack saddle, a watch set with a ruby, a jeweled crucifix, a musket and other artifacts. The partnership was then broken up.

"Later on, Travis offered Don a partnership. He would furnish the money if Don would do the work. Travis had a slight heart condition which didn't allow him to do anything strenuous. But we had to leave Hood River—Travis passed away—and that was the end of that!

"We left Oregon in the fall of 1959 and Travis was very much alive at that time. We don't know exactly when he did die, but in June 1961, Eileen wrote that she had been back to Texas to decorate Travis' grave. She and Janie still lived in Oregon but were planning to move back to Texas."





Above: Elephant Butte, a landmark inside the area outlined by the Horse's Head on Florence Quadrangle Map. Below: An illustration, by the authors, of the coincidence relating Elephant Butte to the Horse's rear end, as cited in the story.

WHAT WAS behind the reason for keeping "Jack's" name a secret? During the interviews with the Marlowes they said the reason for secrecy had something to do with a relative in Texas. When the same question was asked of the Hansons they immediately replied, "The name Tumlinson apparently springs from an ancient ancestor. Travis told us that it came from "Peg-Leg" Tumlinson, who is mentioned in J. Frank Dobie's *Coronado's Children.*

Our research of Peg-Leg shook no shameful skeletons from the Tumlinson closet; certainly no reason for the secrecy that lives on even today. But there is one interesting comparison between old Peg-Leg and Travis Tumlinson. Peg-Leg was also a treasure-hunter, He, too, was introduced to treasure by an aging Mexican Don. And his would-be riches would be determined by finding the buried bones of a cousin to the Peralta Horse—a burro. The Tumlinson clan seemed destined to have Mexican Dons and an assortment of quadrupeds connected with their waybills to gold!

It is hard to believe that Travis Tumlinson would spend ten or eleven years of his life on four carved rocks that *nowhere, on any of the four maps,* even hint of treasure, gold, silver or mines!

Soon after Travis' death, Eileen rid herself of the stone maps. They became the property of Travis and Grace Marlowe. In 1964 the story *Life* did on Marlowe exploded the magazine racks with the fantastic existence of the Peralta Maps now made public. The *Life* photo-

(Continued on page 47)

OLD BETSY

—Queen of the Kansas Southern and Gulf Railroad

BY JOHN H. CONLIN

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's Note: A portion of this story is based on memory, having lived in Westmoreland in the early years of the road's existence when my father Milton Conlin, was employed to overhaul the locomotives and also doubled as engineer on the daily runs to Blaine and return.

THE RAILROADS were very much a part of American life in the first quarter of this century; more so, in fact, than any form of transportation devised since. The rapid pace of new ideas in transporting people and commodities since the decline of railroads has been so breathtaking and diversive that little remains for today's generation on which to build a memory.

Fifty or sixty years hence will anyone be at all sentimental toward the memory of diesel fumes? Or who will be able to foster any sort of nostalgia for the memory of a semi-trailer rattling down a multi-lane highway? Anyone who enjoyed the heyday of locomotives, passenger trains, baggage trucks or even the old "crummies" clacking along at the tail end of freights can recall the low mournful moan of a train's whistle as she rolled along in the night. This and other railroad sounds and sights shall forever be found somewhere on the backroads of the memory of those who lived in the days when this world was still a very large and pleasant place.

Few, if any, now living in Pottawatomie County, Kansas—or, for that matter, anywhere else—can remember "Old Betsy," the little 4-4-0 locomotive that chugged her way daily up the eight miles of track toward the town of Blaine and then backed the little train on the return trip to Westmoreland, the county seat. (Reason for backing—there were no wyes or turntables at either end of the line.)

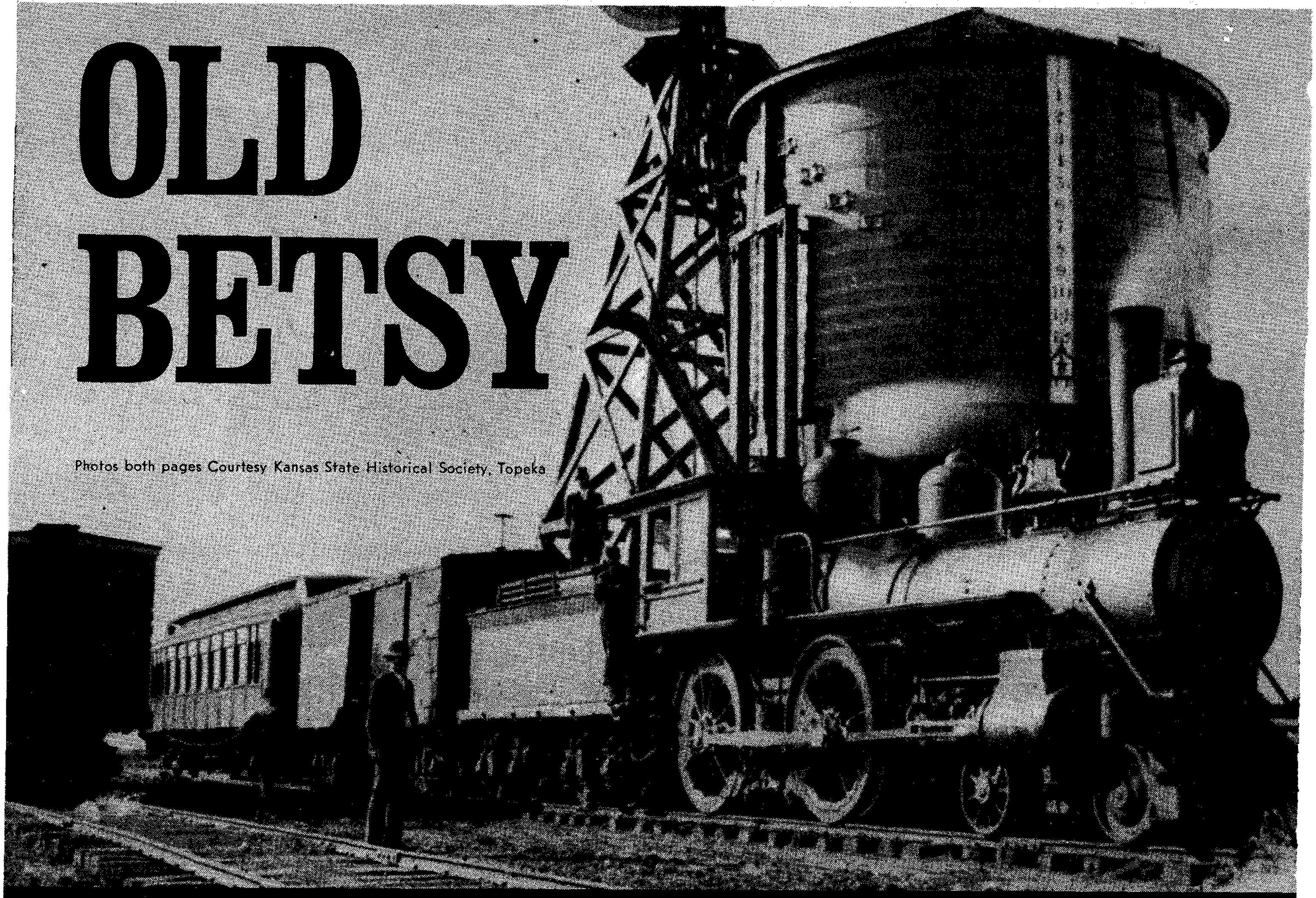
Beginning operations late in 1899 as the Kansas and Southern Railway, owning a rolling stock consisting of one 4-4-0 locomotive, a combination passenger and baggage car, two box cars, two flat cars and one coal car, the road was destined to face misfortune in various forms yet still display the guts and determination to endure until late in 1918.

The eight miles to Blaine were built with the prime objective of providing Westmoreland, which was landlocked, her only rail contact with the outside world. The ultimate plan was to extend the line southward to either White City or Council Grove to make contact with the Missouri Kansas and Texas, thus adding to the name the word Gulf. It would seem now, as a second guess, that had this been accomplished at the outset the road might have enjoyed many prosperous years because of the potential revenue involved. As it was, disaster stalked this brave little railroad for the entire nineteen years of its struggle to survive.

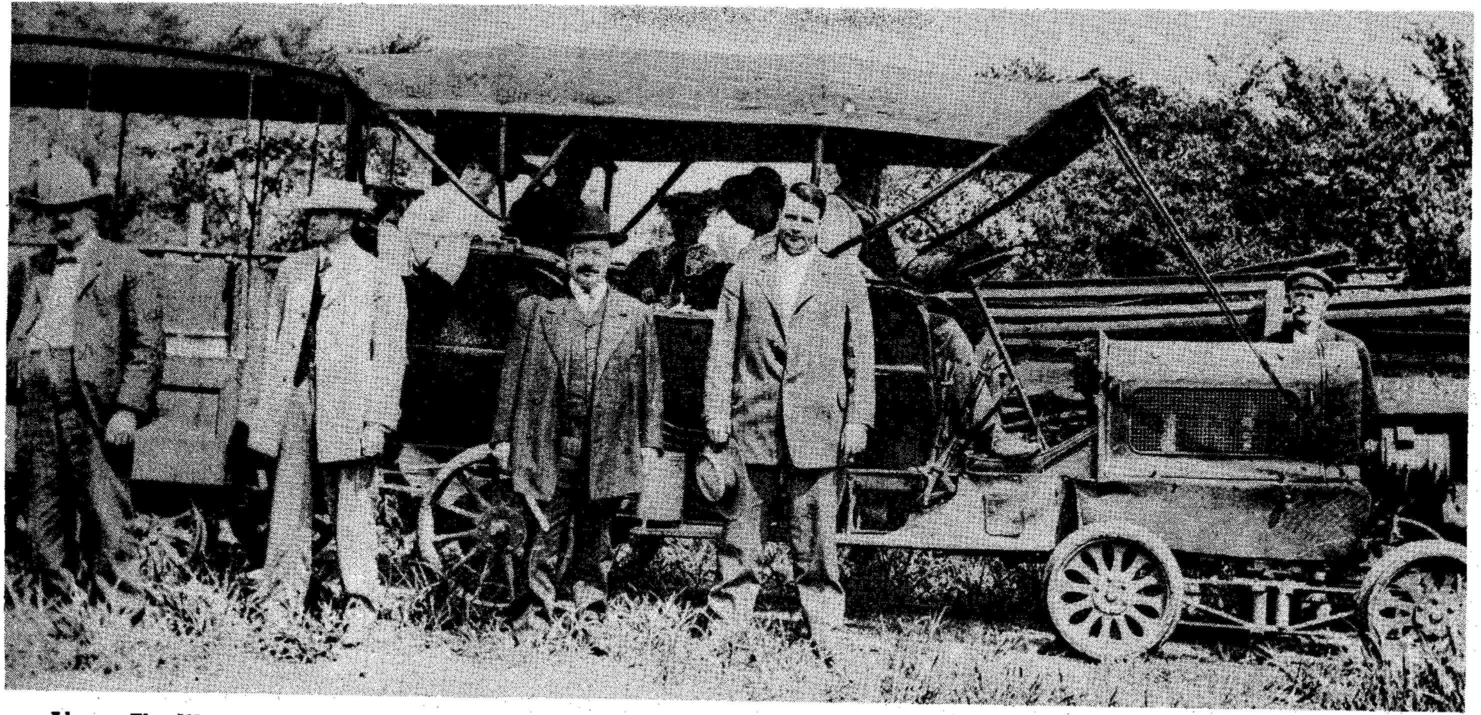
Blaine, the northern terminus, was on the Leavenworth Kansas and Western, successfully operating from Leavenworth west to the town of Miltonvale. Unfortunately, the shipping business to and from Westmoreland could not provide enough revenue to offset the tremendous cost of operation.

(Continued on page 43)

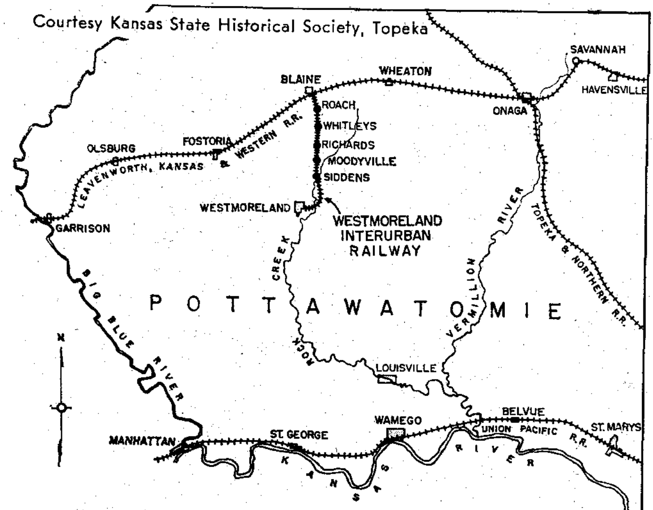
Kansas Southern and Gulf train at Union Pacific water tank, Blaine, Kansas about 1903.



Photos both pages Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

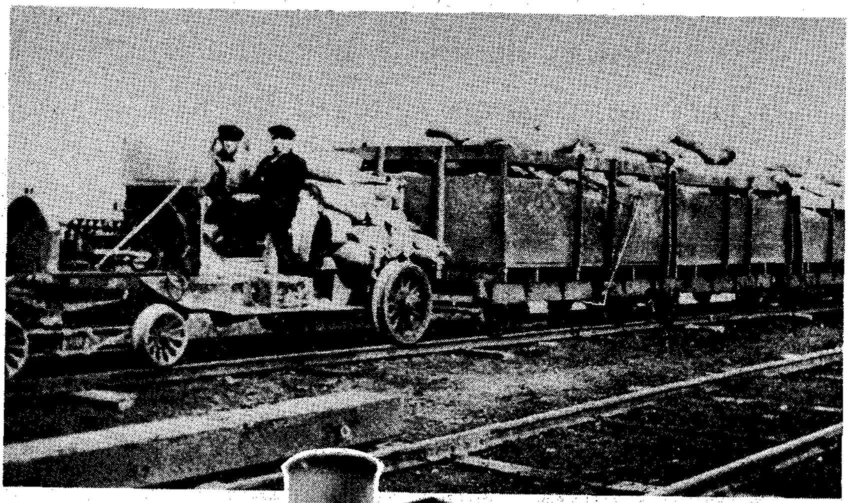


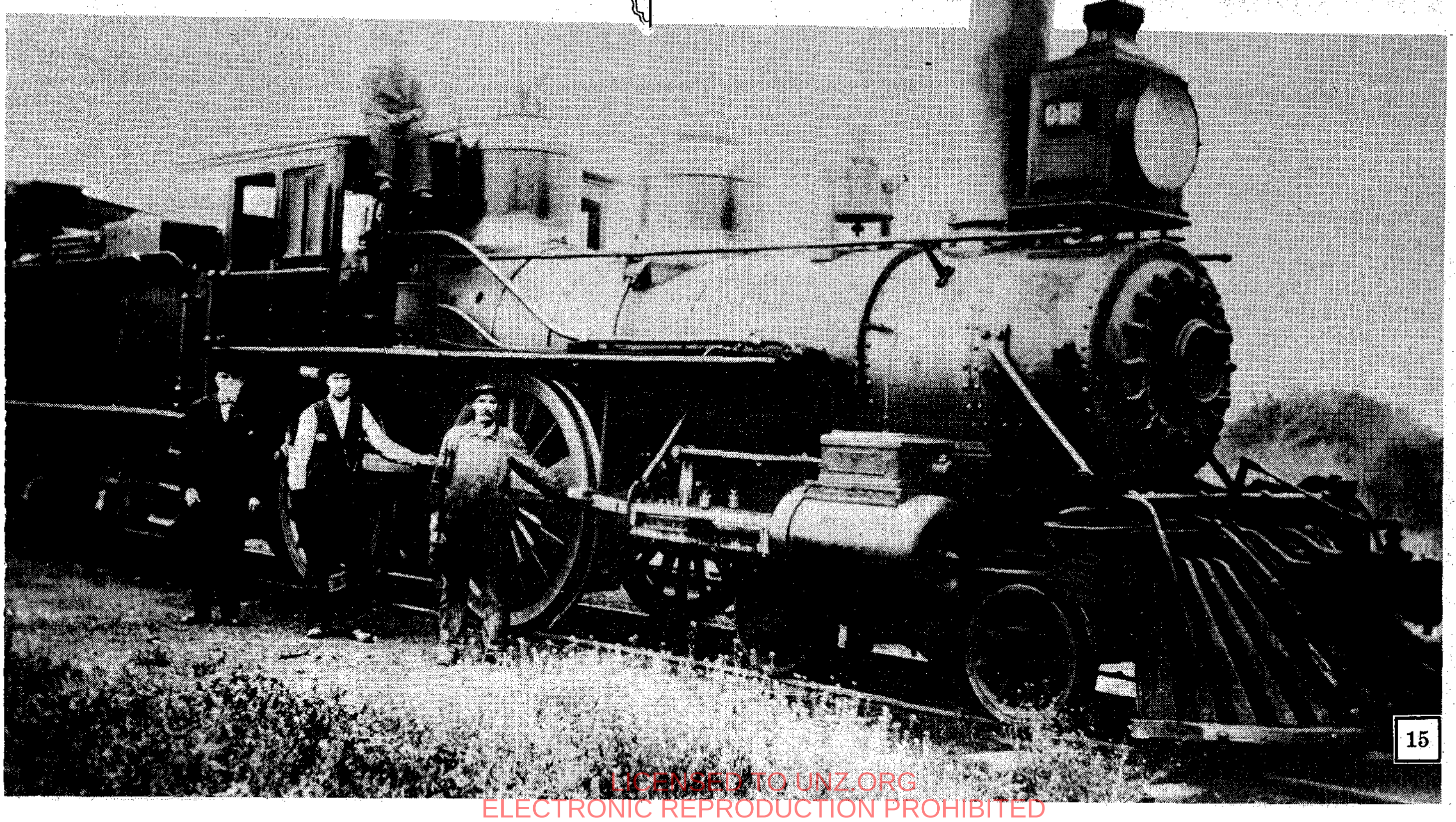
Above: The Westmoreland Interurban Railway's 1907 White Steamer with canopied trailer. At extreme left is Charlie Morris, the owner. Middle: Railroads of Pottawatomie County (left) in early 1900s. Mitchell touring car converted to railroad wheels (right) for hauling freight. Bottom: K.S.&G. Locomotive, Number 218, ***northeast*** **of Westmoreland.**



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

SAVANNAH
BLAINE
WHEATON
HAVENSVILLE
ROACH
ONAGA
WHITLEYS
RICHARDS
OLSBURG
FOSTORIA
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS & WESTERN R.R.
MOODYVILLE
SIDDENS
WESTMORELAND
WESTMORELAND INTERURBAN RAILWAY
GARRISON
RIVER
TOPEKA & NORTHERN R.R.
CREEK
VERMILLION
BIG BLUE RIVER
POTTAWATOMIE
ROCK
N
LOUISVILLE
BELVUE
WAMEGO
UNION PACIFIC R.R.
ST. MARYS
MANHATTAN
ST. GEORGE
KANSAS
RIVER





THE WEST WIND BLOWS

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Near Silverton, Colorado.

So sang the stagecoach bandit.

"She blows—blows. Where she goes, nobody knows"—this turned out to be a very appropriate tune for the loot he cached on the Conejos . . .

THE ROAR of flood waters echoed along the wash before the torrent's high crest burst into view. Logs, rocks and other debris were hurled along before the twelve-foot onslaught of muddy water.

Alec Hightower and Dave King, standing on the bank, stared in astonishment. All day long not a drop of rain had fallen, but clouds had been hanging over the mountains northward.

As the crest of the flood drew abreast all sound except what it created was drowned out. Suddenly the bank beneath their feet began shaking, and water lapped over its level rim. When a crack in the earth began widening both fled to higher ground. Soon the gravel-filled bank gave way to swift undermining below. The crack continued to spread, then lengthened half way through a hole dug down to five feet where they had been prospecting. The men stared as the earth crumbled and sheared off into the flood waters.

Suddenly Hightower, the elderly partner, let out a yell of consternation. A foot below where they had quit digging, gold coins began spewing out into the water. With them an ingot tumbled into view for a second before it vanished. The stagecoach robbery loot which they sought had been almost within their grasp! Stunned, they moved to one side of the excavation.

As soon as the crest passed on, the water receded rapidly into the confines of the wash.

Referring to the gold, Hightower commented hoarsely, "This must have been the 'little plant' but it was a small fortune!"

His whiskered young companion nodded morosely. "By now it's done gone into the old Conejos River. But the big part of the gold is still some place upstream—and we got that left!"

The loot had been buried by a lone bandit while fleeing along the Conejos ahead of pursuit. He had robbed a treasure-laden stage bound from Colorado to Santa Fe, New Mexico, leaving with all the gold, coin and ingots that his saddle horse could carry. Indeed, burdened with far too much weight, the animal could not run fast at all. The bandit did not get many miles west of the county seat village of Conejos on the stage road before Sheriff Joe Smith raced into sight with a small impromptu posse.

Smith had been nearby when the robbery was pulled off, and had hastened into Conejos. The bandit's trail dust must have been still hanging in the air.

The stage driver informed Smith that, although masked, the bandit was a Negro. When he divulged the fact a Mexican storekeeper started violently.

"Such a man hung around here for about an hour before stage time," he said. "He kept asking wasn't the stage due yet. Then he would walk to the door and look up the road.

"Peculiar thing, while waiting around he sang to himself low voiced-like, 'The west wind, she blows. Blows. Blows. Where she goes, nobody knows!' "

SMITH and four possemen took off in a run along the Conejos in which direction several witnesses saw the bandit flee. Tracks were easily picked up on the river side. The bandit's overburdened horse could not make any speed at all.

Halting, the stage robber scooped out a narrow deep hole in the soft soil to bury most of his loot. It didn't help much. His horse was soon again within reach of the posse. The man then buried the balance, and lit out in a wobbly run.

He made five more miles before the hard-riding posse overhauled him. With no loot on him as evidence, the bandit surrendered without resistance. Then and afterwards he claimed to know nothing whatever about any stagecoach holdup.

Scrutinizing him, Smith grinned broadly. "Thomas," he exclaimed, "how come you're alone? Did your brother Kid herd the Army horses while you pulled off the robbery?"

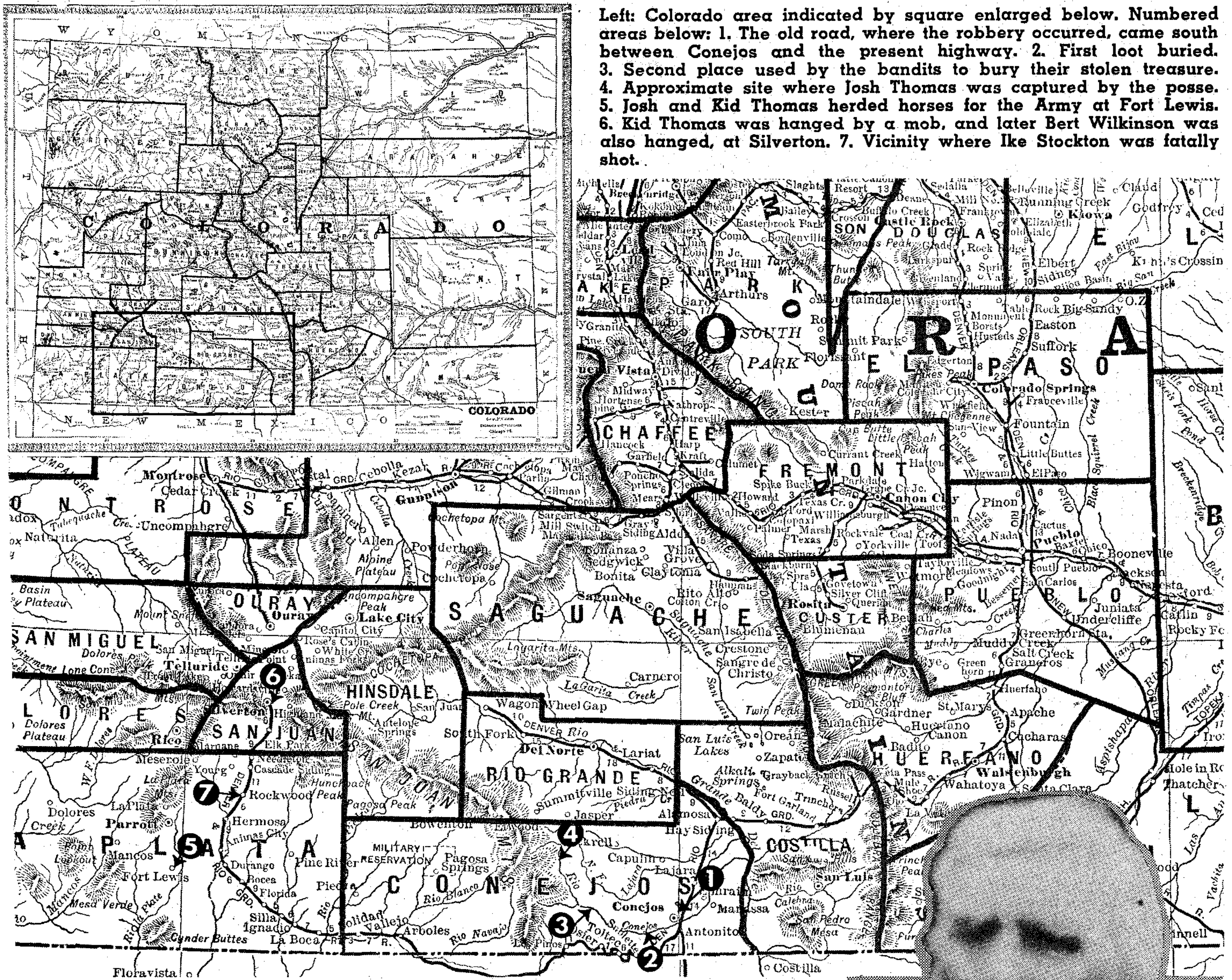
To that Thomas made no reply. He refused to answer any questions as to what happened to the loot. Before the next dawn he was lodged in jail, still protesting his innocence.

While cooling his heels he was heard singing often, "The west wind, she blows. Blows. Where she goes, nobody knows!" News of the bold holdup spread fast over southern Colorado.

The Thomas brothers (one called "Kid" and the one arrested sometimes known as "Josh" or "Bob") were stock herders for the Army at Fort Lewis. When the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad came through that part of the state in 1880, the company established the town of Durango. It was sometime that year that the Thomas brothers were hired as herders at the fort. By early 1881 they had somehow become involved in the outlaw gang headed by Charles Allison, a former deputy sheriff.

Allison, even while a lawman, had been prominent in the notorious Stockton-Eskridge gang of robbers and stock thieves. The Stocktons were the brothers Port and Ike. Before the stagecoach

Maps from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888



Left: Colorado area indicated by square enlarged below. Numbered areas below: 1. The old road, where the robbery occurred, came south between Conejos and the present highway. 2. First loot buried. 3. Second place used by the bandits to bury their stolen treasure. 4. Approximate site where Josh Thomas was captured by the posse. 5. Josh and Kid Thomas herded horses for the Army at Fort Lewis. 6. Kid Thomas was hanged by a mob, and later Bert Wilkinson was also hanged, at Silverton. 7. Vicinity where Ike Stockton was fatally shot.

robbery Port had been killed by lawmen. This left Ike, Allison and Dyson Eskridge with a loose and wandering bunch of badmen to continue operations. However, by then the law was after them everywhere.

Allison sought refuge in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where lawmen soon caught up with him. Nominally head of the outlaw band thereafter, Eskridge was busy hiding out. One of the gang's retreats was in the mountain forest near Hamer Lake (Columbine Lake), above the ranch of the Hendrickson family. With the gang, and often staying there, was Bert Wilkinson, the son of Mrs. Hendrickson who had remarried after her first husband's death. Young Wilkinson turned outlaw during his teenage years.

After having participated in several robberies and rustling deals, Josh Thomas decided he had the experience to operate alone. Leaving Kid to handle the grazing stock (their cover) he rode nearly a hundred miles east to the Colorado-New Mexico stage road through Conejos.

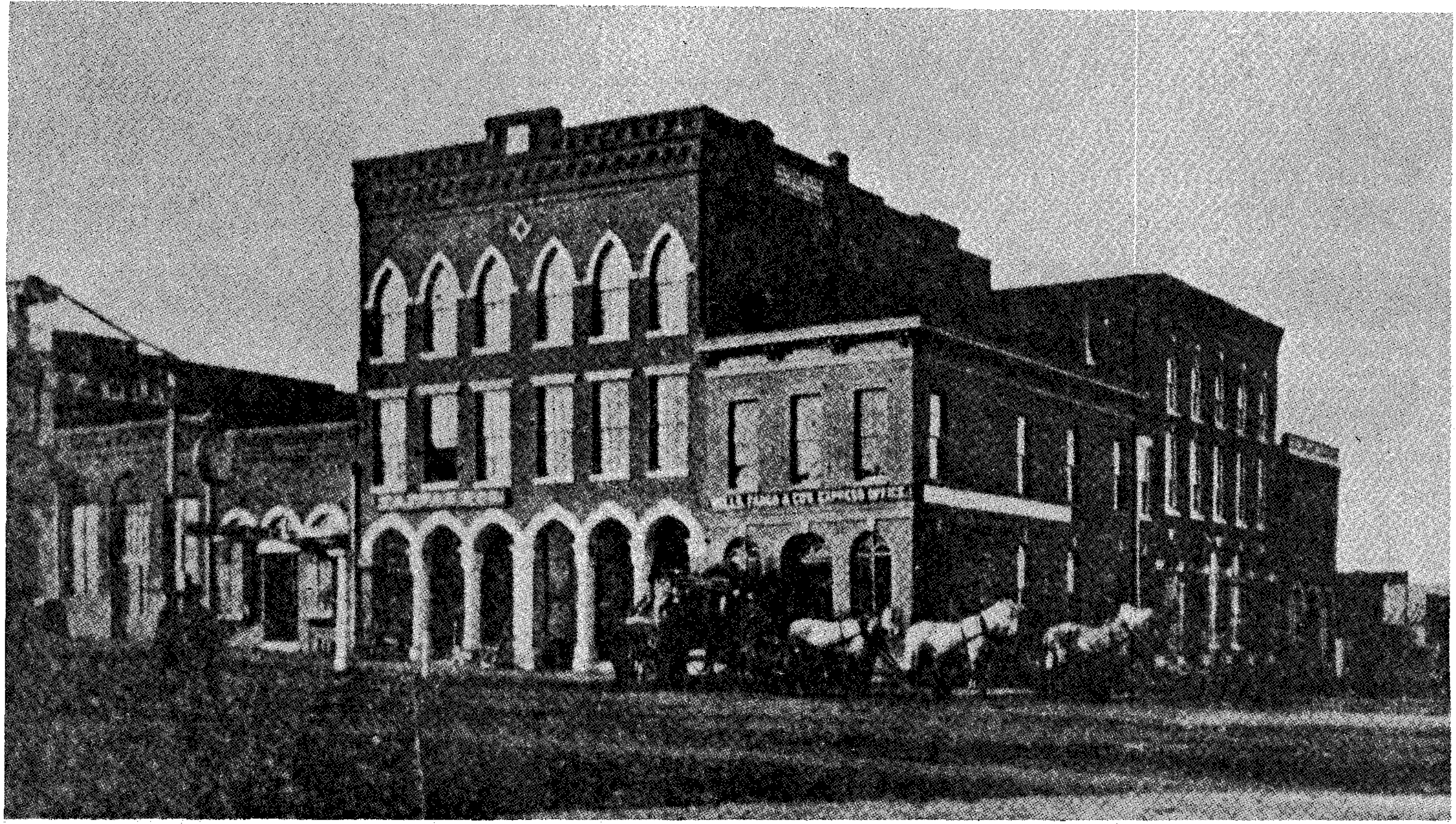
Soon after the holdup Kid learned that Josh had been caught and jailed. He obtained leave to see what could be done in defending his brother. Riding across the country he reached Conejos and talked to Josh. The older brother disclosed the whereabouts of the cached loot and gave Kid a roughly sketched map.

But the Kid was warned not to go anywhere near the two plants without gunshooting help. Smith was trying his level best to find out where it was hidden and recover the gold for the stage company. Two different parties had already been sent out to search all along the route over which Josh had fled.

ON RETURNING to Fort Lewis Kid obtained ten days additional leave to attend his brother's trial. At least that is what he told the fort commander. However, instead of going to the county seat where the trial would be held, he rode directly north to Silverton.

At the booming, boisterous mining town, where strangers were no novelty, Kid soon located Eskridge and Wilkinson who had come down from Hamer Lake. Both were sullen and broke. When informed of the situation they readily agreed to go with Kid to Conejos and see how they could spring Josh from jail. They would then dig up and divide the loot. Thus the two outlaws easily cut

Alec Hightower (taken from a large family group) late in life after his treasure-hunting days in Colorado.



Denver, where the gold ingots were sold. Stagecoach is similar to the one held up near Conejos.

themselves in on the proceeds of a holdup they had taken no part in—or so they thought.

Asked if he had any money, Kid unwisely gave them some from the $300 he had drawn in back pay for himself and Josh. Eskridge and Wilkinson proceeded to get rip-roaring drunk. They abused local citizens and shot up a saloon. When City Marshal Clate Ogsbury arrived to quiet the disturbance and arrest them he was shot dead by Eskridge.

Kid, taking no part in the disturbance, had tried repeatedly to quiet them down and get out of town. But having been seen talking to them he was arrested and tossed into jail on no charges whatever. After shooting the marshal, Eskridge and Wilkinson, smoking guns in hand, promptly fled.

The following night a mob of enraged miners took Kid from jail and hanged him. Josh, soon after, was convicted of the stage robbery, drawing a long sentence in the state penitentiary. When lonesome and moody, he always sang "The west wind, she blows."

Years later, on his release, Josh returned to his former Texas home and never tried to retrieve the buried gold. He was under the belief that Eskridge and Wilkinson hurried as fast as possible to the loot and dug it up. This idea was based on the conviction that Kid had told them of the map locating the two caches.

Miners and Silverton citizens offered a reward of $1,500 each for the capture of Eskridge and Wilkinson. Ike Stockton, in trouble everywhere, concluded that he would collect the reward. That much money, $3,000, would make it possible for him to get completely out of the country.

Knowing where the outlaw hideout was located at Hamer Lake, he went there; but to his disappointment Wilkinson occupied the cabin alone, being provisioned from the Hendrickson ranch. The night of their flight Eskridge had separated from him, heading for parts unknown.

After hanging around a few days Stockton got the drop on Wilkinson and took him to Silverton where he collected the reward and headed south. On the road he ran into Deputy Sheriff Sullivan.

Both men drew their guns on sight and Stockton was shot in the left leg. He was packed to Silverton where the leg was amputated. He died that same night. (For some reason his body was taken down the road toward Flora Vista and buried on the side of a hill. Someone marked it with a large white tombstone. It was found in recent years by John Arrington, a long-time researcher in this case of the lost robbery loot.)

IT WAS certain that Wilkinson would never live long. From the Hendrickson ranch his mother and a girl friend, Flora Tyle, drove in a wagon to Silverton. Their pleading efforts to save Wilkinson's life were in vain. Indeed, he was being prepared for hanging when they arrived.

Eskridge had been too busy running to risk trying to find the loot; Wilkinson had gone straight to the secret outlaw hideout, and if he actually knew anything about the gold, never revealed the facts. So for the next ten years men made many expeditions along Conejos Creek trying to find the buried treasure. Most of them moved west from Conejos and the nearby villages of Paisaje, Antonito and San Antonio. Although important "towns" in their day on the Colorado-New Mexico road, they are now largely ruined adobes.

Curiously, it was the oft repeated tale of how Josh Thomas constantly sang the ditty, "The west wind, she blows," that interested Alec Hightower in the stagecoach robbery. He heard it first in Cripple Creek in 1892. Later as he moved south, the old, glorious and rich mining towns beginning to fade, Hightower heard many other yarns about the Thomas brothers.

After spending one summer and fall meandering along the Conejos, he went on west to Durango. It was there that he ran across Dave King, a young man of twenty-five from Ohio.

King was a distant relative of Tom Nance, who gave him a faded penciled map drawn on wrapping paper. "Here's the key to a fortune," Nance told King in a jocular manner. "If you can solve what it means, it will lead you to gold on the cussed Conejos!"

Just how Nance came into possession of the map was never divulged. He was one of the two officers in the gunfight with Port Stockton up the San Juan River from Farmington. Nance himself was killed by drunken cowboys who spurred him to death soon after he gave King the map. The experienced Hightower readily agreed to become King's partner.

The two men packed onto the Conejos with equipment and supplies. The map did not exactly lead them to the small plant of robbery loot. In fact, they had dug into three other places before hitting the one that was disclosed to them by the sudden flood out of the mountains.

After the gold vanished while they stood looking on helplessly, they moved

Silverton, Colorado where Kit Thomas and Bert Wilkinson were hanged.

a few miles closer to Conejos. Establishing camp there they began studying the area, trying to fit trees and rocks as indicated on the map to the buried loot. Thousands of treasure hunters before them and since have attempted the same thing, without any appreciable results.

Finally deciding on a particular site, they prodded it with a steel rod to ascertain if the earth in one small area had been dug into once upon a time. They started digging and were down no more than two feet when bullets began whining around them from some nearby timber. Both dived into low ground fast. Afterwards they concluded that the men who fired the shots were trying to run them out instead of kill them, but at the time Hightower and King believed they were jumped with lethal intent.

Their six-guns and rifles were in camp, thirty yards away. As they started crawling to arm themselves, bullets again dug dirt and turf around them. One bullet, probably accidentally, hit King in the right thigh. He lay doggo out of action.

Hightower managed to crawl into camp despite all the lead whacking around him. Covered by a pile of panniers, he got hold of a Winchester rifle, and on the point where powder smoke could be seen drifting upward he concentrated a full magazine of cartridges. His heavy fire stopped the attack for awhile.

The overhead sun grew hotter as midday turned into afternoon, and as time passed Hightower worried more and more about young King. Was he dead or alive? At last, about four o'clock, with no shots returned to his volley, he decided the skulkers had gone. He stood up and hurried to where King lay.

The younger man climbed to his feet, grinning ruefully, and hobbled to meet him. Because of King's wound Hightower insisted on packing up and going to Conejos. An aged Mexican woman there cut out the bullet and plastered the wound with an herb poultice.

Hightower reported the attack to the Conejos County sheriff, and an investigation was made but nothing was learned. The sheriff was inclined to believe they had been jumped by renegade Ute Indians who wanted their livestock and supplies. Hightower never believed this.

While King was recovering he returned to the site, studying ground sign. By shoe marks where the bushwhackers had assumed their position and from unshod hoof impressions, he decided that five Mexicans had attacked them. When he informed the sheriff of this, Hightower was advised, "Don't look for that gold no more because you will be watched. The people here feel that it belongs to them. Many have tried to find it. They don't want strangers coming in here to get their hands on the gold."

Other warnings were given, yet when King recovered sufficiently to walk around, the two men returned to the place where they had been under fire.

Not physically able to do any labor, King maintained armed watch from cover while Hightower excavated the site where the shooting had occurred. On the second day, hiding in the brush, King spotted a black-hatted man peering at his digging partner from the Conejos River side.

Easing his rifle slowly to sure aim, King fired. The watcher whipped from sight instantly. With the crash Hightower dropped flat in the hole in which he worked. After a little while he crawled out, hurried into camp and armed himself with a rifle. King worked around to the west, was joined there by his partner, and together they moved to where the watcher had been seen. Blood marked the grass leading to where a rider had held the wounded man's horse.

"They're gone," Hightower observed. "You surely wounded the spy."

DIGGING was continued, and on the third day Hightower's shovel touched metal. When he dug deeper in that one spot a cast-iron pot of two-gallon capacity, lid intact, was revealed. This could hardly be the cached loot from the stage robbery. Nevertheless, he yelled exultantly and was joined by King.

When the pot was lifted out, both men were very disappointed. It was filled with heavy black dirt, with not a particle of anything valuable in it.

That night while lying hidden away from camp they discussed pulling out. Obviously the area was dangerous. Either they would be forced to kill someone or they would be shot down. Accordingly they moved camp the next day to where the small cache had been revealed by the flood.

While King stood guard, Hightower meandered along the bottom of the wash. On the way toward the river into which the wash emptied, he found two ten-dollar gold pieces.

At the mouth of the wash he took one look at the roiling river water and knew their hunt was at an end. Walking slowly back up the wash, kicking into beds of gravel, he came to a bend. In the curve lay boulders of many sizes, and lodged among them was a small yellow gleaming bar. Beyond it, his startled gaze fell on two more. A little excited, he picked

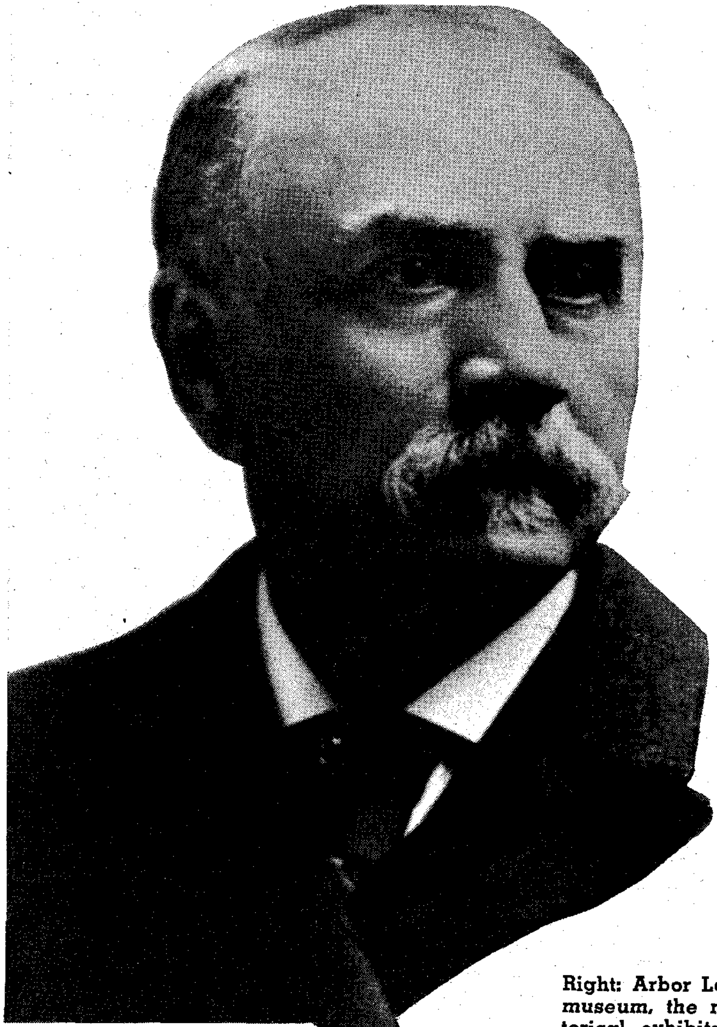
(Continued on page 61)

THE MAN WHO PUT

BY JOSEPHINE ROBERTSON

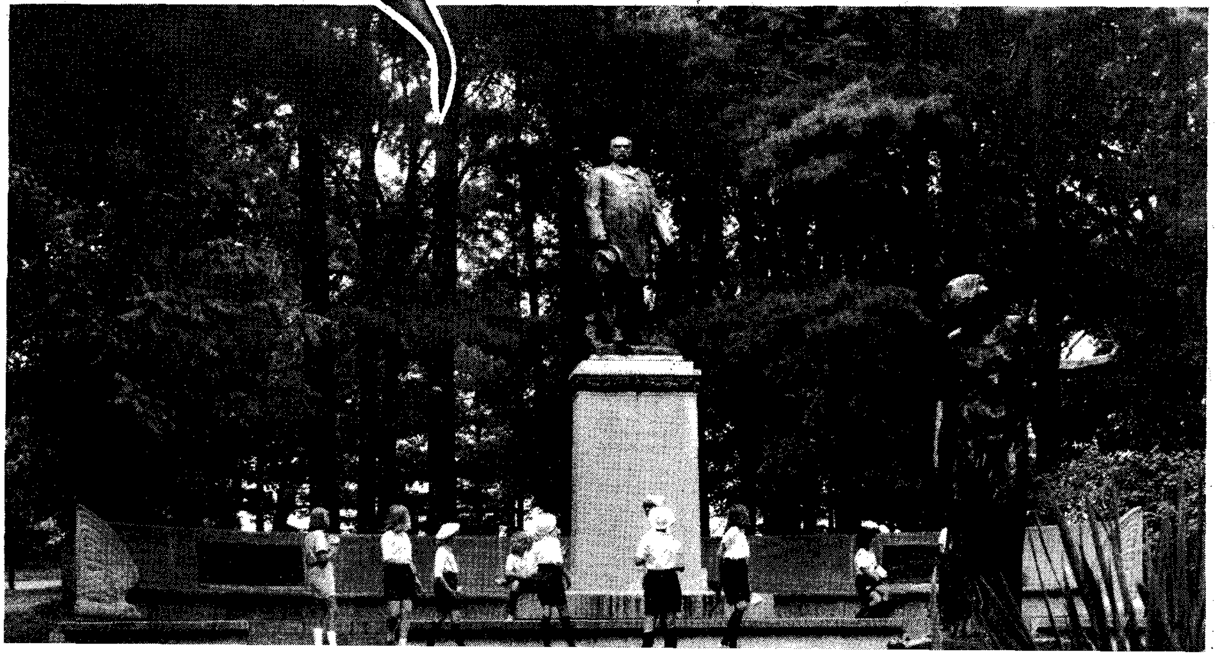
Photos Courtesy Author

On April 10, 1872, through the efforts of J. S. Morton and in a single day, more than a million trees were planted in a statewide effort to green up the Plains. It was the beginning of Arbor Day.

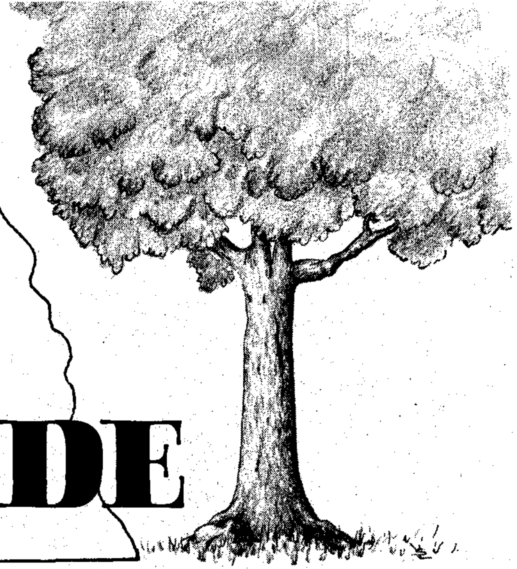


J. Sterling Morton.

Right: Arbor Lodge, his home remodeled by his son. Now a museum, the mansion contains period furnishings and historical exhibits of great interest. Below: Statue of Morton standing just inside the gate of Arbor State Park, Nebraska.



NEBRASKA IN THE SHADE



ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago J. Sterling Morton, a Nebraska pioneer, established something unique—"Arbor Day" for the planting of trees in his windswept prairie state. For this he is remembered across the whole country, and other Arbor Days have been established on dates which vary according to their seasons.

Morton's home in Nebraska City is now a state park. Just within the gates stands an imposing statue of a heavy, dignified man of affairs, inscribed "The Author of Arbor Day 1832-1902." The statue is misleading. There was nothing stodgy about J. Sterling Morton. He was a fighting frontiersman, but his weapons, rather than fists and bullets, were words written and spoken. He never forgot the motto of a newspaper editor for whom he worked in his youth. "Newspapers are to print the news and raise hell."

The Morton family, rebelling against British restraints, came to this country with the early Puritans. From a home in Vermont they migrated to Adams, New York on the old Iroquois war trail, from there to the bigger settlement of Watertown, and then in another westward move to Monroe, Michigan on Lake Erie, south of what became Detroit.

Courtesy Nebraska Game and Parks Commission

Sterling's boyhood years were spent in Monroe—and they included plenty of mischief. Tradition has it that at the age of three, during family prayers, when an uncle, who had teased him came in, the boy picked up the family cat and threw it at him. When he reached school age he made it plain that he had little use for the classroom. His favorite occupation was roaming the byways of the lake port town with the tough kids of many nationalities.

After a good deal of headshaking by his God-fearing elders, he was sent at the age of fourteen to a seminary in Albion. He detested the town, describing it as "sedate and Methodistical." In an early-day protest demonstration against bad butter, he was brought before the faculty for smearing it over a hall door. He promptly pleaded guilty explaining that he "just wanted to see if the butter were strong enough to pull the handles off. . . ."

There was one glowing compensation to life in the seminary—the appearance of a charming girl named Caroline Joy French. The two fell deeply in love. When he was fifteen and she only fourteen, they plighted their troth. There were three years of school ahead and then four of college and a few months of newspaper work to earn some money, but on October 30, 1854 they were married and, on the same day, set out to make their lives and fortunes in the West.

MORTON'S years at the University of Michigan were full of pranks and embattled student journalism. He still didn't like to study, preferring politics, but wrote letters of good intention to his father (often with the still familiar mention of need of funds). Once he wrote, with better motive than spelling, "My ambition to be *somebody* is slowly waking up . . . no one knows what I may not attain to."

Things went along smoothly until six weeks before graduation. A new president had come into the university, with Prussian ideals of management. When he fired a popular professor, Morton spoke out in protest. The next day he received a letter expelling him, not only for this, but for "general remissness, neglect of

(Continued on page 60)

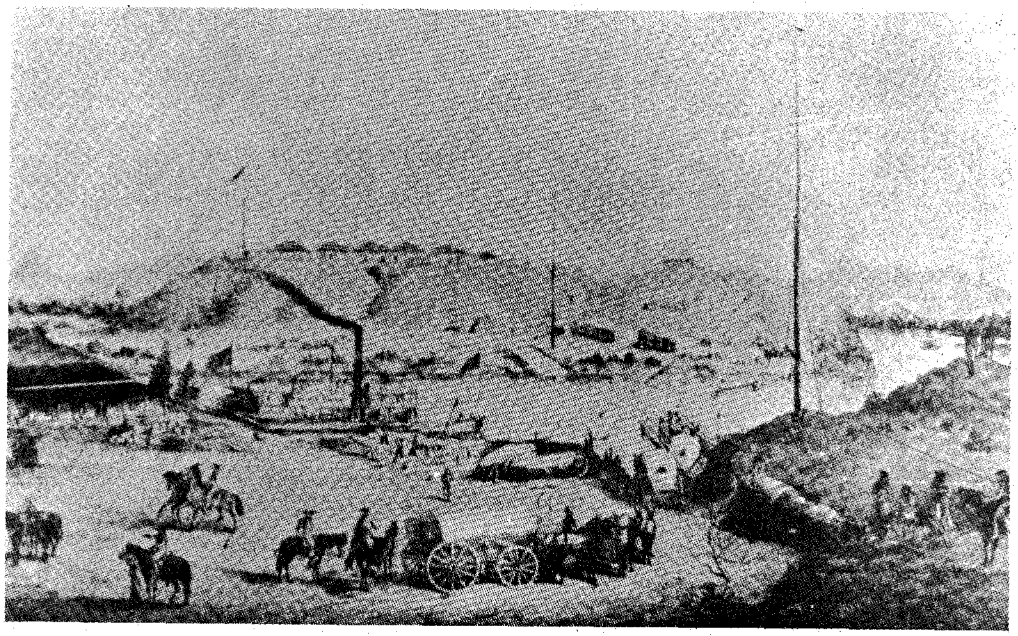
TOO MUCH GOLD TALK WILL GET YOU KILLED!

BY XANTHUS CARSON

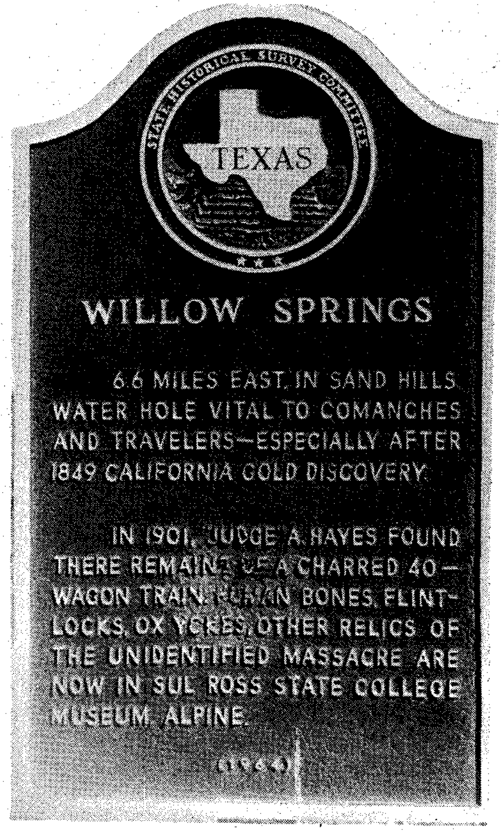
Photos Courtesy Author

Forty wagons rolled through West Texas, bound for Missouri from the goldfields of California. Unfortunately, their cargo had been a temptation ever since Yuma!

Below: Fort Yuma, Arizona (left) where the doomed wagontrain was last seen in 1873. State historic plaque (right) north of Monahans on Texas Route 18 indicates the location of Willow Springs.



Courtesy Barney Collection



STATE HISTORICAL SURVEY COMMITTEE

TEXAS

WILLOW SPRINGS

6.6 MILES EAST, IN SAND HILLS
WATER HOLE VITAL TO COMANCHES
AND TRAVELERS—ESPECIALLY AFTER
1849 CALIFORNIA GOLD DISCOVERY.

IN 1901, JUDGE A. HAYES FOUND
THERE REMAINS OF A CHARRED 40—
WAGON TRAIN. HUMAN BONES, FLINT-
LOCKS, OX YOKES, OTHER RELICS OF
THE UNIDENTIFIED MASSACRE ARE
NOW IN SUL ROSS STATE COLLEGE
MUSEUM, ALPINE.

(1964)

When the wagontrain met its fate at Willow Springs, West Texas was mapped as above. Cross indicates the massacre site.

ONE DAY in 1901 Colonel Arthur Hayes, a far West Texas frontier judge, Bob Brown, and a few other men were exploring the sandhills about nine miles northeast of Monahans, in Winkler County. Near Willow Springs, at the foot of Flag Point, the party stumbled onto the ruins of a massacred wagon train in the deep rolling dunes.

What was left lay sprawled upon the desert floor, just as the attackers had abandoned it many years before. Time had deteriorated some of the material things, and roving desert animals had scattered the remains of both the people and stock. It was a weird scene.

Ground signs around the old waterhole indicated that the site had not been disturbed since the savage encounter took place. Forty big wagons had made up the ill-fated train; these were easily counted, and evidently had rested in a fixed position for many, many years. Skeletons, remnants of clothing and personal effects of the unfortunate travelers, burned wagons, and a strewn entanglement of pioneer paraphernalia revealed that the attack had been carefully planned. Evidently no one had escaped.

When the Colonel and his friends regained their composure, they picked up some evidence of what they'd found and returned to Monahans, then a village of about 100 people, located on the Texas & Pacific Railroad which had been built through the country in 1881.

Once in town they embarked upon a thorough search of records and accounts in an attempt to unravel the mystery. Who were these people—the number of which must have been large—who died in a blood-chilling massacre, alone and unprotected in a raw land? The Hayes party diligently sought an answer to this question, and many others.

THE FIRST clue came from an old Yuma, Arizona Territory newspaper. A wagontrain, the paper said, descriptive of the one the exploring party had found in the sandhills, had left a Yuma wagon camp area early in 1873, headed for Missouri.

The train had attracted a lot of attention there because of its size and the nature of the cargo it carried. Dutch emigrants and their families made up the train, the Yuma paper reported. They were a jovial lot, returning to their Missouri homes from California, where they had worked for several years in the gold fields.

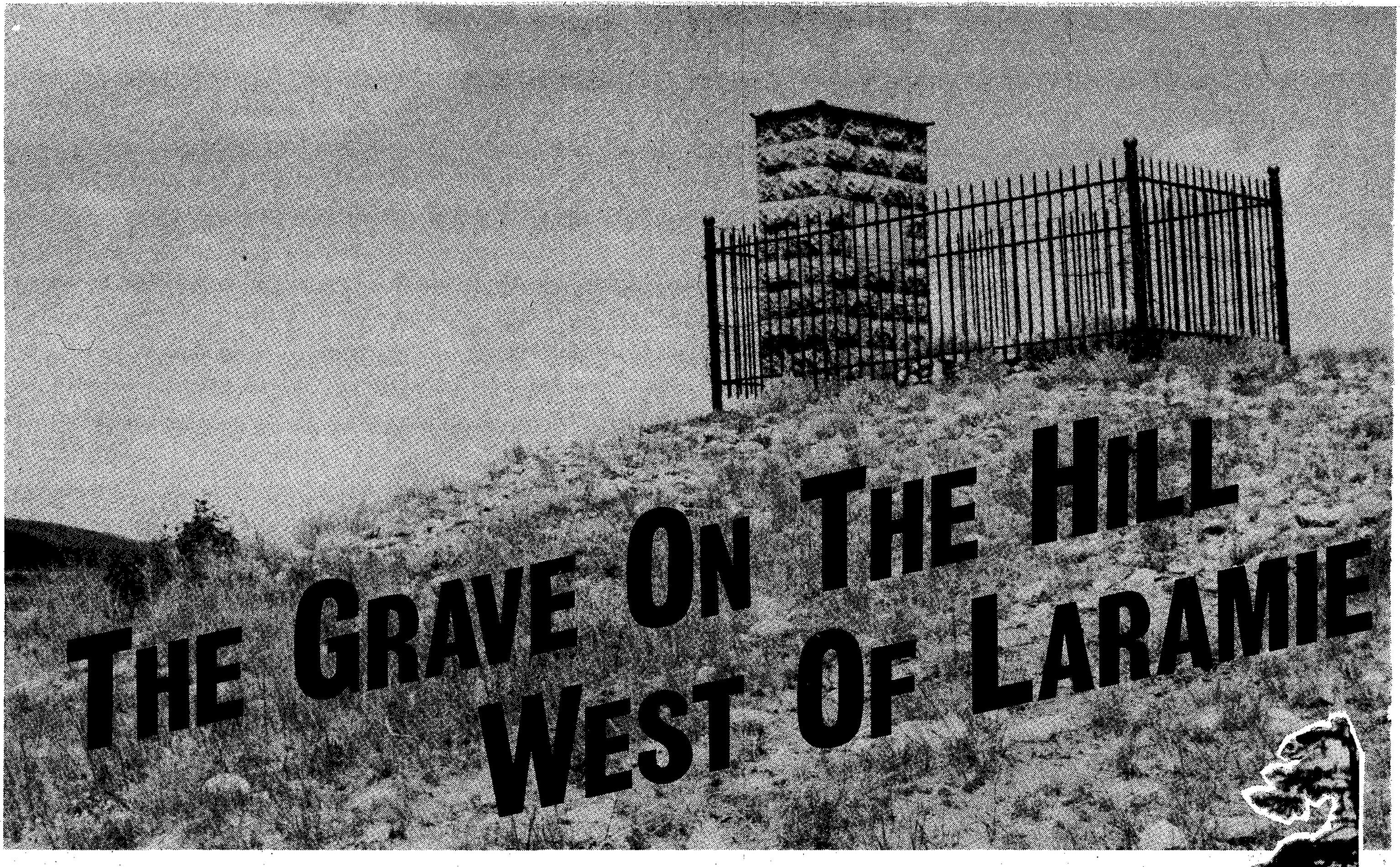
The newspaper account did not list the names of the travelers or give their number except to comment that the train was unusually large for that day and time.

It was also learned that some members of the party talked rather freely about matters connected with the wagontrain while laying over in the wagon yard. Acquaintances were usually made in the campgrounds. Yuma was then a fort and major resting point for the westbound and eastbound caravans. Many miles of the trail were extremely precarious, and travelers often remained in camp for days. Exchange of gossip was not unusual.

The loose talk revealed that the oxtrain hauled a very valuable cargo—477 twenty-pound gold ingots, valued at $3 million. The precious yellow metal represented the earnings of a prolonged stay in the California gold fields. The people had amassed a fortune to start farming operations once they reached Missouri.

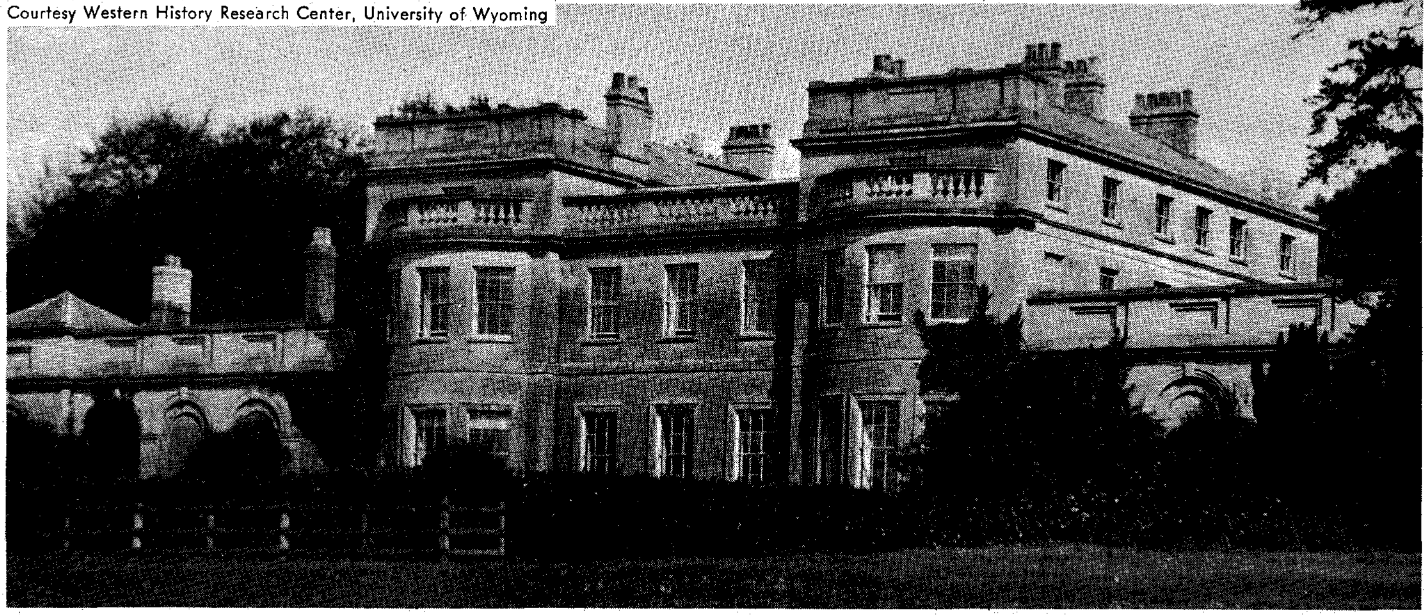
The deeper the Colonel Hayes reseached, the more baffling the whole thing became. What were the names of the emigrants who made up the train that Hayes' party found in the West Texas sandhills? If they were the Dutch group, what became of their gold? There were no answers then; there are no answers now. Only the dunes of the massive

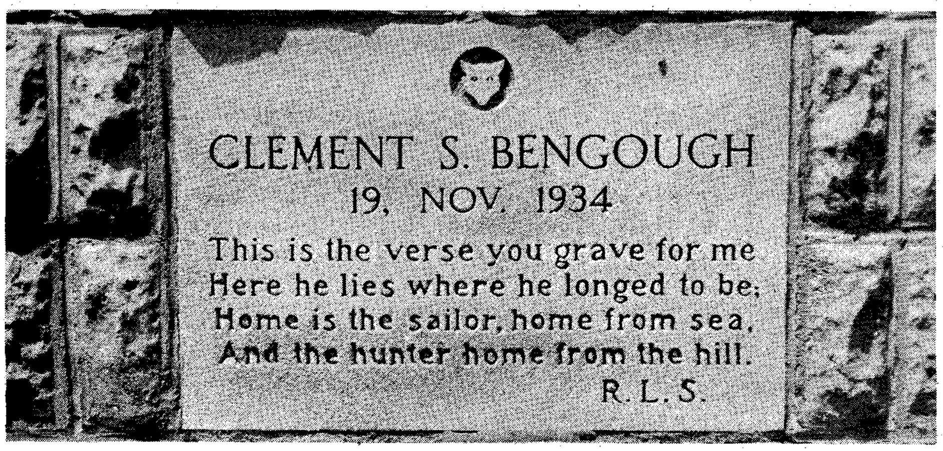
(Continued on page 57)



THE GRAVE ON THE HILL WEST OF LARAMIE

Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming

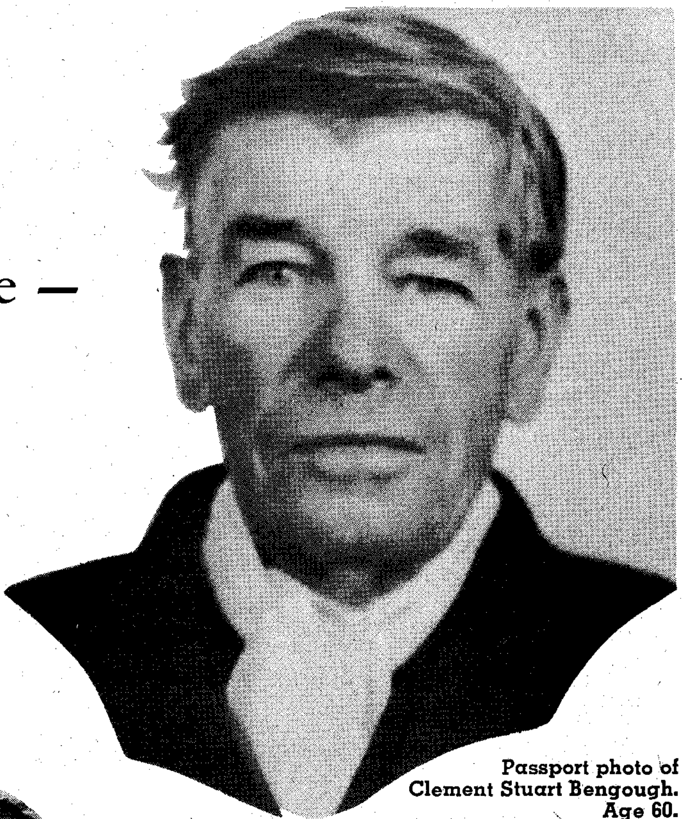




CLEMENT S. BENGOUGH
19. NOV. 1934
This is the verse you grave for me
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.
R. L. S.

Bengough's ancestral home, "The Ridge," in England (above) and his final resting place (top) near Laramie, Wyoming were a world apart in life-style as well as in distance. Inscription (left) on the granite marker of his grave overlooking the ranch he owned. (Grave and inscription photos taken June 1972.)

Where society was concerned, Bengough had a death wish, yet few men came from a more distinguished line — a line he neither cared to follow nor to perpetuate



Passport photo of Clement Stuart Bengough. Age 60.

Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming

BY BENNETT R. PEARCE

Photos Courtesy Author

HIGH on a lonely hill about thirty miles west of Laramie, Wyoming a large stone marker stands forlorn against the sky. Surrounded by an iron fence intertwined with barbed wire, the gray block monument marks the last resting place of Clement S. Bengough, who died on November 19, 1934. The grave was once even more isolated than it is today.

The old east-west U.S. 30 highway across Wyoming followed the Union Pacific Railroad tracks far to the north of the Snowy Range; but when the new seventy-seven mile section of Interstate 80 was laid out across southern Wyoming from Laramie to Wolcott Junction east of Rawlins a few years ago, the new highway passed within a few hundred feet of Clement Bengough's gravesite. To reach the monument it is necessary to leave I-80 at the Cooper's Cove exit and drive east for about three miles on a gravel road.

Who was this man and why was such a remote gravesite selected?

Clement S. Bengough was an English remittance man who spent most of his life ranching on the high Laramie Plains. His interment site was selected because it commanded a spectacular view of the ranch and primitive cabin where the recluse spent the last forty years of his life.

Bengough was born into the British landed gentry and received an education befitting his station. The exact reasons and circumstances of Bengough's departure from his native England and his choice of pioneer Wyoming for his permanent home are unknown.

He was born on January 14, 1861 at "The Ridge," Wooten-under-edge, Gloucestershire, the son of John Charles and Caroline Bengough. The Bengoughs were an ancient, highly respected and distinguished family with a coat-of-arms, a crest, an ancestral family seat, and five residences. Their coat-of-arms was described as three lionheads, each charged with an ermine spot. The crest was listed as two crosses pattée resting upon a lion's head charged with an ermine spot. The ancestral family seat was "The Ridge," located near the village of Nibley. The family residences were "The Deanery," "Sonning-on-Thames," "Monkland Cottage," "Berks," and "Leominster."

Bengough's father attended Rugby and Oxford. He was captain of the Gloucestershire Yeomen Cavalry and was appointed High Sheriff by the Crown in 1877. The office of High Sheriff, first recorded in documents in 1034, is occupied by an official who represents the royal authority in a shire. Following the Norman Conquest of England, the office was retained but became greatly reduced in authority over the subsequent years. By 1877 the High Sheriff was appointed by royal patent for one year, and the office was principally honorary and ceremonial in nature.

On June 9, 1857 John Charles Bengough married Caroline Augusta Cornwall, daughter of Reverend Alan-Gardner Cornwall who was the rector of Kingscote and Newington. From this marriage, Clement Stewart Bengough was the sixth of nine children.

"THE RIDGE," where the Bengough youngsters were raised, was a beautiful country home surrounded with formal gardens. The estate was walled, with the gardener's cottage and other service buildings on the grounds. It must have been lovely during the spring and summer months but that section of England suffered from very severe winters. Heavy snowstorms blanketed the countryside, and roads often were impassable. During inclement weather, food deliveries were impossible and communication with the outside world difficult.

It was said that the Bengough children were brought up very strictly. Each day began with family prayers. On Sunday mornings members of the family would walk through the park to a small private chapel where the Nibley village rector would conduct services.

There were frequent musical evenings at "The Ridge"—a family ensemble for strings and piano. The Bengoughs even formed a family Glee Club which was very much in demand in neighboring villages.

The boys were educated at Eton, Marlborough and Rugby. It was said that they excelled at athletics. The girls had a governess who taught them languages, music and other appropriate subjects for young ladies.

Young Clement attended Marlborough where he was appointed a prefect, and in 1879 was selected captain of the school cricket team. After he left school, Bengough was chosen to serve as wicket-keeper for his Gloucestershire XI Regiment. His team played the Australians in 1880.

A niece of Clement wrote of her uncle a few years ago. (Her information must have been passed down through the family as Clement had left England when the niece was still an infant.) She described him as a painfully shy man who developed a dislike for the family social obligations of that Victorian age. When possible, Clement avoided the formal banquets, luncheons and tea parties, preferring to be by himself either in the quiet of his room or somewhere outdoors during such family affairs. Physically, Clement was the strongest of the Bengough brothers. He loved nature and animals—particularly horses and dogs. He disliked being around strangers.

The elder Bengough's position as High Sheriff made the situation awkward for the son and difficult for the father. Clement was considered a misfit in the family. The end result was that Clement was given an annual stipend and told to make his own way elsewhere. The immediate cause of Clement Bengough's alienation from his home in unknown but the "anti-social" story apparently was handed down through the family.

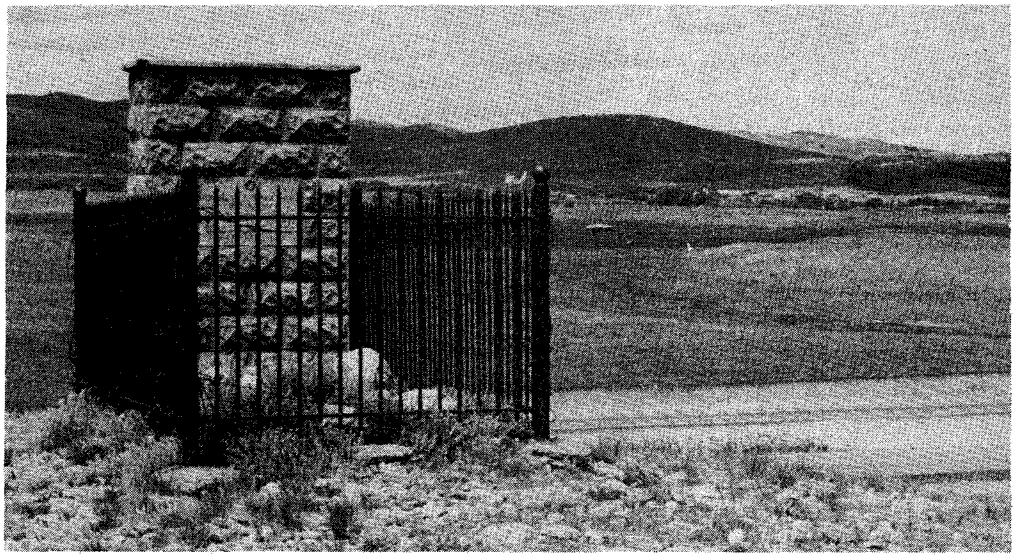
THE Bengough heir chose to go abroad to a sparsely populated section of Wyoming where he lived as a remittance man for the rest of his life. Clement departed from Victorian England, with all of its luxuries and advantages, either late in 1886 or early in 1887 at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six, and it was to be forever. (In later years the family sold "The Ridge." The stately old manor house was finally demolished when the water supply on the grounds failed.)

Clement Bengough arrived in Laramie with a group of English travelers around 1887. He worked for a year or so on the Gresley-Robbins ranch where he learned the ropes of roughing it on the high ranges. He then settled in a rough cabin on the relinquishment of another Englishman, Pete Hammersley, near Morgan on the edge of Snowy Range. Here Clement Bengough spent the rest of his life.

The high windswept plateau known as the Laramie Plains extends for over fifty miles from the base of Sherman Hill in beautiful Medicine Bow National Forest to Wyoming's magnificent Snowy Range to the west. The plateau extends north and south from the Colorado line to the majestic Laramie Peak.

From Wyoming's earliest pioneer days the high plains and surrounding wilderness area have produced fur, game, mineral wealth, native timber and some of the finest cattle herds on the North American continent. Incredibly beautiful during the summer months and almost totally inaccessible during the long winter months, the Snowy Range is abundant in wildlife, natural resources and is virtually unspoiled. With elevations from 7,000 feet on the high prairie to 14,000 feet in the mountains, high winds, low temperatures and blowing snow plague the area sporadically from October through May.

Bengough, in later years (above), standing in front of his rough cabin. Another view of his grave (below) with Interstate 80 at the foot of the hill.



Pioneers who settled this part of Wyoming displayed rugged determination in their eternal battle with the elements. They looked to the Supreme Deity for inspiration and to their own hands for strength. The sparsely populated territory attracted numerous individualists who asked few questions about their neighbors' past but were drawn together in their common struggle to build a new life.

"Ben" Bengough as he became known to his friends and neighbors, settled in an unfloored cabin with a sod roof near Cooper's Cove at the foot of Snowy Range. Over the years, the ceiling beams of the crude but comfortable cabin blackened with soot from thousands of hastily cooked meals. Bengough never married but was content to live alone. For entertainment he passed many hours reading. It was reported that he possessed one of the finest private libraries in Wyoming.

Bengough carried on a voluminous correspondence with a sister in London and another sister in Johannesburg, South Africa. Reportedly they often exchanged letters written in Latin. His mailman, Al Mountford, who became a close friend of Ben's, said that the recluse often received twenty-five pounds of mail in one delivery. And he continued to receive regular remittance checks from England, but never returned home to collect a $300,000 estate left to him by an uncle. On one occasion he gave Al Mountford a check to cash for him in Laramie. It was honored even though Ben had written it in Latin.

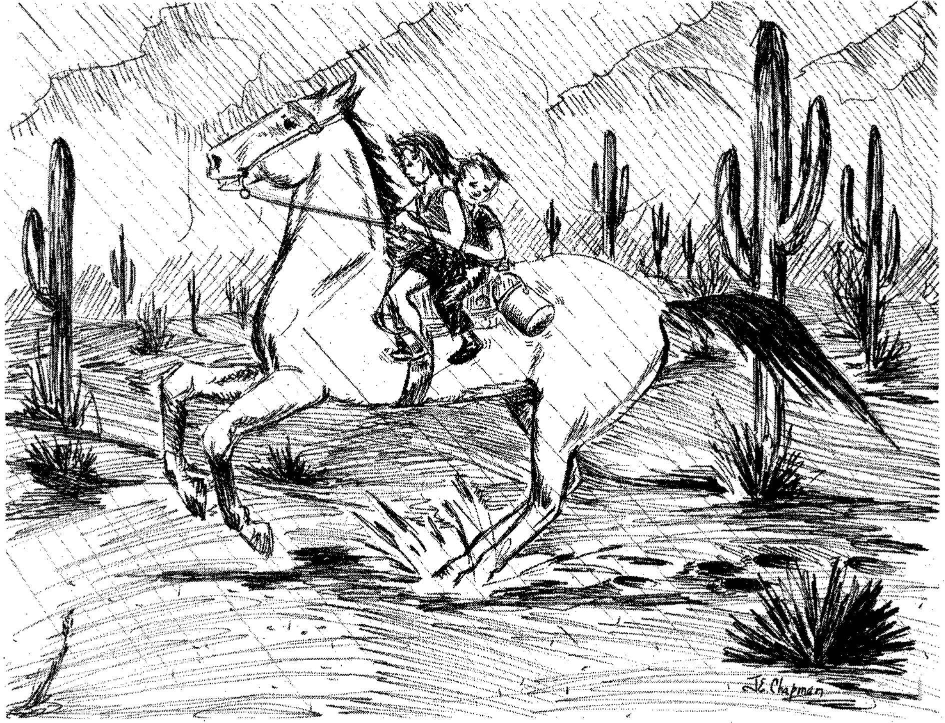
For companionship Ben relied on a pack of fierce Siberian wolfhounds. The creatures, it was said, were so ferocious that Bengough himself never turned his back on them. This is possibly an exaggeration as Ben often hunted with his pack of expensive hounds. Once he sent 150 coyote pelts into Laramie for sale. The dogs, however, ate up any profit made from hunting coyotes. To give his hounds a more rounded diet, Ben cooked Scotch oats, bread and other dog food, supplemented with rabbit meat. Some of the beasts were reported to have cost Bengough $125 each.

The recluse also loved fine horses and usually kept a hot-blooded mare or two around his place. In addition he owned a fine herd of cattle. Ben liked big steers and always had a few over-sized bullocks around. Once he kept a steer and a cow until they were six years old. When he finally shipped them to Omaha, the steer weighed 1,975 pounds and the cow 1,500 pounds. Their principal feed had been the rich short grass on the Laramie Plains.

BENGOUGH loved to wager. He once had a pet steer which he thought weighed a ton. Ben bet the hired hands on the 7L Ranch, which was owned by Marsh and Cooper, a dozen Stetson hats and a jug of whiskey that his steer weighed 2,000 pounds. All participants agreed to allow for a shrinkage in shipment of eighty to ninety pounds. Ben drove his steer over the trail to the railroad at Rock River and the critter weighed in at 1,910 pounds. He had won

(Continued on page 62)

BLUE



The old horse had lived through twelve kids and thirty years of work. At the last, everything about him had worn out except his big and trusting heart . . .

BY RUBY M. FROSTROM

Illustration Courtesy Author

MOST DAYS in eastern New Mexico in 1905 were like any other, but for our family one stood out and is still remembered. On this day Dad's old faithful mare presented us with a long-legged, beautiful colt which immediately became a part of our large family.

We never knew what pedigree his ancestors may have had, but we always thought they must have been race horses, for he had something in his blood which made him love to race. He looked like a blue streak as he tore through the pasture raising a whirlwind of dust as he came to an abrupt standstill. Dad named him Blue.

My folks had twelve children and, without exception, we all rode Blue. The older kids rode him to school before buses were invented, but he wasn't just a saddle horse—he knew what it was to be hitched to a plow or wagon. As one of a team he pulled my folks' belongings in a covered wagon from eastern New Mexico to Arizona in 1918. He also knew the pain of saddle and harness sores.

The folks never worried that he would step on us when we played around him. And at the sound of a familiar whistle he would come from the pasture although other horses were with him there. Dad hunted a lot in New Mexico during Blue's younger years. He often just dropped the reins and left the horse unattended for hours, confident that his faithful companion would be waiting when he returned from scouting for game. Blue seemed as proud as Dad when they arrived home with a deer or antelope strapped on behind the saddle.

One of my first recollections of riding Blue was when I was five years of age. On this occasion I saw my older sisters and my brother Albert getting ready to walk to the country schoolhouse which was two miles away, and I decided to go too. After they left I followed them along the red-dirt ruts of a winding, dusty wagon road. Soon I began to wander about, completely unaware that I was lost. I sat down to play beside a growth of beargrass when all of a sudden I looked up to see a big blue horse and his rider looming out of nowhere. Immediately I realized I might be in instant danger of getting a good spanking.

Without saying a word Dad got off of the big animal and lifted me to the saddle and got on behind me. I had strayed about a mile from home. All the way back I chatted happily and felt mighty lucky to have escaped a tanning. When Dad brought Blue to a halt at the windmill, he lifted me down with one hand, and with his other reached for a rope hanging on the windmill tower. By the time I was on the ground I felt the rope penetrating very forcefully, painfully, and rapidly through my thin dress and bloomers, over and over again.

I raced to the house bawling at the top of my lungs, but alas, there was no sympathy from my mother awaiting me. Blue saw many instances when the Buckelew kids got a good licking, for my folks believed sparing the rod was spoiling the child!

WE never seemed to lack for fun. Albert liked entertaining the rest of us kids by trying to perform as a circus rider, doing some capers on Blue's back as he moved around in the corral. Blue seemed to get right into the act with his master and enjoyed the show as much as we did.

Dad raised cotton after our family moved to Arizona. We lived eight miles from the little post office of Higley. Our neighbors were few and far between. When my brother Bill and I started to school, we went horseback to Higley where there was one teacher for eight grades. There were approximately a dozen pupils. Bill was six and I was seven. We left home before sunup and returned after sundown. We rode in the same saddle with our feet dangling half-way to the stirrups. Dad cautioned us, "Never get off the horse unless you are near a mesquite stump so that you can get on it again."

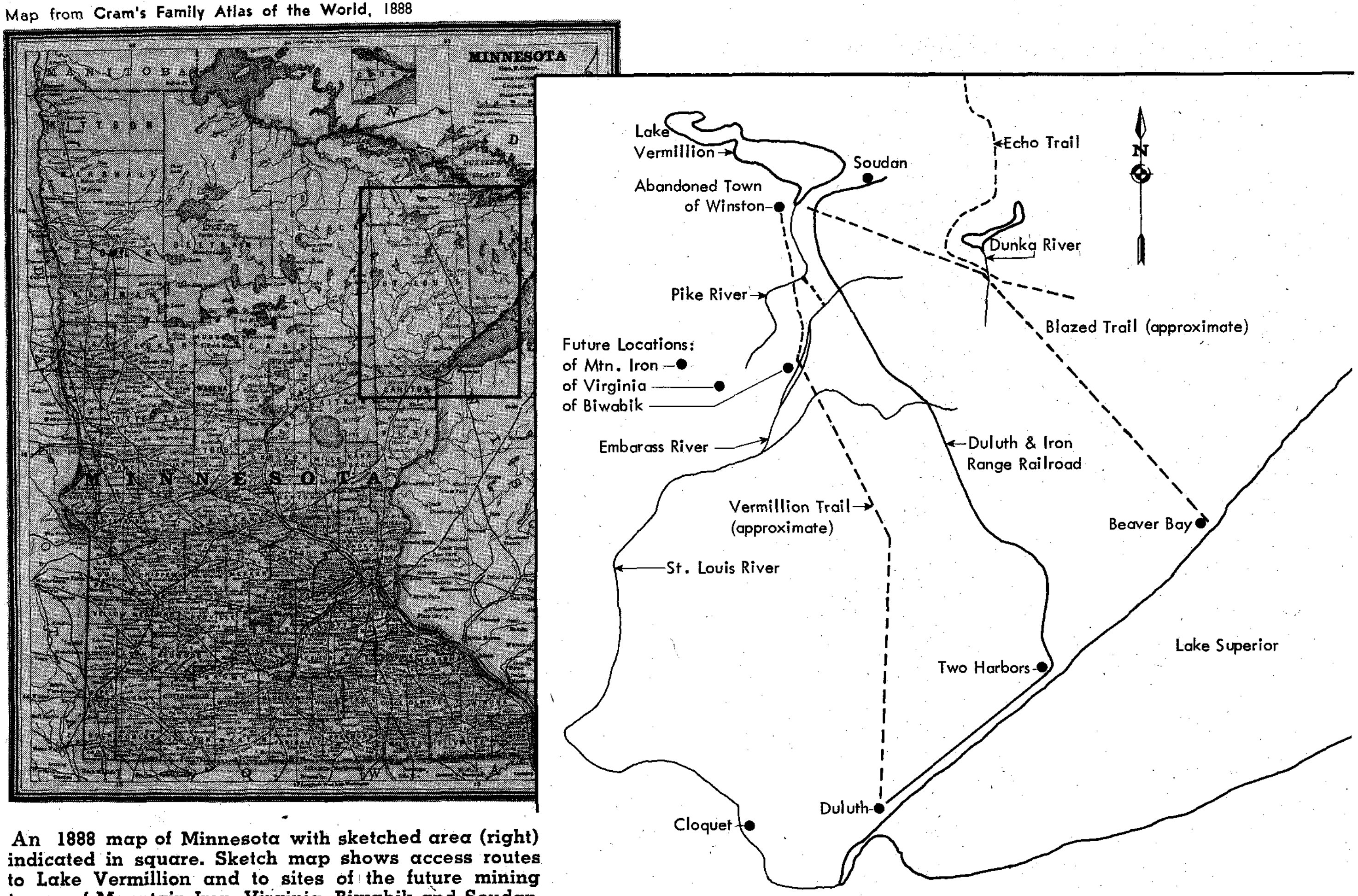
When a rattler buzzed, Blue would never shy with us; he firmly believed that his rider would get off and take care of the rattle-tail. Once we loped right up to a pack of coyotes feeding on a dead horse, and they turned on us. Blue didn't get excited, but we got out of there as fast as we could.

His sense of humor was keen. He ate our lunch if given only half a chance. How he managed to get the lid off the syrup bucket (with holes punched in the lid for ventilation) was a mystery, for we certainly had to work at it ourselves.

There were no fences or roads, and the only "civilized" thing that we encountered on the trail to school was the rail-

(Continued on page 63)

Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888



An 1888 map of Minnesota with sketched area (right) indicated in square. Sketch map shows access routes to Lake Vermillion and to sites of the future mining towns of Mountain Iron, Virginia, Biwabik and Soudan.

NORTHERN MINNES

THE GOLD RUSH to Lake Vermillion originated with the appointment of H. H. Eames as State Geologist of Minnesota by Governor Miller on January 1, 1865. Eames was, to put it mildly, a very optimistic man with a cavalier attitude toward basic geology.

As part of his duties in April 1865, he examined the rock formations near Lake Vermillion in the northern part of the state. These formations consisted of quartz veins cutting through slates containing finely disseminated pyrite (fool's gold). He returned to St. Paul with samples, supposedly of iron ore and gold ore.

On his return he was rather quiet about his trip but did tell George R. Stuntz of Duluth about finding gold near Lake Vermillion, who in turn gave this information to Lewis Merritt, also of Duluth. The two men decided "to get in on the ground floor," as Stuntz remarked. On their trip to the Lake neither was influenced by the possibility of finding gold; they did, however, see some high grade iron ore near the site of the future town of Soudan.

Eames' belief in the Lake Vermillion area was reinforced by a sample of gold ore given to the governor by three trappers. These men, who had been trapping furs somewhere northwest of the Lake, had decided to enlist in the Union Army in the early summer of 1865, not knowing that the war was almost over. They followed the old Echo Trail to Dunka River where they camped one afternoon, hoping to get some fresh meat by killing a deer. There one of the men found an outcrop containing shiny pyrite, a sulfide of iron and containing chalcopyrite, a sulfide of copper and iron. Both often contained gold. The trappers took a sample of the outcrop and later continued their way to Beaver Bay on their trip to St. Paul where they enlisted.

The trappers gave the sample to Governor Miller to have it assayed. They said if the ore was valuable they would return to a small valley near Dunka River and explore the outcrop. They never returned.

The governor was very secretive about this, but he did send two men to search for the outcrop near Dunka River, as he felt sure the sample carried gold.

On August 28, 1865 the governor sent part of the trapper's sample to the Philadelphia Mint for assaying with a request to have the assays telegraphed to him. The manager of the mint on September 13 sent a letter to the governor stating that the sample ran $25.63 in gold and $4.42 in silver per ton. This was on the basis of gold's being worth $20.00 per ounce. On the 16th of September, the governor's office leaked out the information about the assay and intimated that the sample came from near Lake Vermillion. No mention was made of the Dunka River site which was about twenty miles from the Lake.

The scouts that the governor sent out looked for an outcrop in a small valley near Dunka River where the trappers had said it had been found, but the search was unsuccessful. They told a few men about it, among whom were Bert Haney and James Scanlan of Biwabik who spent some time on their own seeking the outcrop but without success.

SOON AFTER the information from the governor's office was disclosed, a few other men began prospecting near Lake Vermillion. To check on what they were accomplishing, the governor sent State Geologist Eames there during the latter part of August, 1865. Eames went by train to Duluth and then by boat to

Beaver Bay where he hired Christian Wieland to guide him overland to the Lake and to furnish men for packing in supplies and equipment.

Christian Wieland was a German engineer who had settled at Beaver Bay, expecting that copper would be found nearby because of the similarity of rock formations near there with those at Ontonogan, Michigan, where there were two copper mines. He built a sawmill and sold lumber to ports along the west end of Lake Superior, using a sailboat for making deliveries. Among his customers were the mining companies at Ontonogan. Wieland employed Indians at his sawmill and frequently entertained them at his home where he taught them German songs. His influence on these Indians was apparent one day when a German heard Swabian songs as he approached a saloon on Superior Street in Duluth. Expecting to meet some compatriots, he entered the saloon only to find that the singers were some of Wieland's Indians.

Eames spent two days at Beaver Bay and then he, Wieland, a few other white men and a few Indians started for Lake Vermillion. On the way Wieland's compass needle acted strangely. oscillating from one side to another and sometimes making a complete revolution. The reason for this strange action was evident when Wieland discovered an outcrop of magnetic rock. He handed a piece of it to Eames who said, "It is iron ore. To hell with it. We are looking for gold and silver."

At Lake Vermillion, Wieland was not impressed by the mineral showings. He left Eames there and with the rest of the party, started back to Beaver Bay. When they came to the magnetic outcrop they took along a large sample of it.

On October 28, 1865 Eames returned to St. Paul, and on November 13 he sent a report to Governor Miller in which he stated, "I have discovered gold and silver in the siliceous slates near Lake Vermillion." He reported that he had taken samples there that ran $25.62 in gold and some silver, to $33.25 in gold per ton. He included the assay of the trappers' sample from near Dunka River.

Five thousand copies of this report were printed and many copies were sent to various parts of the United States. Soon hundreds of prospectors hurried to Lake Vermillion, regardless of the hardships they had to endure. A winter road seventy-five miles long was brushed out from Duluth to the Lake. The road was usable only when there was at least one foot of snow on the ground. Supplies and equipment could be hauled in during the winter months, but during the rest of the year they had to be brought by canoe on the St. Louis, Embarrass, and Pike River systems with many portages.

Governor Miller's term expired on December 31, 1865, and he was succeeded by W. R. Marshall the next day. Soon afterward, Eames sent a report to Governor Marshall but there is no record of his having made another trip to Lake Vermillion. In this report he stated that he had obtained samples near the Lake that ran from a trace of gold to $32.00 in gold and $12.15 in silver per ton. Also he reported a picked sample that assayed $62.18 in gold and $7.16 in silver per ton. As before, 5,000 copies of this report were printed and many were distributed around the United States.

THE gold rush was at its height in mid-1866. Prospectors, quite understandably, had unlimited faith in the reports of the state geologist. They were further spurred on by a report in the May 16, 1866 edition of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* that Eames had taken a sample on one claim near one in which his brother was interested. This sample was supposed to run $168.00 in gold per ton.

Conditions looked so favorable that year that a village, Winston, was platted and it was predicted that it soon would

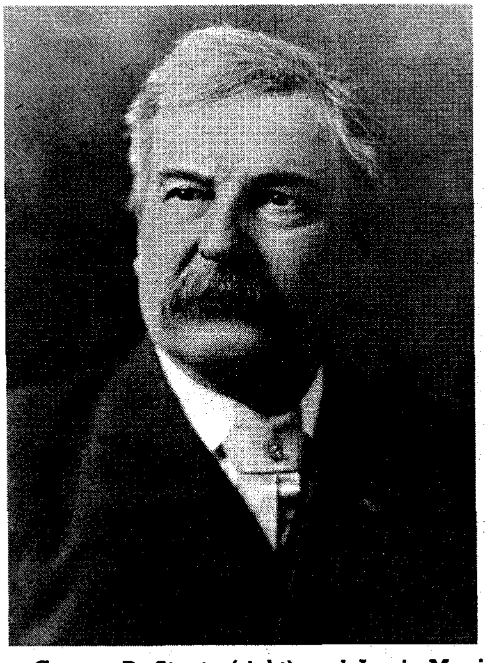
A state geologist who falsely claimed that in 1865 he had found high-grade ore near Lake Vermillion unknowingly influenced the outcome of World War I!

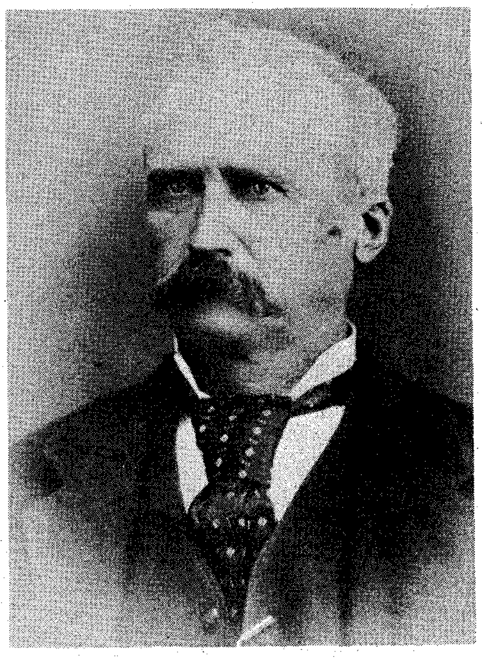
BY A. J. GLEASON

Photos, Sketch Map, Chart Courtesy Author

[illegible]S GOLD RUSH

Photos Courtesy St. Louis County Historical Society





George R. Stuntz (right) and Lewis Merritt (middle) were "on the ground floor" in the rush for gold started by the false claim of a high-grade ore discovery. Leonidas Merritt (left), one of the Merritts who found and developed iron ore as a result of that gold rush.

have a population of 10,000. Homes, stores, and other buildings were erected, along with an assay office and stamp mills. Apparently the stamp mills were expected to be needed in such a hurry that some of the parts were packed in from Duluth without waiting for the surfacing of the snow road, scheduled for the following year. This road became known as the Vermillion Trail.

The prospectors had to endure the very severe Minnesota winters; myriads of mosquitos and ravenous deer flies in the summer; not to speak of the inconvenience of having to haul or carry supplies and equipment for seventy-five miles from Duluth. In addition they were beseiged by crooks, gamblers and camp followers—including one man who claimed that he was a geologist who could find ore by means of spiritualism.

Unfortunately for the prospectors and the crooks, no gold was found. During the latter part of 1866 the prospectors became suspicious of the reports of the state geologist. They realized that no gold had been found except small, stray samples that were worthless. Early in 1867 the men gave up and returned to their homes after spending hundreds of thousands of dollars and wasting one and one-half years. Probably the most adverse effect was learning that Eames' official reports were without foundation and that they had been tricked by false sample assays. By the end of 1867 all of the prospectors had gone and by 1868 nothing was left of the village of Winston.

One cannot help wondering why such a fiasco was allowed to occur. It is quite possible that Mr. Eames was so certain the quartz veins near Lake Vermillion carried gold, he felt that if a sufficient number of men were persuaded to look for it, gold in great quantity would be discovered. He accomplished this by means of his false assays.

As for the governor, he may have leaked out the information that the trappers' high grade sample was from near Lake Vermillion to divert interest from Dunka River until the outcrop could be located.

Disastrous as this promotion was, the gold rush did have some remarkable after-effects. Christian Wieland, who brought back to Beaver Bay a sample of the magnetic rock he found, had occasion soon after to make a trip to Ontonogan, Michigan, where he tried to interest mining and other business men in building a road from Beaver Bay to the magnetic outcrop so it could be explored. One man was persuaded to finance the road, but his untimely death stopped construction.

Wieland continued his efforts to interest other Ontonogans and finally a mining man, Peter Mitchell, was sent to sink test pits in the magnetic material and to explore its extent. This was the beginning of the development of the low grade iron ore which is now known as taconite and which is one of the most valuable mineral resources of the United States.

It took about seventy-five years before its processing became a commercially feasible operation, but if Eames had not started the ill-fated gold rush the development of taconite would have been delayed even longer.

THERE WERE two other effects of Eames' false assay—the discoveries of the Vermillion Iron Ore Range, and of the Mesabi Range's high grade ores. Involved in these discoveries were George R. Stuntz and Lewis Merritt.

George Stuntz was the grandson of a Hessian soldier who deserted the British Army and joined Washington's troops. He took a two-year course in engineering and later became a land surveyor in Duluth. He was interested in artifacts and in the earth dams of Aborigines, antedating the Sioux and Chippewa Indians. These Aborigines had built dams at the foot of rapids of the St. Louis River to shorten the distance that had to be portaged, by backing up the water. It was said that Stuntz's favorite food was porcupine garnished with wild rice.

Lewis Merritt was a millwright who had built a sawmill at Duluth. His family history has been romanticized by Paul DeKruif's book, *"The Seven Iron Men."* Up to the time he went to Lake Vermillion he was not interested in iron ore.

Both Stuntz and Merritt were impressed by the area east of the Lake. Stuntz tried to interest Duluth people in its high grade ore but was unsuccessful. Later he guided Professor A. H. Chester of Hamilton College to the Mitchell test pits. On learning that the taconite was too low grade, he told Chester about the Vermillion iron ores. Chester got financial circles interested in those ores, and this was the start of the development of the Vermillion Iron Ore Range which since 1884 has produced 103,000,000 tons of high grade iron ore.

At the time of his visit to Lake Vermillion Merritt had noticed that there was strong magnetic attraction near the high grade ore. Although he knew little of geology, he concluded that the magnetic formations and the high grade iron ore were related. On his return to Duluth he told his sons about this theory and advised them to look, on their timber cruising expeditions, for high grade ore wherever they found magnetic attraction. Merritt did not realize that there were many places where there was much magnetic attraction but no nearby high grade iron ore.

But Lewis Merritt's sons followed his advice and in 1889 found a chunk of high grade ore near the site of the present village of Mountain Iron. Sometime later they found magnetic attraction north of where they had found the float ore. Reasoning that the high grade ore should occur somewhere between these two places, they sank a test pit midway between them, and at fourteen feet struck high grade ore. This was on November

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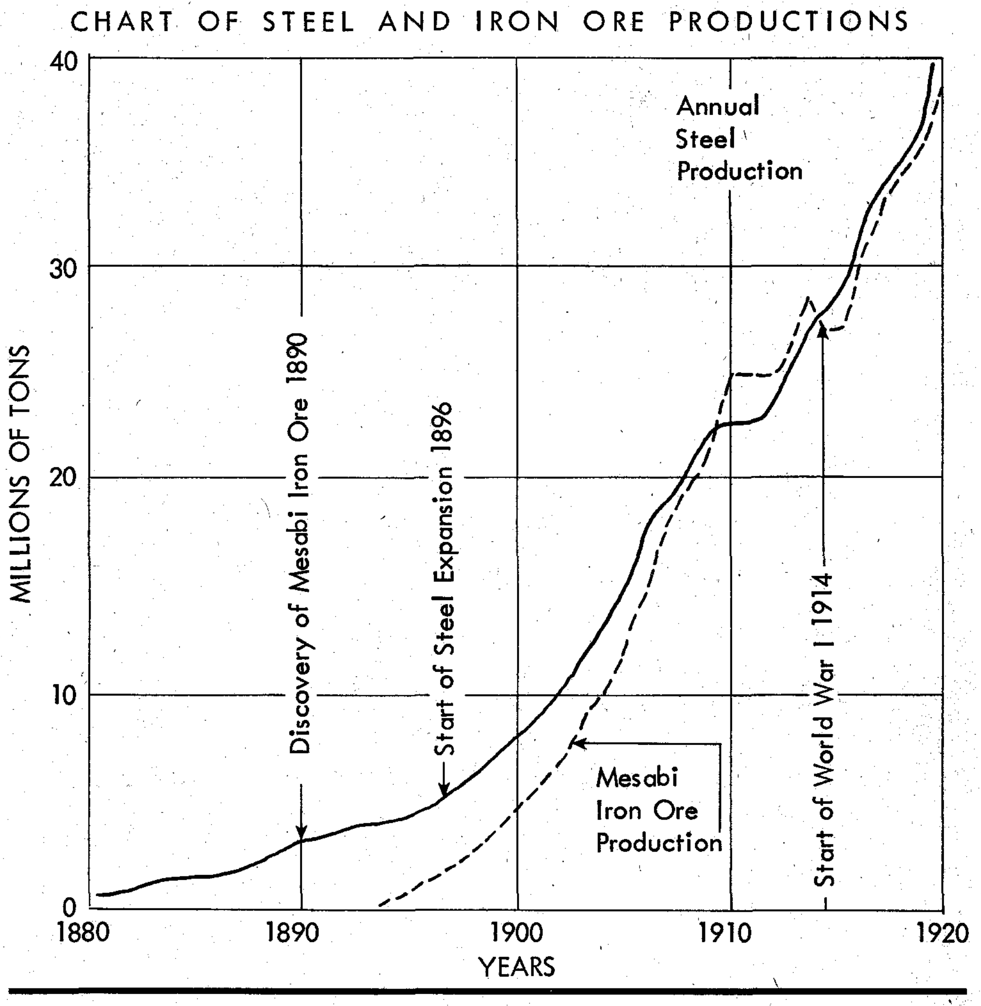

Comparison of the United States' annual steel production with the annual iron ore production from the Mesabi Range. (Points on curves are five-year averages.)

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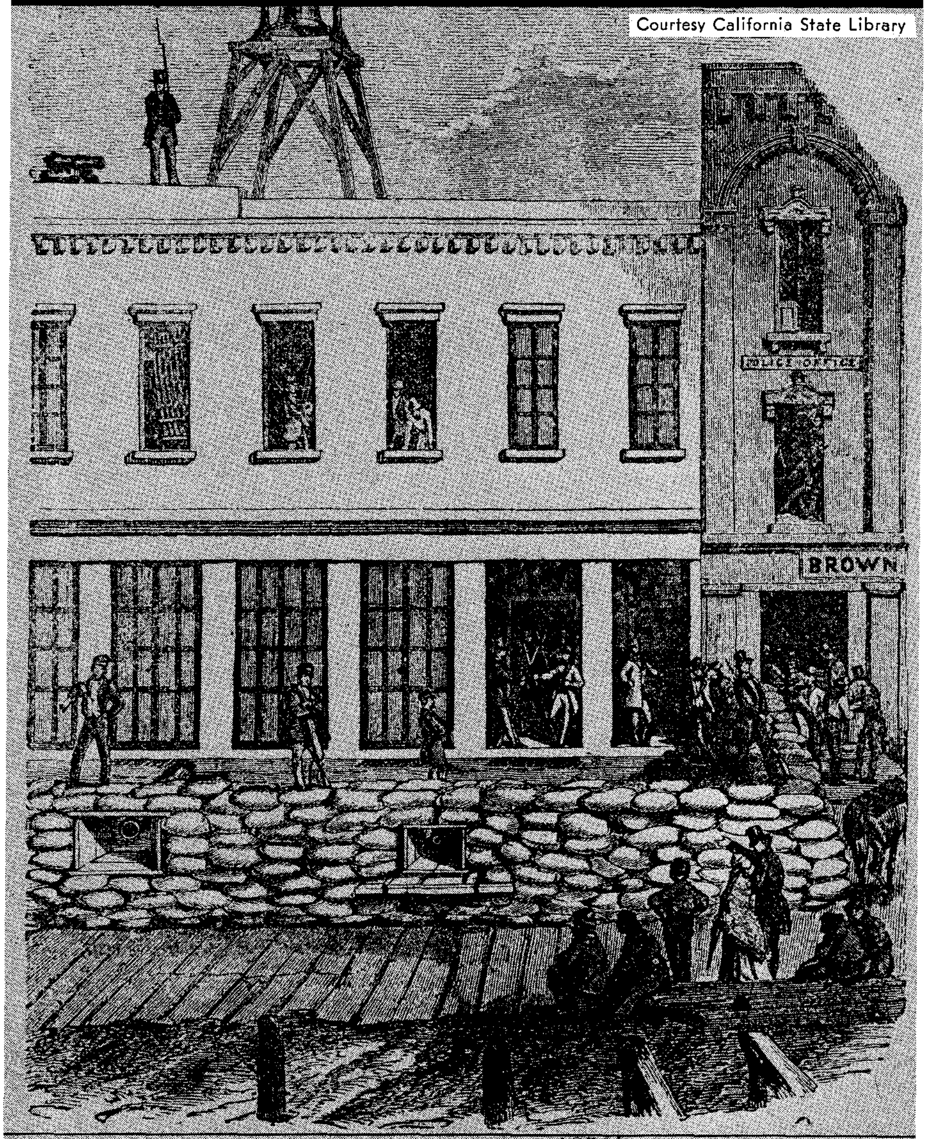

Courtesy California State Library

FORT GUNNYBAGS IN 1856[1]

mpion in the ring, an unwelcome alien outside it.
to ring too often, Yankee himself stopped the fi

RGINIA ELLER

os Courtesy Author

comparatively little has n about him, James "Yan- as a colorful and popular alifornia Gold Rush. He camp named after him— after he had fled, hours ring posse. He didn't care to explain that he wasn ownership of some of the he dealt. But this story is with the Vigilance Com Francisco.

James Sullivan was b Well-known in the boxin land and England, he cam in 1841 and there contin

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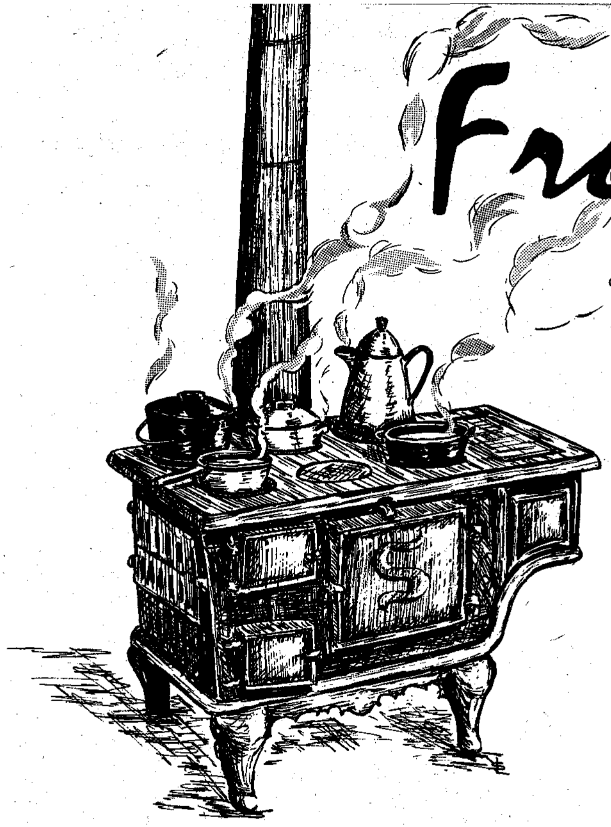


Frontier Foods

Most fellows knew which ranch or farm was the right place to be come mealtime. The gastronomical risks of eating away from home were greatly reduced if the lady of the house had a little imagination about cooking, and the guest had a little imagination about handing out compliments!

AFTER the Civil War when the threat of Indians attacks had lessened in the northwestern portion of Hays County, Texas, settlers began to come to this area. They were attracted by the abundance of water and wood, for many small streams criss-crossed the land and there were many trees. Most of the men were small-time farmers. A casual observer might have thought that no farm land was to be found in this rocky hill country but in the valleys and flats along the creeks there was much fertile soil and settlers went about clearing the brush, and fencing their fields with the rocks strewn about on it.

They had brought seed with which to plant their crop, but had only the barest necessities in the way of food to last them until the first harvest. It was lucky that fish abounded in the creeks, waterfowl came in the fall, and that the woods were full of small game and birds. Pecan and black walnut trees grew along the banks of the creeks and their nuts were gathered in autumn. There were wild plum trees, wild grape and dewberry vines, and other fruit.

Corn was the main crop as it was a staple for man, beast and fowl. Cane was planted for animal food mostly, though one patch was reserved for molasses making. As the garden was the housewife's domain she saw to it that some land was left for that purpose. Some families had brought small peach and pear trees and these were set out.

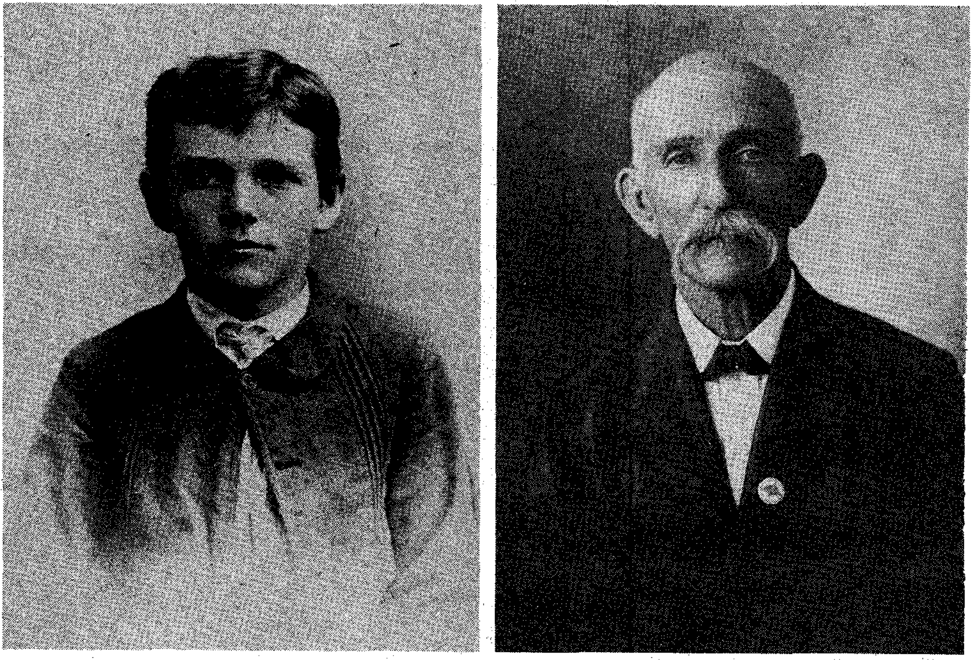
If you think that most of a settler's time was spent in getting and preparing food you would be right, but think of the good eating these foods provided. There was fresh pork from hogs fattened on acorns, milk and butter from Old Bossy, eggs and chickens.

About twice a year wagon trips were made to a town—usually Austin—to purchase flour, salt, coffee, sugar, kerosene, tobacco, and snuff. In between trips, should one of these commodities play out, the housewife learned to make do until it was convenient to go again.

Early wintertime was the time for fresh pork, turnips and greens, sweet and Irish potatoes, hominy, jams, jellies and honey. Eggs were usually plentiful as were milk and butter, so the housewife prided herself on the good table she set. As wintertime wore on, however, the green vegetable played out, the fresh pork became salt pork, the cow's flow of milk became scanty, and hens quit laying. Everyone's menu became limited to a steady diet of dry beans, salt pork, cornpone and molasses or similar foods. Long before spring a deep hunger for something green began to be felt.

THE first warm day found the lady of the house outdoors in search of "garden sass." The earliest edible green to appear was a plant called lamb's quarters, for what reason I cannot say. It was a bland, almost tasteless wild plant but since it was *green* and non-poisonous the housewife cooked several messes of it, seasoned with bacon grease. Watercress grew along the streams and came out early too. Its tongue-tingling spiciness added greatly to the menu when

Ney Oldham photographed when about 12 years old, recalls a special peach cobbler he ate when on a trip with his father, A. Y. Oldham (right).



and Cookery

BY MINNIE LEA ROGERS

Photos Courtesy Author

it could be obtained. The most sought after and the most abundant green was the lowly pokeweed, or "poke salad" as it was called. This plant is a relative of our garden spinach. It grew in abundance behind barns, in old lots, and in fence corners.

The roots and mature plant of the pokeweed are said to be poisonous, and only the new, green shoots were gathered for food. The cook parboiled these in a large quantity of water, drained them and seasoned them with bacon grease. She served this dish with crisp bacon, boiled eggs if available, green onions and hot cornpone, the latter tasting very much like our "hush puppies" today.

One housewife declared that poke should be eaten three days in a row in the spring for a tonic, and she made sure that she had enough to serve during this three-day ritual. When she called her family to the first meal, her husband, who was not fond of poke, would remark as he saw the sides dishes of bacon and eggs, "Ma, this would be a fine meal if you would pitch the poke out the back door."

However, he ate it dutifully each of the three days, presenting a good example to the children who did not care for it, either. They knew, too, if they did not eat it there was an alternative—a dose of sulphur and molasses—and they preferred poke greens to this dose.

Speaking of make do, reminds me of a tale that Mr. Ney Oldham used to relate about a peach cobbler he once ate in this part of Hays County. This particular incident happened when he was a boy in the late 1880s, and many frontier customs still prevailed. Mr. A. (Arch) Y. Oldham, father of Ney, was the Hays County tax assessor. At that time the two offices of tax collector and tax assessor had not been combined, and each was a full-time job. The assessor traveled all over the county contacting property owners and assessing their property. In the horse and buggy days this was no small task.

Mr. Oldham lived in San Marcos, the county seat, and during the winter months worked in the lower part of the county near his home. As the days grew longer he reached out farther and farther into the county, sometimes making it home by night but more often being compelled to spend the night with friends near his work.

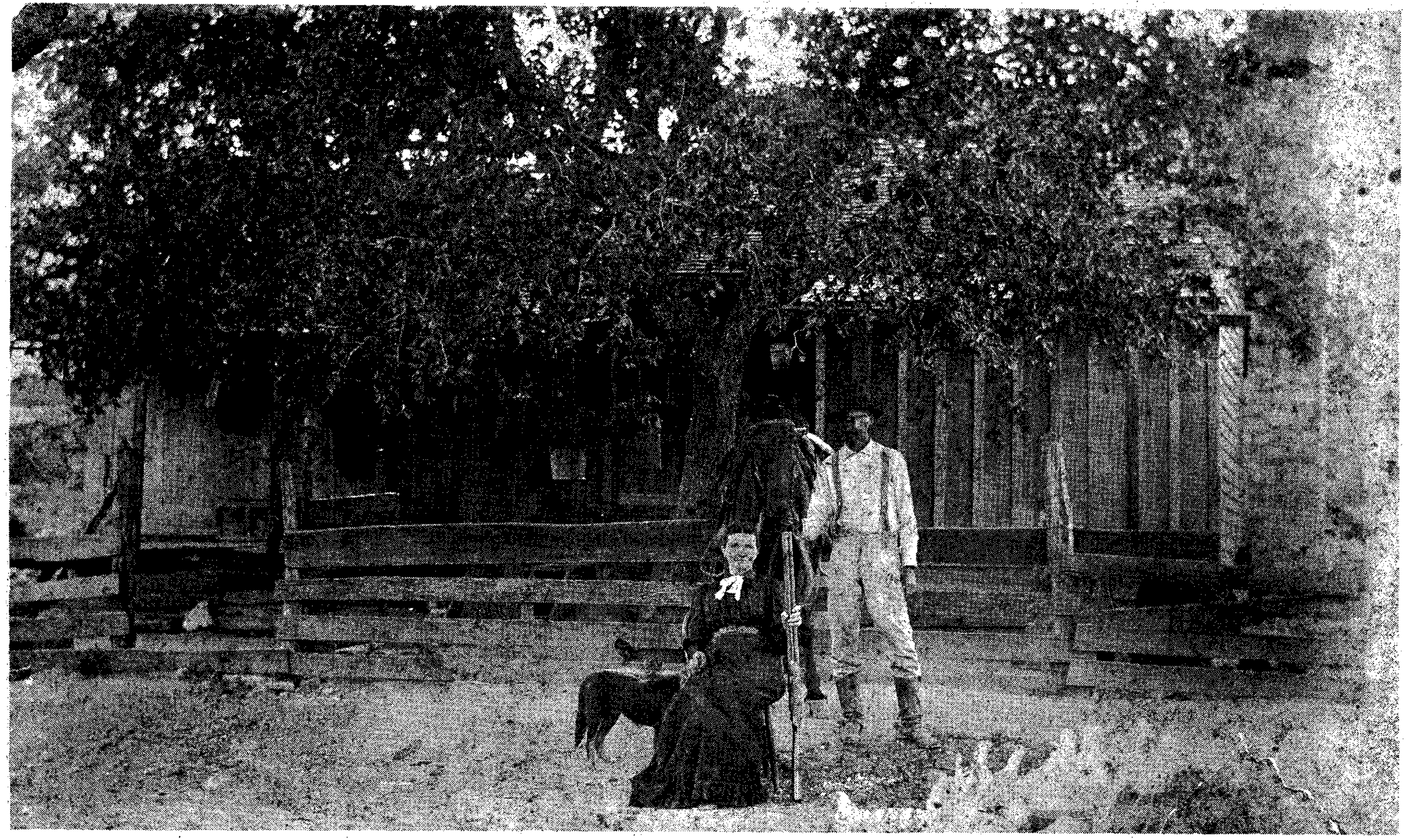
His mother, two sisters and brother lived in the upper end of the county about fifteen miles northwest of Dripping Springs and when he began his work in that part of the county he made their home his headquarters during the week, going home on week ends. Mr. Oldham scheduled this part of his itinerary when school was out for summer vacation so that one of his boys would be available to accompany him and open the many wire gaps and pole gates encountered along the way. Ney, his youngest son, was in his early teens and in later years liked to reminisce about his experiences on these trips.

ONE of Mr. Oldham's sisters always packed a lunch for them to take along each day and Ney remembered that they were good lunches—biscuits with fried ham or sausage between, buttered biscuits with peach or pear preserves or dewberry jelly in between, fried pies or tea cakes—all good. These lunches were more for emergencies, though, as more often than not they ate with some family they happened to be near at noon.

People living in the far reaches of the

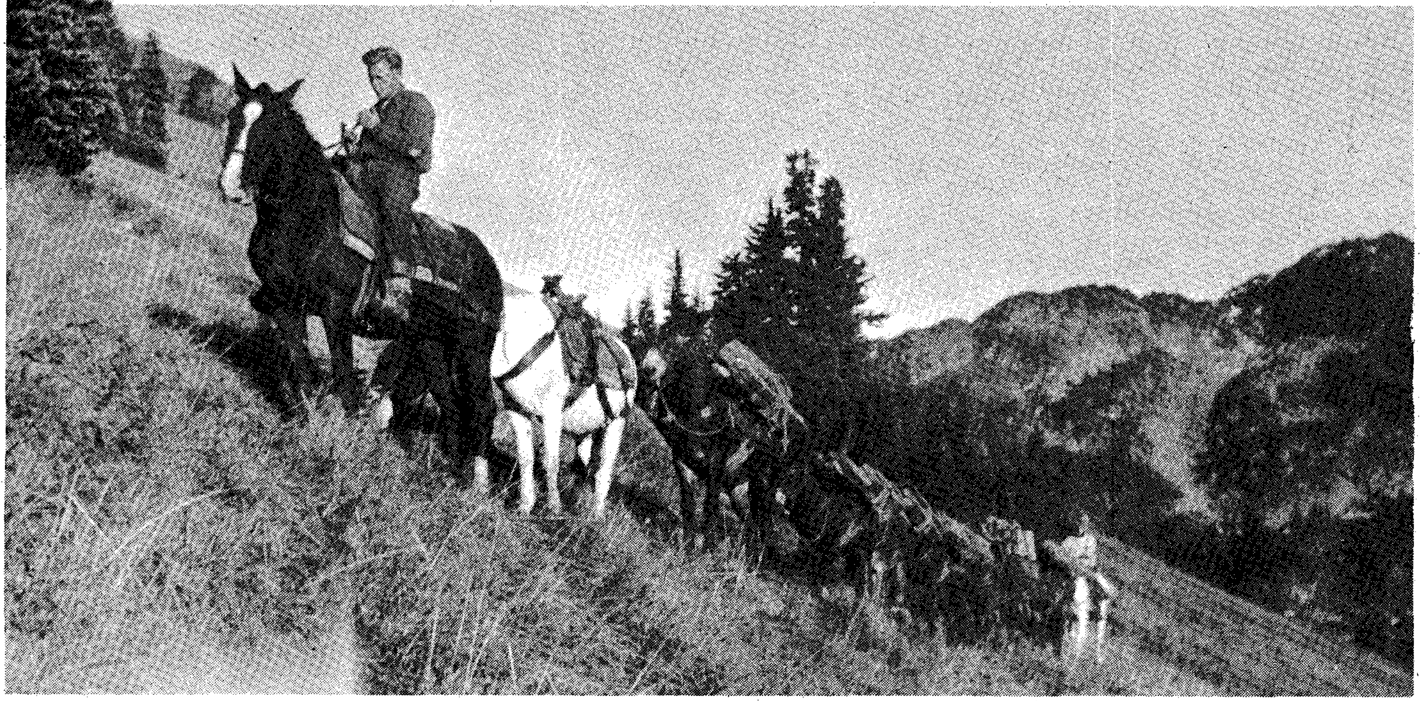
(Continued on page 65)

In the days of "make do" this couple posed in front of their home for a traveling photographer. Their names are unknown.



NUGGETS

Photos Courtesy Author



Dutch Tollenaar on lead horse, and Mabel (eating grass and wearing the empty saddle), packing lumber to Johnson Mountain in 1941. Mabel would rebel without something on her back if the other mules were loaded.

A MULE NAMED MABEL

By Clinton J. (Dutch) Tollenaar
as told to Homer E. Wassam

MY HORSE picked his way along the mountain trail, followed by three black pack mules while I sat confidently in the saddle, smug in the belief that I had outwitted Mabel. For nearly ten miles I had entertained the conceited notion that I had so tightly blocked every avenue of escape she would have to stay put until we returned the next day. But my self-satisfaction vanished when I turned in the saddle to see what had kicked up a ruckus behind me and beheld that smart-aleck white mule shouldering and shoving her way past the others until she was almost behind the rump of my horse.

"Mabel!" I snorted. "How in the devil did you get out of that corral?"

Her only answer was to stand there and look dumb, content in the knowledge that she was where she belonged—leading the pack, her soft nose now touching the flank of my horse. I had a schedule to keep and as it would be impossible to shoo her back, I dismounted, strode to the rear and removed the saddle from the last mule in the string. This I placed on Mabel to keep her contented, and resumed my journey.

I had left Mabel behind because of her age. Only twelve hands high, she was now past her thirtieth birthday and had lost weight. I felt she should stay home and take it easy. A bridge-building crew I was taking supplies to was fifteen miles from the corral, and I figured that a thirty-mile round-trip was not the best thing for an old mule who insisted on bearing her share of the load.

Mabel was dumb all right—dumb like a fox, and as I now turned to look at her and ask again how she escaped that corral, the smirk on her long-eared countenance told me that she had no intention of revealing her secret. For just as her coloration was unusual for a mule—dapple-grey turned white with age—she was, in my opinion, the most intelligent beast of burden west of the Rockies.

WE MET when I was nine and she was two. She had just been purchased for packing in the Cascades by the U. S. Forestry Service at Darrington, and as the District Ranger's son John and I were pals, I was privileged to ride Mabel and other pack animals. Our paths crossed often from then on, but it was only after I graduated from one of F. D. R.'s Three-C camps and was hired by the Forestry Service that my education was undertaken by the Ranger—and by Mabel.

The Ranger taught me a lot, but it was plodding, sure-footed Mabel who taught me lessons of steadiness, patience, perseverance, hard work and courage that made my life as a mountain packer safer and more enjoyable than if I had relied solely on humans or animals not so wise as that dapple-grey mule.

Mabel already had a reputation for reliability by the time I was promoted from trail-builder to packer, for she had been in service at Darrington for nineteen years and had already passed the life expectancy for mules. So it was good luck to benefit from the wisdom of an old experienced animal whose intelligence excited the admiration of all who worked with her.

I remember one day my string was hauling lumber for the lookout on Johnson Mountain. We had climbed to an altitude of five thousand feet where the trail grew dim and the hovering fog in the higher elevations had grown thicker. When we came at last to dangerous precipitous terrain where the trail vanished and the fog made it impossible to see twenty feet ahead, I turned to Mabel.

"Old girl," I said, "you've been here before. You know this trail better than I do. How about taking us the rest of the way?" Maneuvering her and her load of lumber past my horse, I gave her an affectionate pat on the rump and away went Mabel with all the confidence in the world.

But to my consternation, she took a different route than the one I would have taken. We had been in many dangerous situations before and when given her head, Mabel had always come through. But she was now older and I wondered if this time she had lost her sense of direction and would lead us to a point of no return. With a cliff dropping away into an abyss of fog below us, I doubted that my horse and I could back down that trail, although Mabel and the other mules might make it.

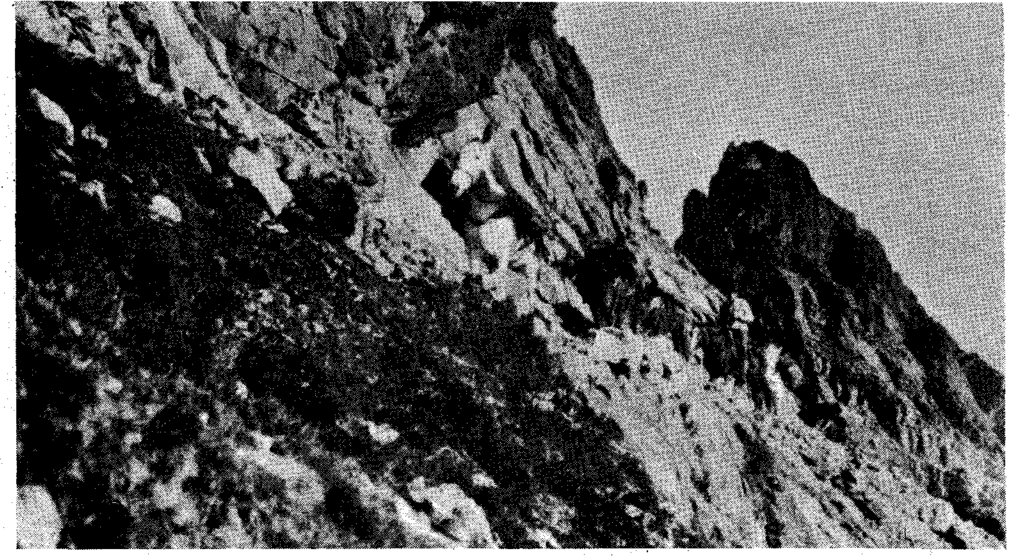
I tried to reassure myself. "No," I said, "Mabel has never let you down, and you've got to trust her to take us through now." And so it developed, for although she had taken an older, more rugged trail than the one I knew, it was a shortcut and within half an hour we arrived safely at our destination.

UNFORTUNATELY, Mabel had her foibles as well as her virtues. In fact she was famous among irate citizens of Darrington for her uncanny ability to open gates.

Neil Wigly told how one morning he watched her lead several mules and horses to his vegetable garden gate, deftly lift the latch with her teeth, hold the gate open with her rump while her friends filed past, and then entered herself, expecting to feast on Wigly's succulent vegetables, only to be driven out by him.

On another occasion, Ranger Everett Huff watched unbelieving, as Mabel approached a cattle guard that kept stock confined to the Sauk River Valley. Everett said that Mabel stood awhile as if thinking while she studied the widely spaced steel that stopped animals from crossing. Finally testing the rails with her forefeet, she reached forward several times, then like a ballet dancer went tiptoeing across the guard. And not content with this feat, she taught the seven mules that had followed her how it was done, and after patient coaxing and urging, eventually had all seven on the other side of the barrier.

Everett, who had watched in amazement, then opened a nearby gate and drove all eight back into the meadow. "I felt kinda mean," he said, "turning them back after all of Mabel's work. But I knew that if I didn't, they would all head straight for home."



Leading a packtrain up a rugged trail Mabel carries her share of the load.

None of the conventional pole gates could hold Mabel, and District Ranger Harold Engles under whom I worked for years said that he saw her take poles in her teeth and then twist and turn until she made an exit for herself. It was just such a gate that I had taken pains to secure the day this story begins, and I concluded that somebody had taken pity on her—or, tired of her hee-hawing, had turned her loose. But I should have known better than to reason thus, for no gate could stop Mabel once she had made up her mind to get out. When I returned the next day I learned that no one had let her out, for the marks were plain as day on the ground.

Finding that she couldn't loosen the poles that I had secured with wire at both ends, Mabel had lain on her side, and although there was but an eighteen-inch clearance between the bottom pole and the ground, she had squirmed and wriggled her body until she was under that pole and free to catch up with the pack. And this despite the fact that the ground sloped sharply upward away from that gate!

No doubt Mabel inherited her perseverance from her jackass daddy, although I want it understood that I don't hold with the saying, "stubborn as a mule." There's no doubt that a mule's hindquarters give it the advantage in a tug-of-war with any man. But a mule, when handled with kindness and consideration, will work for its master with all its strength, heart and loyalty. And Mabel, who had been properly brought up, gave her all whenever called upon to do so.

Maybe it was because Mabel and I worked together on many mountain trails for so many years that she couldn't bear to see me take off on my horse with other mules and leave her behind. She had a special fondness for my horses, and I'm just sentimental enough to think that her devotion extended to me, too. My one regret, now that I'm about to retire after thirty years of packing for Forestry, is that Mabel's thirty years with the outfit didn't run concurrently with mine.

I remember the day when I got word that Mabel had failed to pull through her thirty-second winter while still on the Forestry payroll. And although those of us who were fondest of her watched her weaken from day to day, we couldn't help feeling pangs of sorrow at the news. Especially me.

I like to think as I remember those days on the trail with Mabel that there is a place where old mules go when they die. If there is, then no corral there can hold her when she sees a pack train heading for the hills.

ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN

By Agnes Wright Spring

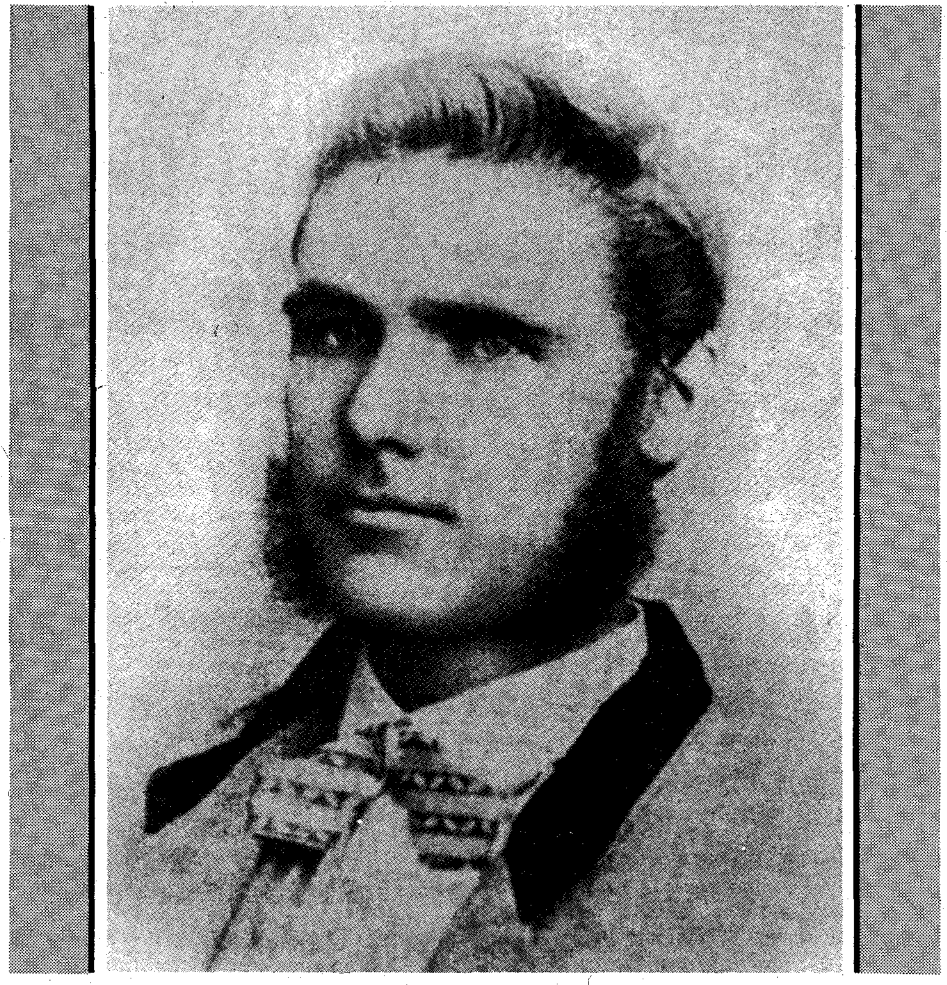
AMONG the young adventurers who were lured to the Black Hills soon after gold was discovered in Deadwood Gulch in the 1870s, was a small party of young men from Wisconsin. One of them, twenty-year-old Johnnie Spaulding, was an excellent shot, a born leader, and was popular among his companions.

Only one thing delayed Johnnie in deciding to join the party of would-be prospectors. He did not want to leave his sweetheart. The girl assured Johnnie, however, that she would wait for him. Another member of the party was also in love with her, though she had never hesitated in declaring her preference for Johnnie.

The route of the gold-seekers was across difficult terrain, and there were severe thunderstorms, flash floods, and the ever-present threat of Indian attack. As long as postal connections were available Johnnie wrote letters to his sweetheart. And he did more than his share of camp work, taking many risks in fording streams or fighting inclement weather.

As they neared the Black Hills, Johnnie was stricken with mountain fever. He grew worse by the hour and then became delirious. In his weakened condition he was unable to travel. Being afraid that the Indians might attack at any time, the party decided to move on. Johnnie, they thought, was beyond help, and they left the delirious man to die.

How long he remained on the prairie, he never knew. But like a miracle Jack Sackett, a buffalo hunter, discovered Johnnie lying under some sagebrush,


Provided by Author Courtesy Hughes: **Pioneer Years In The Black Hills**

"Buckskin Johnny" Spaulding.

half covered with newly fallen snow. The boy appeared to have little life left, but Sackett carried him to his wagon, loaded with buffalo hides, and took him to his isolated cabin in the heart of the buffalo country north of the Black Hills.

During the winter months that followed, Sackett nursed Johnnie back to health. He gave him strong tea made from white sage which was thought to have medicinal qualities similar to quinine. Too, he gathered green twigs and tender shoots along the creek bed and chopped them with the marrow from venison and buffalo bones. Slowly Johnnie gained strength. Day by day the snow fell and the cabin became totally isolated. No one came by. Sackett ventured only far enough away to obtain game for food.

In early spring when Johnnie was able to travel he made his way to an outpost where he hoped a letter from his sweetheart would be waiting.

"Letters for Spaulding?" the postmaster inquired. "Yes. There are two letters for Johnnie Spaulding, but when no one called for them we thought you must be the Spaulding killed by the Indians last fall." Johnnie scarcely heard him he was so busy reading. In both letters his sweetheart begged him to write to her to assure her that he was not dead as had been reported.

"One of the party who was with Spaulding when the Indians killed him, went back to Wisconsin and married Spaulding's girl," the postmaster said. At first Johnnie could not believe what he had heard. And then he realized the treachery of the man who had left him to die. He had convinced the girl that Spaulding was dead—and then had married her.

Johnnie was stunned. Then slowly he realized that if he returned to Wisconsin and revealed his identity it would only cause great sorrow and remorse for the girl who now was another man's wife. So he kept his grief to himself and dropping the name of Spaulding became known on the frontier only as "Buckskin Johnnie." He became a skilled scout and guide, a superb marksman, and a very successful buffalo hunter.

Many stories were told in the Hills of "Buckskin Johnnie's" daring. On one occasion he led a train of sixty-three wagons to safety through dangerous Indian country. Many times he guided government troops through hazardous sections where sharp shooting was needed.

Buckskin Johnnie continued his friendship with Jack Sackett and told him that once, with field glasses, he saw a solid landscape of what he estimated to be 500,000 buffaloes. When serving as a guide to buffalo hunters, Johnnie would ride ahead killing animals and would cut off the heads and put them in high places so the men with wagons could find the kill.

Jack Sackett married and went to ranching. Johnnie was always welcome in the Sackett home. According to Mrs. Sackett, "Fifty years went by and Johnnie did not marry. Then one day he came by our ranch and told us that he had learned that the husband of his old sweetheart had died. He had gotten in touch with her and was on his way to marry her in California. Never shall I forget the love and joy that shone in his kindly eyes," continued Mrs. Sackett. "He talked of the happiness which now awaited him even though he was then in the closing years of his life."

OUR LADY OF THE LITTLE ROCKIES

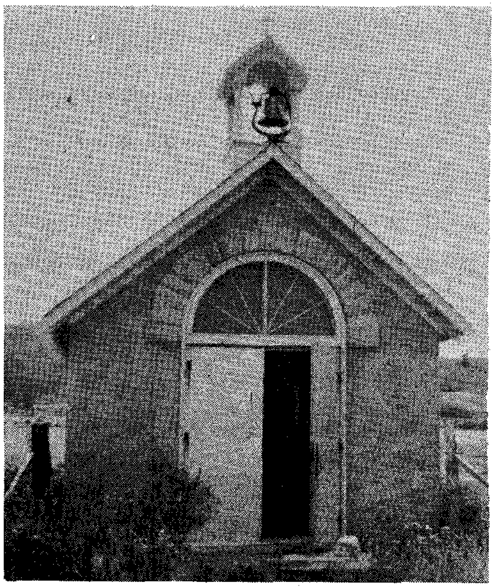
By Helen Clark

THE Assiniboine Indians of northern Montana had great reverence for Our Lady of the Little Rockies, and a shrine to the Mother of the Christ Child is highly venerated at St. Paul's Mission at Hays. With the arrival of more and more tourists to this little known and little celebrated scenic part of the Treasure State, the devotion to the "Lady," as the Indians call her, is increasing.

On the Mission grounds a small chapel houses the shrine, and on the main altar is a beautiful wood carving of Madonna and Child which is a copy of the original figure of Mary and Baby Jesus in Switzerland known as Our Lady of Einsiedeln. The copy has been in existence in Hays since 1931, but the original dates back many years. The Little Rocky Mountain Indians know the story of the original, and they delight in telling its story to the visitors. This is the legend they relate:

"A devout old gentleman who was Swiss was working on a woodcarving honoring the Madonna and Child. With each stroke of his chisel he would say, 'Holy Mary,' or 'Holy Mother.' He was a man who loved his work, and for years he had been an artist in wood. He did not, however, realize that the work on which he labored was to be his last.

Below: Shrine of Our Lady of the Little Rockies at St. Paul's Mission, Hays, Montana on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation.



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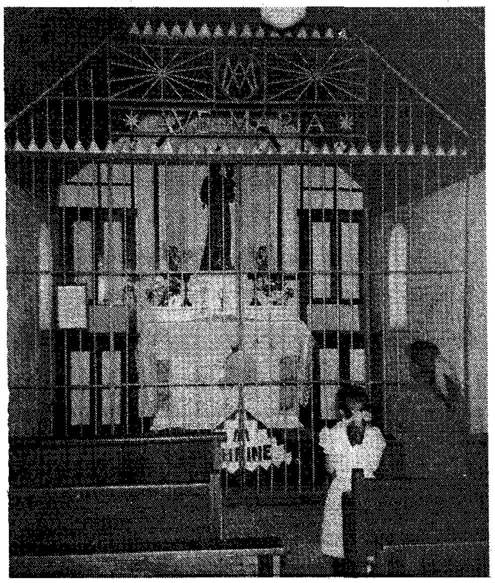


Above: Close-up of the wood engraving of Our Lady of the Little Rockies. Left: Interior of the Shrine showing the iron grill protecting the beautifully carved figures of the Madonna and Child. Two Indian children are at worship.

"About the time he finished Our Lady of Einsiedeln he died, and when his friends and neighbors came to his humble studio and saw the beautiful woodcarving, they decided it should be honored with a special place in their church. They felt, however, that the work of art would be enhanced if painted.

"One of their numbers was delegated to paint the Virgin and Child, putting touches of blue to the robe and white to the Infant's gown. After the painter had finished, the studio was locked and the people went away to allow the work to dry.

"When they went back to the studio several days later they discovered that every bit of the paint had fallen off the figures. The flakes were dry, but not one small one remained on the wood. The two figures stood just as they had been executed by the Swiss woodcarver.

" 'It is a sign,' said one of the elders. 'We must leave the figures in their natural state.' Agreement was unanimous, and the figures were brought to the church and installed with devotion. Only then did their eyes begin to see the beauty in the grain of the wood, and the simplicity of the lines in the carving."

THE SAME beauty of wood and carving grace the replica which stands in the Shrine of Our Lady of the Little Rockies at Hays, Montana. The small chapel is visited by both Indians and whites at all hours of the day. An air of holiness permeates the place. Many Indians of the Fort Peck Indian Reservation, including Sioux, Gros Ventres and Assiniboines, come to pay homage.

This area has sent far more than its share of warriors to battle for the United States. In the center of the small town of Hays is a monument bearing an incredible number of Indian names; it commemorates those who lost their lives in World War II. Many have gone to fight in other wars, including Korea and Viet Nam. For the safety of their loved ones in the service, the Indians come to pray before Our Lady of the Little Rockies. Ever since the Jesuit missionaries first came into this area in the late 1800s, these Indians have accepted the Christian way of life. Their dedication is an inspiration and a delight to those visiting the Mission.

As the host or hostess tells of the small mountain formations in the Little Rockies, he or she also tells of this quaint shrine, and the devotion of a dark-skinned people to a Heavenly Queen and Child.

DAVY BROWN

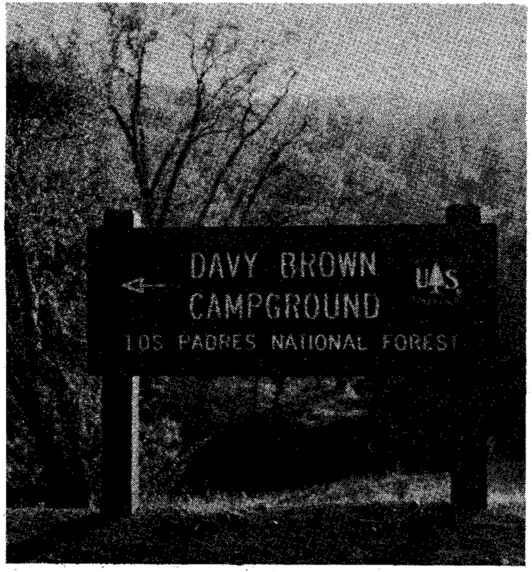
By C. S. Rice

THE woman temperance lecturer was cursing John Barleycorn in fine fashion. Carefully she built her emotional appeal. Finally she called upon old Davy Brown to testify to the virtues of total abstinence and to attribute his long life to this policy. Contrary to plans, Davy completely broke up the meeting with his reply. "It's true," he said, "I haven't touched a drop in ages, but I was *drunk for sixty years.*"

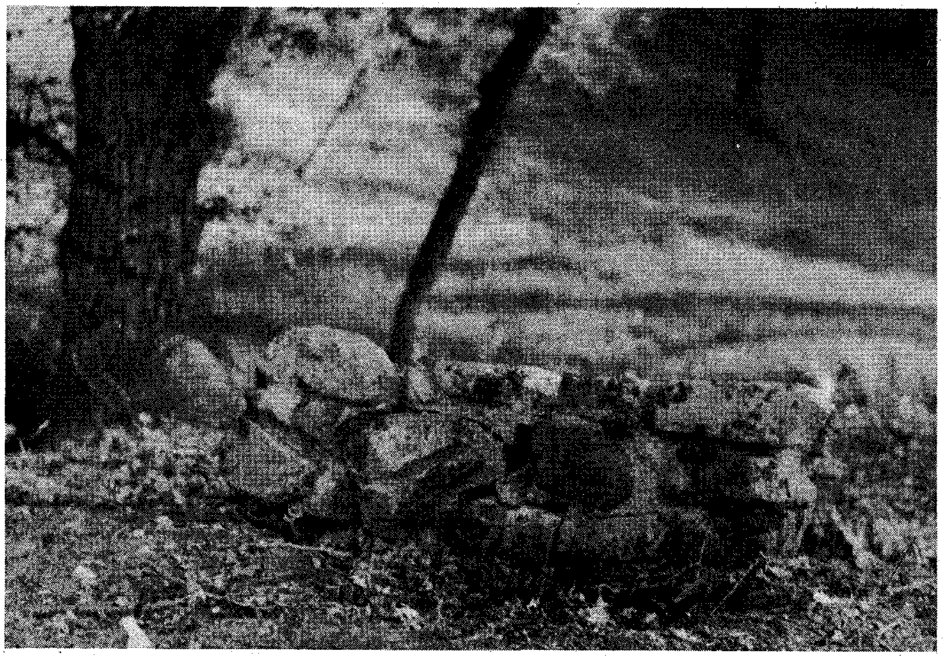
Davy Brown was one of Santa Barbara County's real characters of the last century. His encounter with the traveling temperance lecturer in 1890 is one of the few generally known periods of his life. For years he was the mystery man of the mountains.

Appearing out of nowhere in the early 1880s, this short, stocky man, with dark blue eyes, a weathered complexion, and long white hair and beard, looked like a latter-day Jim Bridger or Jedediah Smith. He carried an old double-barreled rifle, and his only companions were his two mules, Jinks and Tommy. His home, he said, was in the San Raphael Moun-

Photos Courtesy Author



Davy Brown Campground (above) occupies the site of Davy's old log cabin. This fragment of masonry (below) may be a remnant of Davy's fireplace. If so, it is the only remaining trace of Brown.



tains, those unmapped California wilds never before called home by any man.

His skill with a rifle led to stories that he had killed a man and was hiding from the law or from someone bent on revenge. The fact that he did not drink was taken by some as a sign that he was afraid alcohol might loosen his tongue too much. (In reality Davy had given up drinking after his friend Pat Reagan suddenly went bald after a drinking spree in San Francisco. "If that's the kind of liquor they're givin' us these days," he told Pat, "I'm swearing off forever.")

Davy was friendly to the occasional hunters, trappers, prospectors, or cowboys who passed by his cabin, and let them take what they needed from the stack of wild hay he kept for his mules. This was hardly the behavior of a man hiding out, but people preferred to believe their own conclusions, and thus deprived themselves of the more fascinating true story of Davy Brown.

WHEN but a boy, James Donohue probably knew Brown better than anyone else. Uncle Davy used to tell young Donohue exciting tales of his adventures. When M. J. Philips was writing his *History of Santa Barbara County*—published in 1927—Donohue sought to clear Davy's reputation and told Philips the real story of Davy Brown as he had had it from the old man's lips. Added to what is known from other sources, a rough sketch of Davy's life can be drawn.

Born in the summer of 1800 in Mountcharles, County Donegal, Ireland, David Brown while only a very young boy signed on a British privateer that preyed on French and American shipping during the War of 1812. When enemy ships were scarce Davy's ship would engage in "blackbirding" (carrying slaves from West Africa to Cuba). Finally his ship was captured by the Americans, and Davy was taken to Charleston, South Carolina as a prisoner of war.

Released at the war's end, the young cabin boy went west to Missouri and became a hunter and trapper, ranging over the frontier. For a time he belonged to a party led by Kit Carson.

Davy Brown fought for Texas when it won its independence from Mexico, and ten years later was employed as a teamster by the United States Army during the Mexican War. After the war Davy joined a company of Texas Rangers, but left Texas to join in the gold rush to California.

He did not prospect for gold, but hit upon a more modest money-making scheme. Davy used his skill with a rifle to hunt wild game, and sold meat to the miners at a good price. When the gold rush quieted down Davy settled near Watsonville in the Pajaro Valley.

In 1879 Davy bought 300 acres near Guadalupe, in Santa Barbara County. According to Donohue, he chose the wild San Raphael Mountains as his home because he had to live economically to pay for his land. In the mountains he could hunt and fish for what meat he needed. Edible plants also grew in abundance.

Davy's home his first winter in the mountains was in an old hollow sycamore tree in Sunset valley, northeast of Figueroa Mountain. He soon settled in what is now known as Davy Brown Canyon, where he built a lean-to walled by a large fieldstone fireplace to serve as his residence. The outer walls were open so that his mules could drag logs directly to the hearth. A notable feature was a large iron kettle in which Davy cooked venison stew.

In the spring of 1884 Davy was joined by another old-timer, George Wills, aged sixty-four. Davy, twenty years older, usually referred to Wills as "the boy." The two men worked for months to build a 20′x16′ cabin of rough logs, roofed with shakes.

One day about 1890 George Wills was found dead on an old trail on Figueroa Mountain, his faithful mule standing guard over his body. Davy was depressed by his friend's death and came down from his mountains for a time. He remained spry in spite of his advancing years, however, and at the age of ninety-four rode his mule Jinks in a race at Lompoc.

Davy eventually returned to his canyon and remained there until 1895. In that year he was struck by paralysis, probably from a stroke. Luckily he had trained his mule to lie down on command. He dragged himself to his mule and hung across its back like a sack of grain as he traveled the long winding road out of his mountains for the last time. The tough old man recovered partially, and lived three more years until his death in Guadalupe in May 1898, just short of his ninety-eighth birthday.

Davy Brown's homesite is now a popular public campground in the San Raphael Wilderness Area of the Los Padres National Forest. No trace remains of Davy's cabin, however, which is said to have been burned deliberately by ranchers in the 1930s to discourage visitors from crossing their land. Even the old stone fireplace was destroyed as a safety hazard by the Forestry Service years ago. Yet those who admire the beauty of the mountains as they camp on his old homesite might enjoy themselves more if they knew the story of old Davy Brown, who proved that age is just a state of mind.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO IT!

You don't HAVE to cut this magazine to answer any of the ads. Just print your name, address and order plainly on a sheet of paper. MAKE IT PLAIN—THAT'S IMPORTANT! Address the envelope EXACTLY as shown in the ad—that's important, too. And tell 'em you saw the ad in Old Hosstail's magazines. THAT'S MIGHTY IMPORTANT!

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

Sports pages seem to treat the Indian quarterback's ancestry with question marks. He is the grandson of a Baptist minister and the great-grandson of a chief. One writer claimed that Sonny received his last name from an ancestor who accomplished the unusual feat of killing six bison, but Sixkiller has no idea where that story came from.

Sixkiller is certainly a great Indian. I have been a fan since I watched him defeat Michigan State in 1970. I am sure that if Sonny Sixkiller had lived in the West, the Indians would not have lost it.

Thank you so much for providing this football fan with some insight into the background of a quarterback that people are going to be writing about for a long time.—Marianne De Neve, Route 1, Box 8, Quinnesec, Michigan 49876

Covered Bridges

I was wondering if some reader of one of your publications could give me some information. I have been told that prior to the turn of the century, Texas had a number of wooden covered bridges. I would like to know how many there were and where they were located.— Festus Von Blon, Box 6422, Waco, Texas 76076

Slate Mountain

In the September 1972 issue you ran a story on Slate Mountain's Golden Tunnel. Two weeks after reading the article four of us set out to locate it. After spending a full day asking around Eagle, Colorado we were told by Fulford's niece to go to the old town of Fulford where a Mr. H. L. Ickes lives. We found out to our dismay that a man from Iowa or Ohio had found the mine in 1967. As far as we could find out not very much gold was found and the man had not removed the bones. According to Mr. Ickes there is a rope hanging down the shaft.

Here is the story of our little expedition. We arrived around 12:30 a.m. September 19 in Fulford. Rain had set in so we tried to reach the New York mine by jeep trail with a Chevrolet Malibu sedan. After hitting dead end after dead end and prying the car out of washouts we decided to park the car at Fulford and set out on foot.

The clouds broke and we could see New York Mountain for the first time. We set out at 3:30 p.m. After going about two miles, rain forced us to find shelter which was a natural multi-opening cave that we will explore more deeply next summer. We waited almost two hours but there was no break in sight and darkness was setting in. In a downpour we made our way back down to Fulford. After a good night's sleep we awoke to find about an inch and a half of snow covering the ground.

After breakfast we set off again. We passed the caves and continued upstream about another mile when fog and heavy snow set in again. We were already walking in four inches of snow at about the 10,500-foot level. Two of the party had slipped on wet rocks and drenched themselves, so again we had to turn back. After three hours we finally got the two half-frozen people to the car.

The sky broke, so the two of us that were dry set off on a different path. We passed deer, porcupine and saw signs of bear. We soon lost the trail in the snow so decided to cut over New York Mountain. After fighting deeper snow and a cold wind we wound up at an old cabin 100 feet below the summit. After resting and snacking we had to decide what to do. We had about one hour of daylight left and no wood in the shed. Clouds were building up, so again we turned back. Lack of food and money sent us from the mountains back to the sandhills of Nebraska.

So we really didn't find out if the mine was open. Our dreams of a decent burial for the trapped miners still live within us. Our interest is not the gold but the burial of the pioneers of our nation.

Next year I am planning a one year and a one day expedition in the Colorado mountains. I have made a vow to God and myself to find the remains of the miners and to bury them near Eagle. I am looking for companions for this expedition. Maybe you can pass along news about my planned trip. Also maybe you have other stories of lost pioneers in the mountains of Colorado that the expedition can try to locate. Next summer the miners of Slate Mountain's Golden Tunnel will rest in peace.—Dave McMurrin, Wheatgrowers Hotel, Room 214, Kimball, Nebraska

Gunfighter Hardin

I would appreciate it greatly if any and all persons having information about John Wesley Hardin would contact me and give me such information.—Jim Boucher, 7 Carleton Road, Plainville, Massachusetts 02762

The Maverick Queen

Several years ago I saw the words to the song "The Maverick Queen." It was written by Victor Young and was used in the movie by the same name. I've gone through all my old western magazines and I can't find it. I wrote to the Library of Congress—they have the words, but can't send them without permission of the author. I would appreciate hearing from any reader who can provide me with the words to "The Maverick Queen."—Mrs. Jerry Woodruff, Box 457, Jennings, Louisiana 70546

The Putnam Party

Can anyone help identify any of the following men who went to the Yukon in 1898-99. They are: M. E. Putnam, Brooklyn, New York, who was secretary-treasurer of the party; B. Wittschen; Wm. Baumgartner; H. Nordhoff; P. Minden; and C. Myers.

I have the diary left by this party who went by railroad from Brooklyn to Winnipeg and on to Edmonton. At Edmonton they secured horses and traveled by wagon, north to the Peace River. There they built rafts and drifted north. The party became "lost" and with other gold-seekers traveled north and west until they eventually reached the Stewart River and rafted down to Dawson, where

(Continued on page 44)

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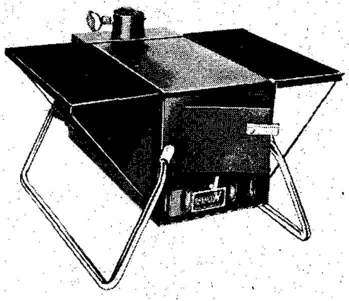

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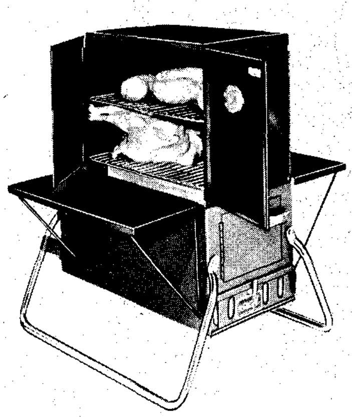

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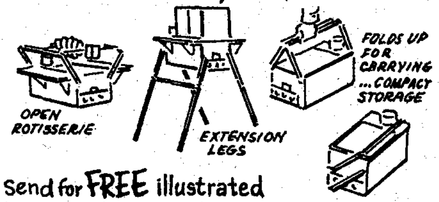
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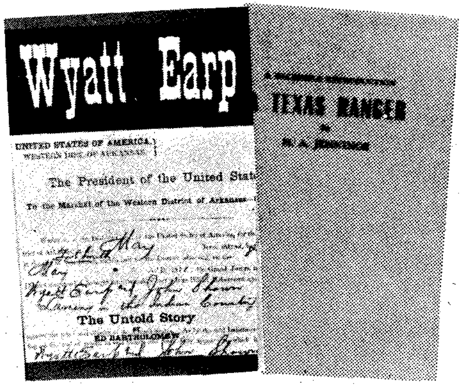

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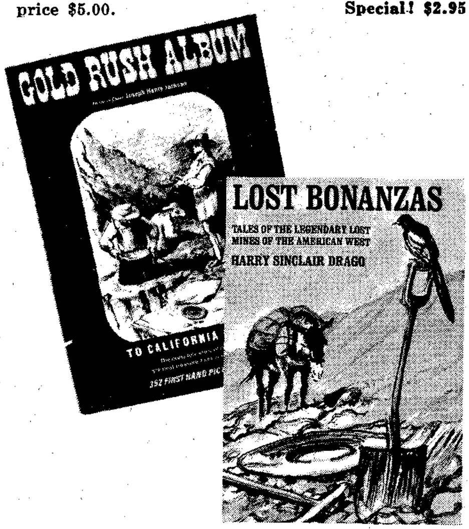

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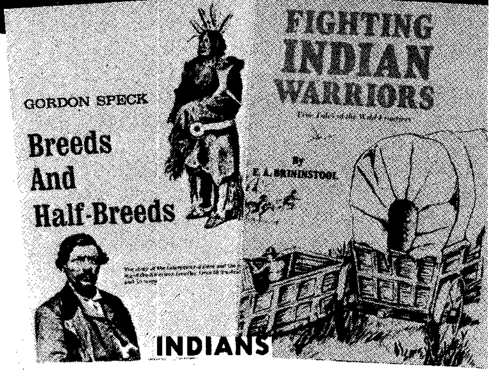

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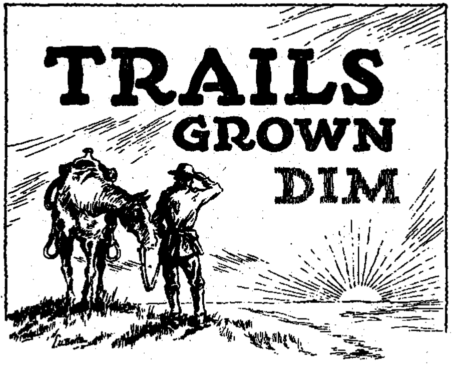

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Parson

I am trying to find any information on my husband's grandfather, William Jordon Parson (Parsons). All we know is that he was born around the 22nd of August 1882 in Kansas, and his mother's name was Rose. She was supposed to have been either Indian or Mexican. He rode the freight trains out of California in the late 1890s or early 1900s.

William came to Creston, California and married Mary Frances Cullen between 1905 and 1909 and homesteaded land there. They had four children: Samuel Clyde, William Theodore, Clarence Jordon, and Florence.

I will exchange information with any interested parties.—Mrs. Vera L. Parson, Box 514, Chino Valley, Arizona 86323

Douglass-Piles

Does anyone know what happened to Thomas Douglass, or was it Thomas Piles? Thomas was born in 1840 in Fredericktown, Madison County, Missouri. He had a brother, Joseph James (my great-grandfather), born in 1842, also in Fredericktown. In 1850 Thomas was using the name Piles and living with John Nelson and Christina (Oldham) Douglass. My grandfather, Joseph, was also using the name Piles but living with Stephen and Elizabeth Spaulding.

According to family history Thomas and Joseph were orphaned at an early age and ran away to St. Louis from whoever was caring for them. In 1864 Joseph entered the Union Navy at Mobile, Alabama under the name Joseph James Piles, having become separated from his brother. Since neither could read or write, they never saw or heard from each other again.

After the war, Joseph and a friend came to Muncie, Indiana where Joseph married Arminda Ellen Campbell and from that time on was always known as Joseph James Douglass. He died in Muncie in 1915, never having returned to his birthplace.—Mrs. George A. Crespi, 329 Nutwood Street, Anaheim, California 92804

Switzer

Am trying to locate my dad, Philip Switzer. He and Mother were separated in 1948 at Ronan, Montana. I have a half-brother by the name of Marvin who was in the Air Force. The last I knew of him he was in Cut Bank, Montana.—Patricia Marie Kellmer, 2065 West Central Street, Missoula, Montana 59801

Templeman

I am seeking information concerning my grandfather, William Henry Templeman. He was born to Moses and Katherine (Nye) Templeman near Solon, Johnson County, Iowa in 1844. In 1865 he married Mary Jane (or June) Hall. To this union were born Nellie, who married a Hartman and lived in Des Moines, Iowa; Nora, who died in a hospital; Vern and Lew.

When their mother died, these children were placed in homes of their mother's relatives. William provided for them financially. Later William remarried Anna Mellissa Ferguson, born of Scotch-Cree Indian parents somewhere in Canada in 1852. Two children, Orpha in 1879, and Fred Abbot (my father) in 1881, were born in or near Smithland, Woodbury County, Iowa. Later the family settled in Yakima, Washington, where William died in 1919.

Anna Mellissa had two sisters, Lizzie Tullis and Rowena (or Roxanne) Cashman, and a brother, who had a son, Chester Ferguson.

I would greatly appreciate any information on any or all of these people.—L. Robert Templeman, 328 Washington, Berrien Springs, Michigan 49103

Trainer-Kimbrough

Would like any information on the children of Reuben Kimbrough (born January 5, 1844 at Jefferson, Tennessee and died February 19, 1920) and Safony C. Coffee (born February 16, 1845 in Cooke County, Tennessee and died between 1882 and 1884):

John W. Kimbrough (born January 12, 1865 at Talbot, Tennessee and believed to have married); Thomas E. Kimbrough (born November 28, 1866 at Talbot); Jesse Trenton Kimbrough (born September 18, 1868 at Talbot; died April 16, 1910); Joseph Arthur Kimbrough (born April 10, 1873; died April 1, 1946; buried in Kansas); and Minty Bell Kimbrough (born December 6, 1875; died February 12, 1916). She was married to Jay Rush and had three children: Opal, Rolin, and Oletta who married Clarence Yunker.

Also would appreciate any information on the children of John Walter Trainer and Pernecy Rodgers, both born in Missouri: Thomas Presley Trainer (born January 22, 1873 in Missouri and died May 22, 1939). He married Lucinda Lamb and their children were: John C., Cecil, Howard, Charlie, Clara, Marsha and Pearl. Mary Etta Trainer was born August 5, 1880 in Omaha, Nebraska and died August 12, 1955. She married Albert Dunsworth October 30, 1898 and their children were: Daisy, Myrtle, John, Paul, Jim and Arthur.—Shirley Lothian, Box 375, Valemount, British Columbia, Canada

Skaggs

Squire Skaggs, son of Lou Skaggs, was born in 1830 about twenty-five miles from the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Squire came to St. Louis on a wagon train with a lot of other Skaggs. The leader of the wagontrain was a Mr. Dockins (might be Dawkins or Hawkins), according to an uncle of mine. They disbanded at St. Louis. Some of the Skaggs went on to Springfield, Illinois and some stayed in St. Louis. Some are believed to have gone to Kansas City, Missouri. The 1850 Federal Census of Macoupin County, Illinois shows Squire working for the Peter Wright family. Squire enlisted in the Missouri Militia September 25, 1864 and was discharged October 31, 1864. He entered at Florrisant, Missouri. Also found the Federal Census for 1880 for St. Charles County, Missouri which lists Squire, but have been unable to find any trace of him since then.

Children by his first wife were: Alonzo Fernando, July 30, 1850 (my grandfather); Mary Jane Skaggs Childs, July 18, 1854; and Fannie Eljade Skaggs Henry, May 1, 1866 or '67.

He married his second wife, Delilah Dilbeck, on June 7, 1871 at Keytesville, Missouri. The 1880 Census shows they had two children: Emly, nine; and Charles, six.

Any information on the above people or about the wagontrain will be really appreciated.—Virgil E. Skaggs, Sr., 3419 South Hocker Street, Independence, Missouri 64055

Wilson-Huff

If anyone knows anything about Amanda Catherine Wilson and Charles Dana Huff, please write. They were married in 1899. Amanda's father was John Wilson, born May 31, 1839. Her mother was Ruth Fulton Wilson, born February 15, 1846. Charles' father was Gabriel Huff.—Mrs. Harvey Jr. Allen, Route 3, Baring, Missouri 63531

Adams-Marriot

I would like to locate two of my good friends with whom I have lost contact over the past years. John Adams was last known to be at Edwards Air Force Base in Edwards, California in the years 1956-57-58. Dwight "Red" Marriott was in the Glendale or Los Angeles area at the same time and was involved in heavy duty equipment and diesel rigs.

Anyone knowing their whereabouts or, if they should happen to see this, please write.—Marilyn Davis, Star Route, Grangeville, Idaho 83530

Brewer-Finton-Laraway

Colonel John Brewer was born, I believe in 1800 in New York and died in 1870 in Michigan. He must have been on an army post near Ypsilanti, Michigan where his oldest of seven daughters married my great-grandfather, L. L.

(Continued on page 45)

Old Betsy

(Continued from page 15)

THE FIRST of a series of misfortunes came early in 1902 when a flood on Rock Creek washed out much of the roadbed. At this point the management gave up in despair and the road was placed in the hands of receivers who made a compromise agreement with Westmoreland to operate the line for a period of eighteen months.

After the track was rebuilt it was found that the two locomotives—No. 2, known as "Old Betsy," and another 4-4-0 No. 218—were in need of an overhaul. A former engineer with the L.K.&W. was hired to do the job and also to double as engineer on the daily run to Blaine and return. This job started in the summer of 1902 and the man, Milton Conlin, finished his work in a little over a year after which he returned to the L.K.&W. as roundhouse foreman at Garrison, a division point of the line.

The rolling stock of the K. S. & G. was made up of old cars with link-and-pin-type couplers, while other roads were in the process of converting to the new automatic knuckle couplers. These new couplers provided a slot in the end of the knuckles to accommodate the links as well as a hole down through the end for the pin to drop in, thus making the two types interchangeable.

After the first of the two locomotives was made ready for service the town was again treated to the sound of the whistle and bell as the little engine went about making up her train and giving a few farewell toots as she started the uphill climb to Blaine.

July 4, 1903 was a red-letter day for the residents of the town. Moodyville, about three miles up the line, was the site of a beautiful grove where the day's festivities took place. Old Betsy was resplendent with flags and bunting. (These were forty-five-star flags.) The two cars in the train were also decorated with bunting. One was the combination baggage and passenger coach, and the other a flat car equipped with benches. This latter car turned out to be the most popular one in the train.

At the grove there was patriotic music by the band and Independence Day speeches for the oldsters while the kids went wild getting their fill of soft drinks and Crackerjacks and throwing stones into Rock Creek just to hear the splash. Late that evening the train was reloaded with her weary cargo of parents herding their bellyaching kids, and the little train began her backward trip through the oncoming twilight.

HAVING survived the washout and two years of receivership, the original owners early in 1904 bought back the road and began operations as the Kansas Southern and Gulf.

After five more years of struggle to make her mark among the successful rail lines of the country catastrophe struck again. This time it was bankruptcy—the company had sustained a loss in the neighborhood of $20,000. The potential for this eight-mile undertaking was not sufficient to defray operating costs. In 1909 a prominent citizen of Pottawatomie County, Charlie Morris, was appointed receiver.

After three years of struggle to bring the road back to a paying basis, Morris proposed extending the track to Wamego to connect with Union Pacific's main line from Kansas City to Denver. An auxiliary line named the Wamego and Rock Creek Railroad was chartered. In 1912 the route was surveyed and right of way purchased. Grading was partly completed as far as Louisville when work was halted for lack of funds.

Now realizing the folly of attempting to continue operations with heavy steam equipment, and aware of the growing success of the horseless carriage, Morris purchased a White Steamer which he converted to railroad wheels. The baggage-passenger coach was removed from service. Later that same year, 1912, a Mitchell touring car was similarly converted, and special freight cars, much lighter than conventional railroad cars, were built and successfully used, thus doing away with the locomotive and heavier equipment.

This very unique—and profitable—railroad attracted national attention and one time was headlined in a New York newspaper along with photos of the trains.

After five years of receivership Morris purchased the road for a reported price of $6,800 and changed its name to the Westmoreland Interurban Railroad.

In 1915 an agreement was reached with the Union Pacific to operate this strange little train over fifteen miles of their L.K.&W. tracks from Blaine to Onaga, thus giving them a connection with the Union Pacific's Topeka and Northwestern branch to Marysville.

But this new service never materialized. On the afternoon of June 17, 1915 Charles Morris and his son Guy, along with a Westmoreland druggist, were drowned while out along the track during a heavy rainstorm. With five other men from town they were checking possible flood damage and were swept into the

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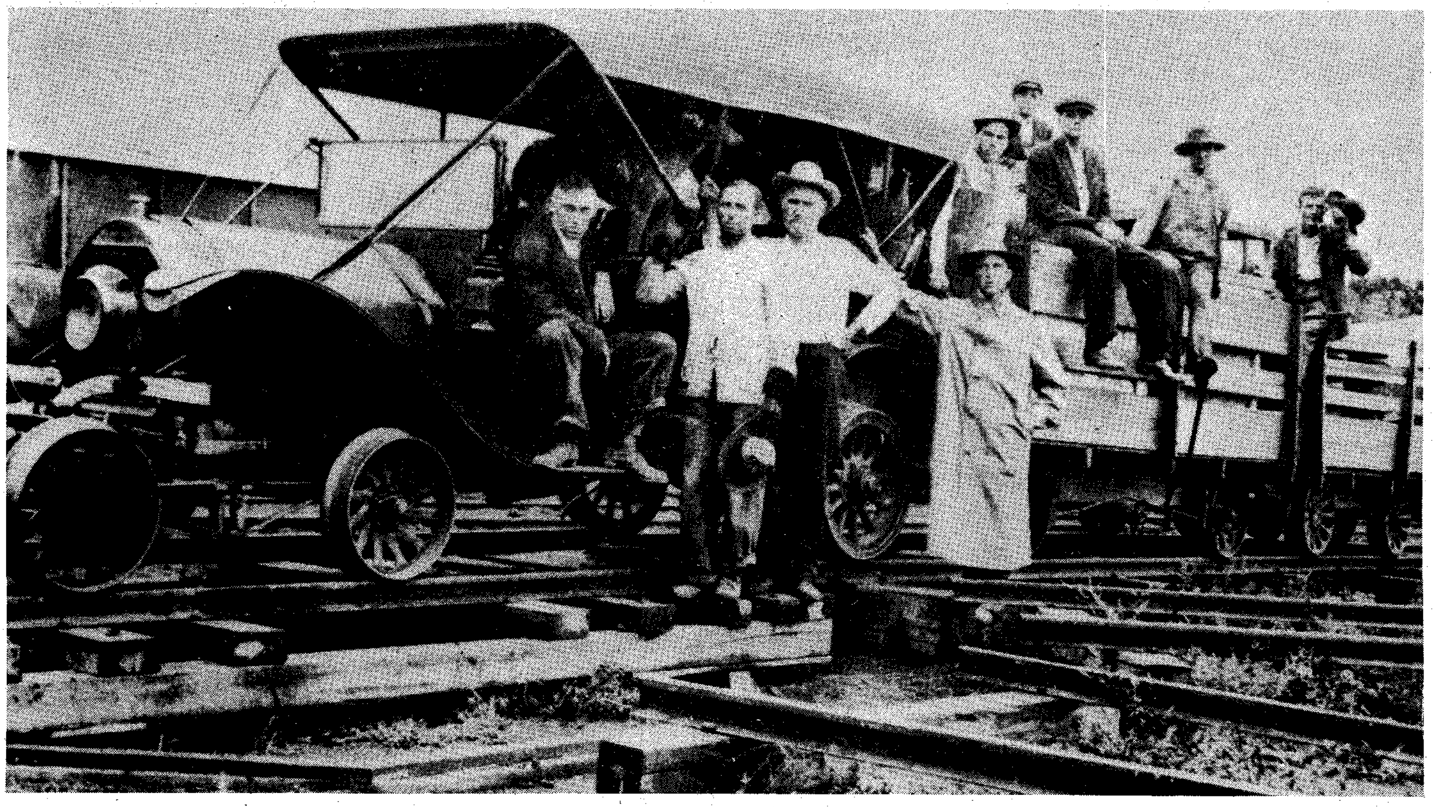

Westmoreland Interurban Railway's Mitchell Touring Car which was converted to railroad wheels. People are unidentified.

stream by a wall of water. Five of the party saved themselves by clinging to tree branches.

The following month the road was purchased from the Morris family by George F. Richardson, who continued to operate the eight miles to Blaine until autos and trucks, and improved highways, caused complete cessation, in 1918, of the spunky little railroad.

If you feel like taking a stroll over the old roadbed, start northeast out of Westmoreland. You still will find faint traces of where this unique railroad once ran. This trace of roadbed, and an old combination baggage and passenger car in a back yard in the town, seem to serve as a memorial to the K.S.&G. Old Betsy's moaning whistle has long since been replaced by "Old Bossie's" moo and at night a coyote occasionally wails his disapproval of things in general. Not for distant, over State Route 99, the roar of traffic carrying vacationers to and from Tuttle Creek Reservoir presents a sort of reminder that progress still shuffles and deals the cards that control industry.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 39)

their diary account ended. The diary relates the story of their terrible sufferings from cold and hunger, their internecine wrangles and troubles, their longing for their secure homes and families which they left for the gold dream. I shall appreciate any information on this "Putnam Party" as they appear to have been called.—Harry E. Chrisman, 10245 W. 14th Ave., Denver, Colorado 80215

Pronto Jim

A long time ago I used to know a man named Jim Martin. He was an easy-going sort of a cuss with a quick and witty comeback for anything that happened. But at least once, he was faced with a situation when he could think of nothing to say. He got a lot of fun out of telling about it later.

One hot Saturday in August 1903 at the Red Fork, Indian Territory stock pens, we were loading out a shipment of eight or ten carloads of cattle for St. Louis. Ed Crocket, a neighbor cowman in Texas, had shipped some of his cattle to the Territory with us that spring and Jim was working for him. Crocket owned approximately a third of the cattle in that shipment. Before loading we had to separate the two brands in the corrals on foot. The day was hot and the dust rose up in clouds and settled on our faces, hats and clothes from top to bottom. Sweat seeping through our clothes and dripping from our faces made us look like we had just crawled out of a mudhole.

My dad and Mr. Crocket were scheduled to go with the shipment. We had a four o'clock breakfast that morning and along about noon when he had half the cattle loaded, they began to wonder when and where they might get their next meal.

During late summer and early fall, the Frisco railroad ran a special stock pickup train on Saturdays to make the St. Louis Monday morning market. It started out from the division terminal of Sapulpa ten or twelve miles west of Red Fork. The next division terminal was Monet, Missouri—150 miles away—and the train would not reach there before nine p.m. or later. The train crew had their supper in the caboose.

Ordinarily a special train would hiball through Red Fork without even hesitating, but in this case the conductor agreed to stop the train with the caboose at the depot long enough for someone to hand up box lunches for the two drover passengers.

Jim Martin was delegated to ride ahead to Red Fork and have the lunches put up at the restaurant and have them ready when the train came to a stop. It was a mile and a half to town and he didn't have much time. Certainly he didn't have enough time to rid himself of that stock pen dirt and mud from his face and clothing. He got on his horse and went rimrocking down the road and stormed into the restaurant to make his order.

The restaurant was operated by Mrs. Bonnie Mullin, a kindly and generous—but, on occasion, short-spoken person. She knew all of us. In fact I had taken my meals there, earlier in the summer until we established another camp. The other boys had dropped in whenever they were in town at mealtime. She bossed us around just like she owned us.

She was busy at the counter when Jim rushed in. "I want two lunches and a bottle of hot coffee fixed up pronto!" Jim told her.

"I'm busy, Mr. Pronto," she retorted. "Get back in the kitchen and tell the cook what you want. Don't pronto me!"

The cook was a Negro woman who didn't know Jim; she had heard what Mrs. Mullin said to Jim, but had not heard what Jim said to Mrs. Mullin.

The cook marched out into the dining room and took a belligerent stance. "Mrs. Mullin," she said. "Why don't you let that pore man eat out here with these other folks? If he's too dirty to eat in yore dinin' room—he's too dirty to eat in my kitchen." But the customers in the dining room looked at the embarrassed cowhand like they'd prefer he turn around and go back where he came from.

Well, Jim got the lunches to the train just in the nick of time. After the cattle were loaded, the balance of us rode down town for our late dinner. We put our horses up at the livery stable and fed them. After a lot of splashing around and taking a half bath at the water trough, we got rid of most of our stockyard dirt. When we got to the restaurant, Jim was sitting at a table with a man-size meal spread before him. With the use of a bench outside the restaurant and a tub of water that cook furnished him, he had cleaned up to where he looked halfway respectable. The other patrons had finished their meals and gone, and Mrs. Mullin had relaxed enough to have something to say. Whenever she said anything to or about him—she called him "Pronto Jim."—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California 92677

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 42)

Kimmel. His wife, Susan Church, was born in 1799 in Belchertown, Massachusetts and died in 1863 near Ypsilanti. There was a church and cemetery near the Godfredson and Ford Roads between Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. I would appreciate any information anyone knows about it. Also about a Josial Finton who died about 1900 near there. His daughter, Antoinette, is my grandmother. His wife, Permelia Laraway, was the daughter of Jonas and Sally Tyler Laraway. They moved to Salem, Michigan in 1826 from Ovid, New York with his parents, David and Mary Laraway. Any information on any of these people would be greatly appreciated.—Margaret K. Lood, Route 1, Target Range, Missoula, Montana 59801

Kelly-Newton

I am trying to find any information about Machine Gun Kelley. I would like to know his real name and how much Indian he was. I think he was a great-great-uncle of mine. I would also like to know if he had a brother named Newton and a sister named Sarria Lou Kelley.

Sarria Lou was my grandmother. She married Samuel Andrew Ryan, a blacksmith at Maud, Oklahoma. My father, Jess Ryan, said when he was a small boy Machine Gun Kelley would sometimes hide out at his parents' home. My father never did say if he was an uncle.

If anyone has any information, please write.—Jessie Lou Wallgren, Route One, Macomb, Oklahoma 74852

Matthews

Would like to correspond with any relatives of Albert N. Matthews who married Sarah F. Gregg December 28, 1878 at Gibtown, Texas. Albert died January 28, 1891 and in 1896 Mrs. Matthews married R. F. Brown and came to Oklahoma. I would like to locate Bill Matthews, Poke, Vickie, and Jane Mat-

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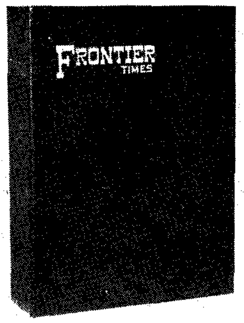

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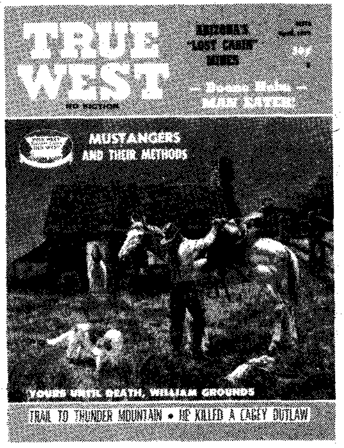
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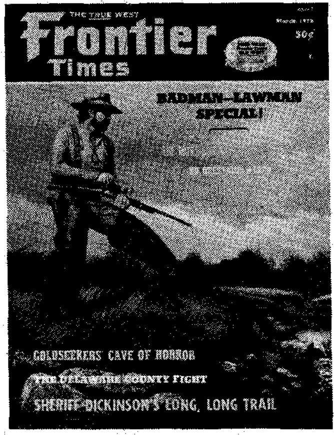
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thews. There are more sons and daughters but I don't know their names.—Mrs. Marie Chandler, 4306 West 43rd Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74107

Johnson

I would like information on Joshua and Christena Johnson's family. Joshua was born September 1818 in Iowa and died in September 1897. He married Christena Jeffers, who was born December 1819 in New York State and died November 1870. They had two children—Mary, born June 1851 and Daniel (my grandfather), who was born November 1844 in Peoria, Illinois. There was also an adopted son, Nathaniel Darius, born August 1857. We have records of Daniel Johnson's family but would like

(Continued on page 66)

"Yankee" Sullivan

(Continued from page 31)

He was hailed as "the most thorough prize fighter in the American ring," and held the title of Heavyweight Champion of America until he lost it to Tommy Hyer in February 1849.

Sullivan and his friend, Billy Mulligan, were among the first arrivals in the gold fields. He mined for a time, then went on to pursuits more to his liking. Exhibition matches carried him over most of northern California, even landing him in jail.

Grave of James "Yankee" Sullivan in the Mission Dolores Cemetery.

A former member of Tammany Hall's "Bowery Boys," Yankee was also active in California politics. During the stormy elections of 1854 he was one of the hired toughs whom both parties hired to intimidate voters at the polls.

His home base became San Francisco where he and Billy Mulligan opened a saloon opposite the Union Hotel on Merchant Street. It was when emerging from this saloon, around midnight on May 29, 1856, that they were arrested by "enforcers" of the Committee of Vigilance. This was begun by elements of the 1851 Committee, of short duration. Under the leadership of William Tell Coleman they aroused the populace to become a howling mob that thronged the streets, took possession of the State Militia's armory, harassed the courts, and established its own Reign of Terror during which, eventually, everyone who was foreign-born or Democratic was suspect.

Most of the arrested men were minor criminals whom the established courts would merely have fined or given short sentences. Instead they were either deported or hung. One of two accused murderers was later found to be innocent. The other had murdered—two years before, in another county which was clamoring for his release for trial there.

Deportation consisted of night-time shanghaing aboard whatever ship was due to leave by morning. Destination was unimportant. Secrecy and dispatch were paramount. One man found himself in Hawaii, his starving family unaware of his whereabouts and afraid to inquire.

YANKEE was Keeper of the Jail. Mulligan was City Treasurer. When they were arrested, they knew that they would be convicted without fail. By morning Mulligan was aboard a ship which, by a happy circumstance, was bound for New York. Yankee was saved for a different fate. After "confessing" to all manner of election frauds, he was ordered deported—to Australia.

The reason for this was a strange one, typical of the twisted reasoning of The Committee. Yankee was foreign-born. It was claimed that he belonged to the same breed as the residents of Sidneytown. This was a settlement at the foot of Telegraph Hill, comprised of petty criminals and "undesirables" from many nations, either escaped or deported to our shores. Those poor outcasts, most of them living in dire poverty, were blamed for everything wrong in San Francisco, from arson to murder.

The Committee charged that Sullivan's name was not Sullivan at all, but gave no other name. They also charged that he was actually a fugitive from Botany Bay, where he had been sent for stealing. He had even behaved so badly there that he had been incarcerated, had escaped, and come to this country.

Strangely enough, this allegation is still believed by many, in spite of the fact that Sullivan's record in the European boxing ring is well documented, and his latest fight there was only a short time before his arrival in New York.

Yankee was held in "Fort Vigilance," a converted warehouse surrounded by a sandbagged wall. Opponent Ned McGowan called it "Fort Gunnybags," and the name stuck. Yankee's bare room held only a cot and a chair. Outside his unshaded window the gallows stood. Inside walls were hastily nailed boards through which filtered the sounds of prisoners being called up, condemned to hang or to be deported. Accustomed to from fifty to eighty drinks of whiskey a day, Yankee was given only water. On June 1 the newspapers received the report: Yankee was dead—a suicide.

Ned McGowan, in his rival newspaper, speculated upon the type of terrorist tactics required to reduce a man of Yankee's rollicking temperament to suicide. The Committee ordered an immediate, close inquest which Ned predicted would be a whitewash.

The detailed testimony was released to the Committee controlled newspaper, The Daily Evening Bulletin, thus: Yankee had called the guard several time during the night. He claimed a nightmare in which he was condemned to hang, walked out his window, even felt the trap door drop. The guard reassured him. At ten a.m. the guard brought Sullivan's breakfast. He was sprawled upon his cot, his left arm dangling between his legs and holding a sharp table knife. His head lay on his right shoulder, his right arm was slit. He was dead.

THE NEWS electrified the city. McGowan's speculations injected doubt into the minds of the citizens. Then Ned exploded a bombshell: A doctor who claimed to know said that Yankee really had been killed in a fight with a guard. The man was Chauncey Dempster, a French thief hired as a guard and "enforcer." A great furore erupted. Support for the Committee began to melt away.

On June 4, the twenty-eight-year-old Governor, J. Nealy Johnson, declared a State of Insurrection in San Francisco County. He appealed for volunteers for the militia, and many responded. He appealed to the President for permission to procure arms from the Army post at Benicia. Advised by sympathizers of the Committee, the President delayed. Admiral Farragut, anchored in the Bay, refused the Governor's request to fire upon Fort Vigilance without the President's authorization. The Militia trained with wooden guns.

Meanwhile, forty-three of the lesser lights of the Committee (Dempster among them) quietly disappeared, and the power of the Vigilantes waned rapidly. When the President finally released arms, several months later, the Committee "voluntarily" disbanded.

Yankee Jim Sullivan was buried in the Mission Dolores Cemetery. His friend, James Molloy, erected an impressive stone at his grave. Shortly thereafter the grave was visited by a black-veiled woman. She knelt as if in prayer, and placed flowers on the grave. Almost daily for many years she made the pilgrimage. No one ever had the temerity to inquire as to her identity. Sullivan had a wife, but whether this was she, no one may ever know. She was simply known as "The Woman in Black," and after many years she ceased to appear.

The Peralta Stone Maps

(Continued from page 13)

graphs showed only portions of them tantalizing the viewer into a state of treasure-hunting delirium. To further intoxicate the readers who were already packing clothes suitable for the Arizona climate, small strips of black tape covered portions of the maps said to contain "key signs." Just enough of the maps were left in view to tease and excite.

And just as mysterious was the man to whom the maps now belonged. To keep his identity a secret, he was given the anonymous name of Travis Marlowe. In his *Superstition Treasures,* Marlowe allowed photographs of all four maps to be shown for the first time. But, as in the *Life* presentation, some of the Spanish inscriptions and key signs were hidden beneath slender strips of black tape, making the maps as desirable as a coy stripper, slow in taking it off!

Over the past twenty-two years, the maps have belonged to a variety of people, bringing only loss of life, friends, time, energy and lots of money. To raise cash for a full-time search of the Peralta mines and treasure caches, a company was formed called Moel, Inc. It sold 588,000 shares at ten cents a share. The maps were shared by 125 investors, the $60,000 coming in from six different states.

Moel, Inc. went into bankruptcy in 1965, after 1964 State and Federal injunctions halted further sale of unregistered stock. The Peralta Maps then went to some of the investors as part of their bankruptcy settlement.

Ex-fireman Clarence O. Mitchell, one-time president of the defunct company, relied on memory and photographs to continue his search alone under the name we know as Travis Marlowe.

ON JANUARY 14, 1970, the *Arizona Republic* newspaper in Phoenix announced the Peralta Stone Maps would have their first public showing on the following Sunday. The maps had been donated to the Arizona Mineral Museum by the thirty investors, and would be on display during the Superstition Mountain Mineral Festival to be held at the Dons Club base camp at the foot of Superstition Mountain.

The Dons Club of Phoenix is a rather unique organization of fifty or so business and professional men who work hard to promote and perpetuate the lore and legends of the West. Each year during the month of March, the Dons Club Trek conducts a mock search for the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine. The Spanish-attired Dons and their Doñas play host to visitors who number into the thousands.

The Dons Club base camp is on the south side of Superstition Mountain where the seven-mile "Peralta Road" leads north from the highway to end at the mouth of Peralta Canyon and base camp. The day's entertainment is as varied as the age groups who attend—barbecues, exhibits of Indian arts and crafts, Western music and square dancing, gold-panning, guided hikes up Peralta Canyon to Weaver's Needle, pageants and fireworks.

It was at this base camp the maps would be unveiled to the public. Ironically, they were thus returned ever so briefly to a place not far from where Travis and Eileen Tumlinson had found them twenty-one years earlier! After their public debut, the maps were again "buried"—this time under a museum lock and key, in glass coffins, and *still* wearing their black tapes!

Acting on a rumor we had heard of the maps' being up for sale, a letter of inquiry was written to Mr. Lee Hammons, Director of the Arizona Mineral Museum. Mr. Hammons replied, "The stone tablets purporting to relate to the Superstition Mountains and/or the Lost Dutchman Mine are not the property of the museum at all. They belong to the A. L. Flagg Foundation for the Advancement of Earth Science.

"They are not for sale, nor have they been offered for sale since they were donated to the Flagg Foundation. We don't know if they are genuine or not. They are a part of the legends of Arizona and as such the museum is happy to have them on a loan basis so that the public may see them."

He also corrected a misconception of the stone maps' geological make-up. "The three large stones are sandstone, the smaller heart-shaped piece appears to be quartzite. It is certainly not chalcedony."

At the time our letter of inquiry was sent to the museum, symbols beneath one piece of tape were unknown to us. Without this information the Peralta riddle lacked a full answer. Quite bluntly, we asked for help. You never know what people can or will do unless you ask! Now we know. "The Board of Trustees of the Flagg Foundation has set a policy regarding the examination or photographing of the tablets. The policy is simply that anyone having a Supporting Membership to the foundation, or higher, can examine them without tape and make as many pictures as desired within a two-hour span. Supporting Memberships cost $50 per annum. The Board would not make an exception in your case," we were told.

Who asked? We only wished one bit of information; not to conduct an examination or do photographing. Annual Membership Donations range between $5 and $100. Life Membership Donations float from $200 to a drowning $10,000!

The bit of information we needed came from other sources even before the museum's answer arrived. This soothed the sting, and put the starch back in our upper lips and sagging chins.

DON'T TRY to buck a legend and expect too many pats on the head! Using cold logic to replace dreams of Spanish gold is unpopular. Force-feeding dull fact down someone's throat is a thankless job if that someone has visions of a dark and musty shaft with Peralta bones and treasure still entombed. We admit it's a lousy swap, but take it from us, who have fought in *both corners* of the Peralta Map affair—the swap in theory *can* happen!

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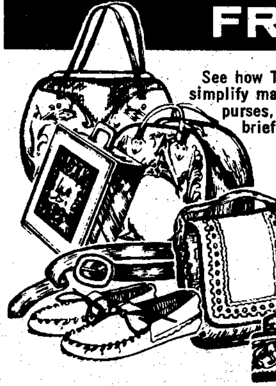

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Volume 2, #2 Undated
Volume 4, #1 December 1969

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In April 1966, a letter came from a reader interested in discussing another article we had written about the Superstitions. The letter consisted of one page, 349 typewritten words, and one small drawing. In the short time it took to digest the letter's content and to glance at the pen and ink sketch, our stomachs had crawled into our throats, our tongues had turned up more than a few cuss-words, and our anger was exceeded only by the embarrassment of overlooking the obvious!

In our hands was a drawing *identical* to the Peralta Horse on Map No. 1. It was an exact twin—but it had been copied from another source. The likeness was so startling not even we, the Peralta Maps "champions," could possibly ignore such shocking evidence.

In the letter Marion Parsons described herself as an avid fan of Superstition Mountain history, who sifted and categorized information until hitting on some interesting analogies and theories. In this case, it was too damned logical!

From an armchair, her keen-eyed perception had spotted something "odd" on an old map of the Superstitions—a map that we had owned for *eight years* and had handled *hundreds* of times.

Marion Parsons is a professional photographer and artist whose eye is trained to the abstract. Her drawing showed us for the *first time*, something that matched to perfection anything found on the so-called Peralta Maps. Staring back at us from her small sketch was a perfect replica of the horse's head — too perfect in every detail to be chalked up as coincidence, accident, or mere happenstance!

Marion's horse was hidden in the center of an old Arizona quadrangle map. Hidden, yes—but once noticed, you can't see anything else. It was then we realized the four Peralta Stone Maps were kin to four dead fish—after a few days they both began to stink!

Touched off by Marion Parson's "horse," the next six years were spent in an attempt to prove a definite relation between the stone maps and the old survey map.

In 1900 the United States Department of the Interior began preparation of a geological survey that would be first published in March 1902 (ten years before Arizona was admitted to statehood). The map's purpose was to define specific meridians, longitudinal and latitudinal degrees and topographic features within this particular area. Thin brown lines contoured the elevations of desert and mountains. Blue lines showed river, creek and intermittent streambeds. Springs, canyons and mountains were boldly labeled, and black-dotted foot trails could guide even the greenest explorer into the mountainous interior.

The city of Florence is pictured as a tiny cluster of black squares and street lines. Roads, railroad tracks, mines, elevation markers, county lines, ranges, townships, sections and distances were all compiled into one neatly printed package. Around its outside margins were the names of survey maps that adjoined and surrounded the brand new "Florence Quadrangle" map.

THIS NEW innovation in map making would become an essential part of every adventurer wanting to explore what, only months before, had been the uncharted wilderness. It is probably *the* most popular survey map ever used in the Superstitions. It measured a compact 17"x21", and was easy to carry in a pocket, back-pack or saddlebag. One inch of map covered two miles of land measure.

The Florence Quadrangle showed only the southern half of the Superstition *range* of mountains, but did include *the* Superstition Mountain, Queen Creek, the Gila River and the irregular pattern of old trails and roads criss-crossing each other in an untidy effort to reach the city of Florence in the map's southwest corner.

As we worked with the two sets of maps, in many ways we found the Peralta Map hoaxsters had been quite honest. They did not say *in any way* that the carved stones were treasure maps. They did not say even they *were* maps! They have not led anyone to believe that the Peraltas were responsible for making them. It is generally believed that the names "Pedro," "Miguel," and "Sonora, Mex." were possibly additions (for reasons later explained).

So far we have given you a smattering of over a century's Indian and Peralta legends; the Peralta Maps' discovery, along with their twenty-three-year history. Now we would like to offer the results of our own research into the "oddities" and "coincidences" that further link the Florence Quad map to the four stone maps. During those fitful years of study, no doubt a few of the findings will be a coincidence, but the sheer *bulk* of comparisons cannot be ignored. We offer these results as food for thought. It is up to the reader to separate the wheat from the chaff. Swallow what you can; spit out the rest!

TO GET smacked with the full impact of what we felt when looking at Marion Parson's drawing, you should have four things:

1. **The Florence Quadrangle Map.**
2. **A sheet of transparent paper.**
3. **A pencil.**
4. **An open mind and a sense of humor.**

Place the transparent paper on the Florence Quad within the immediate area bordered by Queen Creek, Whitlow Canyon, Hewitt Canyon and the Tortilla and Fraser ranches. With your pencil trace the outline of the old road beginning at Queen Creek and running north into Milk Ranch Creek. As you enter the creek continue north on the first dotted foot-trail to your right. It will take you to the junctures of Red Tank, Randolf, and Fraser Canyons. Using Randolf as your guide, move northeast up the canyon and stop at the foot-trail connecting it with the Tortilla and Fraser Ranches at the letter "E" in Forest.

Return your pencil to its Queen Creek starting point and carefully trace, toward the east, the blue lines of Queen Creek. Be very sure to keep them separate from the black-lined old Butterfield Stage Road.

At Hewitt's Ranch, take your pencil for a hike up Hewitt Canyon. Go all the way to road's end at the last printed "N" in Canyon, where you will begin to get the uncomfortable idea of what we are doing!

For the horse's throat come back down Hewitt Canyon to the "A" in Canyon. Take the foot-trail southeast toward the old towns of Pinal and Silver King and stop anywhere in the vicinity of Whitford Canyon. Red Tank Canyon is the horse's right ear, his left is the trail at the end of Randolf Canyon that turns north into Rogers Canyon.

Still lacking the horse's eye, we need only to find the highest promontory between Millsite and Hewitt Canyons. Encircle the topmost elevation above 4,000 feet, and you will note the steep contour lines beneath this circle even conform to the pouch beneath the stone-horse's eye.

The horse head you have just traced from the Florence Quad is a flawless twin to the Peralta Horse. You can pick out at least eighteen places *critical* to the rock-artist as he copied the exact nose, mouth, jawline, forehead, ears, neck, throat and eye!

At this point of the story, to its very end, it will be necessary to involve seven different maps: Side One and Side Two of Peralta Map No. 1; Map No. 2; Map No. 3; Side One and Side Two of the Peralta Heart Map; and the Florence Quadrangle Map. Confusing, isn't it?

Let's throw out all the confusion of Side Numbers and Map Numbers and give each map an easy name to remember. The first map found by Travis Tumlinson is Map No. 1—but let's simply refer to its two sides by the unique drawings on each. The Priest Map and the Horse Map. Its horse—the Peralta Horse.

WHEN Tumlinson returned to Arizona a year later, he reportedly found Map No. 2 and Map No. 3 buried face-to-face like a big rock sandwich. The meat and trimmings were tucked safely inside (map-sides inward) as if to protect them from eroding elements.

The unprotected top and bottom of this closed-face sandwich are also engraved, but not much attention has been given Map No. 3's huge church cross, or Map No. 2's backside emblazoned with the word "DON." Then, as now, the maps are meant to be used together. When separated into an open-faced sandwich, the two halves form one large map. Since there is only one side of each map to worry about, they will remain Map No. 2 and Map No. 3.

The shape of Map No. 4 speaks for itself, but unfortunately the Heart Map wears two faces—one on each side of the heart. Only one side has ever faced the public. The opposite side has been kept a secret. They shall be called the "public" or "hidden" faces of the Heart Map.

The Quadrangle Map, and its hidden horse, will be the "Florence Quad" and the "Quad Horse." This should help simplify the very complicated solution.

When finally faced with Marion Parson's observation of the Florence Quad's somehow being connected to the Peralta Maps, we dug out the old survey map and began looking for other clues that would tie the two together.

The first important breakthrough came from the clue on the Peralta Horse's neck. The lines of his mane plainly spell 'Mlll." Treasure enthusiasts insist the slashes are an abbreviation for *millón*, the Spanish word for million. Marion Parsons suggested the Mlll could well represent Millsite Canyon, as this is the canyon running the full length of the Quad Horse's face.

It is more probable the hoaxsters followed the same pattern here that they used elsewhere in their stone-map clues. They keep pounding away at the horse's location hidden within the Florence Quad. (Remember, we aren't supposed to know it exists!) At each corner of the Florence Quad, meridian lines of degrees and minutes can be seen graduating from 111° 00′, 111° 10′, 111° 20′ and 111° 30′. Therefore, the Florence survey lies in meridian 111, correctly abbreviated in its written form as Mlll.

Now that the hoaxsters had chiseled the meridian lines on the horse's neck to establish his east to west location, they were equally honest in giving the horse's latitudinal degrees. Two 3s appear on the Horse Map. One is carved into the horse's side; the other can be seen behind his left rear foot. On the same four corners of the Florence Quad, printed beside the 111th meridian lines, are the degrees of latitude within the Florence Quad survey. They are all within 33 degrees! From south to north they graduate from 33° 00′, 33° 10′, 33° 20′ and 33° 30′.

With these two sets of figures, the hoaxsters have zeroed us in on an *exact target* within these longitudinal and latitudinal degrees and minutes. *No place else on this half of the globe can have the same two intersecting sets of numbers!*

Notice the numerals Mlll, the two 3s and the three Os were made obvious, but the numeral 2 is hidden in the horse's forelock of hair. The numeral 5 has long been concealed under black tape on the Horse Map's upper left-hand corner above the word, Rio! Adding these two numbers leaves little doubt as to which topography map the hoaxsters wanted us to use in solving their riddle. It would seem the humorous map-maker decided to include the scale of the paper map he was using (1:125000, 30 minute series). The correct scale can be as deadly in "fingering" a topography map as a fingerprint can be to a criminal. To identify the longitudes and latitudes needed, and to give the Florence Quad map scale, the hoaxsters had to give five numbers: 0, 1, 2, 3 and 5. The Horse Map has these five digits and *no others!*

THINK how easy it would be for a hoaxster to plan his stone-maps from the Florence Quad. He already *knew* about the horse's head that had miraculously turned up in the center of a government survey map. Starting with that he ingeniously began to transpose what was needed to identify the horse and its location. He knew what numerals would be needed, and had only to find a teasing way to scatter them around over

(Continued on page 52)

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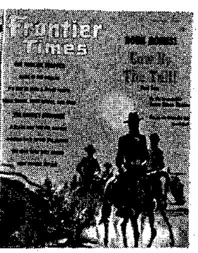
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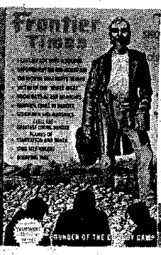
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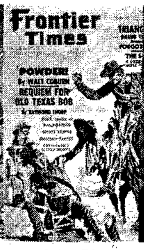
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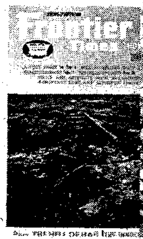
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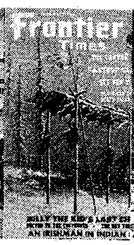
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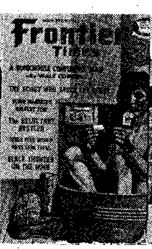
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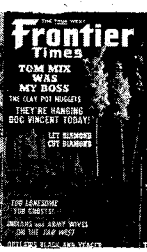
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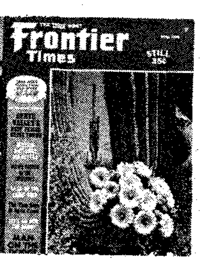
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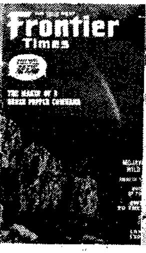
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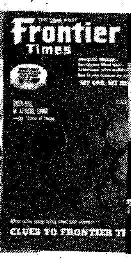
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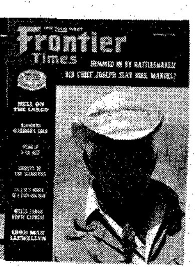
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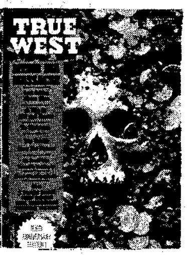
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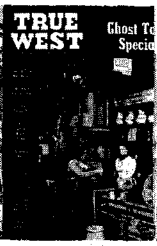
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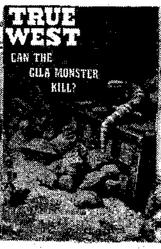
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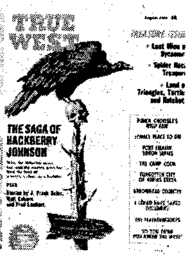
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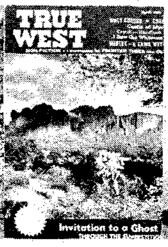
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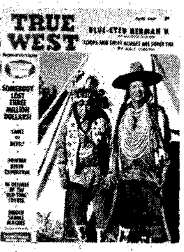
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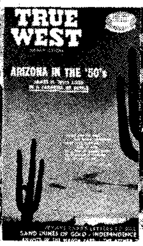
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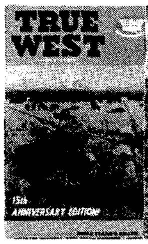
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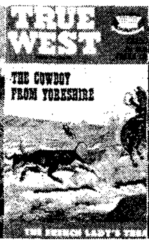
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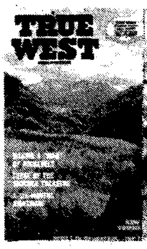
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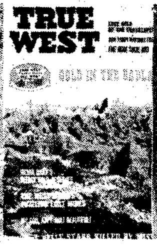
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The Peralta Stone Maps

(Continued from page 49)

his stone-maps.

Once the Florence Quad was snatched away from its hand-chiseled, newly-conceived twin, the odds against anyone's ever noticing their connection would be a million to one! Especially after 1963 when the old Florence Quad became an "out-of-print" collectors item!

The Horse Map continued to give up new evidence linking it to the Florence Quad. Two inscriptions flank the Peralta Horse. Near his rump, *Yo Pasto al Norte del Rio* implied to treasure hunters that the mines and caches were to be found in the English translation, "I pasture north of the river."

If we forget "treasure" and stick to the hoaxster's integrity, we not only find a clever play on the word, Rio, but we can see how the word was borrowed directly from the Florence Quad map. The Peralta Horse is shown with his nose dipped into what had already been identified as Queen Creek. The Quad Horse's nose is immersed in the same creek bed. The Quad Horse is not only *north of* "del Rio," but as we shall see, *he is in it!*

Our mysterious map-maker brings Rio to your attention twice on the Peralta Horse Map—once in the inscription, and again to the upper-left of the Horse's head. The wavy line above the word lulls the treasure fan into the smug conviction that indeed this *must* mean the Salt River!

If we were to place the Florence Quad and the Peralta Horse Map side by side, and put a finger on the Quad Map in the exact position to match the word Rio to the left of the Peralta Horse, the finger would be pasturing in Rio and it has *nothing* to do with a river!

The Florence Quad is a detailed map of ranges, townships and sections. Across the bottom of the Florence Quad, below the line framing the map, numbers are given for those few ranges established in 1900. Locate R. 10 E. and follow its boundary lines north. The range number stays the same all the way to the top of the Florence Quad and continues to be the same on maps directly above and below the Florence Quad. The Horse's Head does pasture north of Queen Creek, in *"R10 E."*, thus we have used the clue "R10" and the letter "E" on the Peralta Horse Map.

At this point of working on the Horse Map solution, we found an amusing "coincidence." It will make an interesting side-note for anyone who has actually explored the desert in an area framed *within* the Florence Quad Horse's Head. Between Millsite Canyon and the old road to Milk Ranch Creek, is a natural rock formation of ponderous size. Standing alone, outlined on the crest of a small hill, one small eye of Elephant Butte keeps an eternal vigil toward the south. If the front half of the Peralta Horse is covered, the rear half becomes a picture all its own—an *exact replica* of Elephant Butte! It faces the same direction, and the hole drilled into the horse's flank becomes the elephant's eye. The curved horse's tail serves two purposes: it shortens the trunk to match Elephant Butte, and it softens the effect. Without the tail swung around into this prominent position, the trunk would have joined the horse's hind leg. The 3 would round off the tip of a normal length trunk, and the letter E is reminiscent of a toddler's picture book of animal caricatures that reads, "E is for Elephant."

We have used everything inscribed into the Horse Map with the exception of the second inscription, to be mentioned later, and the small Omega letter of the Greek alphabet. Its English equivalent is "O" and could easily be absorbed by all the Os demanded by the Florence Quad in locating the horse by degrees, minutes and scale.

IF the Horse Map deductions were correct, we thought the flip-side Priest Map would bear out our suspicions. The Spanish inscriptions had been prostituted in their spelling and arrangement. Having a fair knowledge of cryptograms, anagrams and the Spanish language, we soon became fascinated with the patterns of *English* words formed when combining the conspicuous mistakes. The oddities and mispelled words are italicized in the following Spanish version:

*E*STA *B*EREDA ES P*eligroza* (THIS TRAIL IS DANGEROUS)

YO *B*OY 18 LUGARES (I GO 18 PLACES)

BUSCA EL MAPA (LOOK FOR THE MAP)

BUSCA EL CO(*R*)AZON (LOOK FOR THE HEART)

In the first line, the "ES" was off-set; the word "trail" is "Vereda," spelled with a "V", and the last eight letters in "Peligrazo" were written is small case letters.

In the second line, the word "BOY" should have been "VOY." The third line plainly says "Look for *the map,*" not *maps!* What then led Travis Tumlinson to believe he could return to Arizona a year later and find three more treasure maps? The word "Map" is singular, not plural. Only one map was to be sought—the Florence Quadrangle.

In the fourth line the "R" was dropped from the word "Corazon." After first learning to spell "Madre" and "Padre" we are sure the romantic Spaniards would have made the word "Heart" the third word in their vocabulary.

Now we can turn the Priest Map over and add the remaining inscription from the Horse Map: EL *COBOLLO* DE SANTA FE (The Horse of Santa Fe).

Adding the two Os from the misspelled word "Caballo," fifteen oddities were found in the total inscription. The first hint of an anagram came in the first line of the Priest Map inscription. By combining the eight small case letters in "Peligroza" with the "B" from "Bereda," the words "Globe, Ariz" fell into place. *That* name we didn't need! Globe is an historic old mining town east and north of the Superstitions, but had *not* been included in the Florence Survey.

Hopefully we looked at the Florence Quad for a clue. There it was! The name "Globe" appeared in parentheses at the east end of a heavy black line cutting across the Quad Horse's forehead, just above his eyes. It was the Gila and Salt River Base Line, and would be brought to our attention more than once. The Quad map's reference to "Globe" was to indicate a topography map of that area was available.

Working on a hunch that the "Yo Voy 18 Lugares" might indicate the number of letters to be used in anagrams, we began to list them.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
BELIGROZA

GLOBE A RIZ
5 3 7 1 2 9 6 4 8

Our left-overs were ES, a possible B/V and the dropped R from the Priest Map, and the two Os from the Horse Map.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
ESROOB - - -
V

ROOSEV - - -
3 4 5 2 1 6

Again the letters popped forth a name—a familiar old friend and companion-map to the Florence Quad, The Roosevelt Quadrangle. It mapped the northern half of the Superstitions; the Florence Quad mapped the southern half. They are of the same size and scale and must be used together for a complete picture. The Roosevelt Quad maps the Apache Trail, Salt River, Four Peaks and the Dam and Reservoir for which it was named.

On the Florence Quad, the word "Roosevelt" is in parentheses just as the word "Globe" had been. The word is located on the map-margin above the Quad Horse's Head, dead-center between his ears. The three letters missing in the anagram were apparently hidden somewhere on Map No. 1. We found only *one* symbol that hadn't been used in the Horse Map interpretation. It was a tilted "T," or church cross, resting on top of the letter "L" in the "EL" preceding the word "Cobollo." Since these three letters spell "ELT" is it not reasonable to use them in forming the last letters of ROOSEVELT? For us, the 18 "errors" or "things to look for" which exactly spell "Globe, Ariz." and "Roosevelt" were ample proof that we might be on the right track!

The hoaxsters had gradually boxed-in an area surrounding the Quad Map Horse. They had tightened the square by giving latitudes, longitudes, range, the base line and names of adjoining quadrangle maps. (Remember, we still aren't supposed to know anything about the horse's head hidden in the Florence Quad, and the hoaxsters assume we haven't spotted it yet!)

NOW that we had finished with the Spanish inscriptions, we move to the carved priest. After having recognized the pattern established by the pranksters, even *he* was beginning to make some sense.

The Priest and his fishing-rig are bristling with Ts and Os, while an N and an 8 play at the end of his line. A likeness of the Priest's pedestal can be found centered on the Florence Quad. The 8 tiers, or steps, begin at the Silver Bell Mine and stairstep their way northward to wind up in the Quad Horse's mouth.

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SEE PAGE 56

The tiered lines represent the boundary lines of a national forest and wilderness area protecting the Superstitions. From the Quad Horse's mouth, the lines of dots and dashes march right up the middle of his face, where they suddenly turn west at the juncture of Red Tank, Randolf and Fraser Canyons and continue to surround the vast Superstitions.

The Priest has even been kind enough to give us *the name of this national* forest boundary outlining part of the Quad Horse's face. He spells it with his fishing gear. Starting with his pole, and coming straight down the line, the letters T, O, T, O and N fall into place. Tonto National Forest!

On the Quad Map, the word "Tonto" screams in bold, black print above the Quad Horse's ear. The net is tightening even more about our Quad Horse.

The Priest tells us much more. He will add the finishing touch to completely frame the hidden horse. If you recall, on the opposite side of Map No. 1 (the Horse Map) the hoaxsters began *wide* with their directions for finding the hidden horse. Latitudes and longitudes were given to place Arizona in the target area. Minutes and degrees then refined and reduced the area to somewhere around the Superstition Mountains. And then the map scale identified the *one* map having these minutes, degrees and seconds.

The Priest refines the area to the most minute dimension within his power. The Horse Map provided us with the range number. It is part of the Priest's job to give the townships. Now, the hoaxsters have really begun to squeeze, shrink and pinpoint!

Ranges and townships do for a small area what latitudes and longitudes will do for continents. The ranges and townships will criss-cross and intersect just like their big brothers.

If you still have doubts as to whether the Peralta Stone Maps are linked with the Florence Quad, the Priest has a surprise for you. Wouldn't you think it strange if the Priest could give the *exact* township numbers, arranged in the *exact* order as they appear on the Florence Quad?? We did!

Below the Priest's fishing pole, the numerals 2, 3 and 4 are wound around his line. During the 1900 survey, only three *full* townships were shown on the Florence Quad. On the left hand margin of the Quad Map, the townships begin with T.2 S, drop down to T.3 S, where we find the city of Florence embraced in T.4 S!

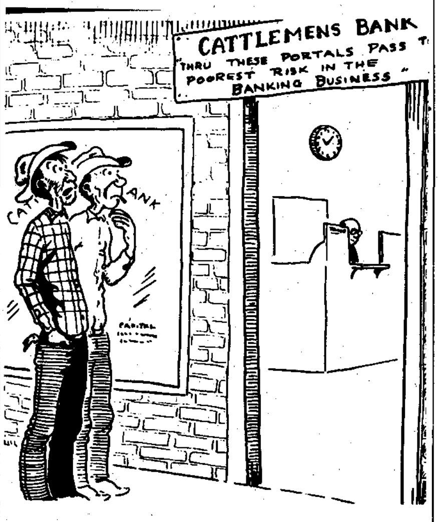
One of the many Ts surrounding the Priest represents "township." We vote for the fishing pole itself because it is used to *separate* the numeral 1 from the other township numbers. Why would it separate T.1S from its 2, 3 and 4 companions?

Township 1 south had not been added to the survey map, but anyone knowing how to read a geographical survey will automatically know the next township is 1. The top boundary of T.1 S is our old friend, the Gila and Salt River base line, and it is here the townships begin anew, only this time they will read T. 1 N. The Priest's sleeve will confirm this; it tells you there are *two* township 1s to be found on the Florence Quad. It takes *both* of them to frame the hidden horse—from the bottom of his lip to the tip-end of his ear! He fills T.1 S, and T.1 N. He *is* T.1 S and T.1N *and* R-10 *and* R.11E!

We've wondered if the letters S and N, to indicate the township north *and* south, were included among the Priest's clues? There is a small N off to the right of the curved fishing line, and the S could be the unusual hemline of the Priest's robe, or even the strange shape of his back-lashed fishing line.

We had tried to account for every scratch made on both sides of Map No.1. We almost made it, but not quite! Below the Priest Map's inscription, under the word *coazon,* a set of symbols were hidden beneath black tape. Even though we had seen the stone maps seven years ago, the look was brief and we just couldn't remember this one set of symbols. Help was sought in many places.

LETTERS were sent the Arizona Mineral Museum, who had the maps on display; Travis Marlowe; Don and Pam Hanson; Texas relatives of the deceased Tumlinson; a Moel, Inc. stockholder whose name had appeared in the *Arizona Republic;* and a wide variety of names long associated with hunting for the Lost Dutchman-Peralta Mines.



"Smart Alecs!"

The only suggestion given by the Arizona Mineral Museum was out of the question—a long trip to Phoenix, and the added expense of the membership to the A. L. Flagg Foundation. The Hansons sent hand-drawn copies of all the Peralta Maps as they remembered them in 1959. In that slot was 3-N-P—but they added the fact that in Marlowe's book he had mentioned 8-N-P when telling how Tumlinson found the three remaining Peralta Maps by walking 8-N-P from the original gravesite of Map No. 1. We remembered that too, but Travis Marlowe had indicated the 8-N-P came from the symbols at the end of the Priest's fishing line—not under the tape.

What we needed was someone to confirm our suspicions that our missing E L T in "Roosevelt" lay beneath the tape. Due to the conflicting sets of numbers, we wrote Travis Marlowe about the clashing opinions. Travis' answer was friendly and polite, but our question remained unanswered. Many friends tried to help, without much success. One visited the Museum and did see the maps, but with tapes. One man even sent a color photograph of the Priest Map in his efforts to help. Call it fate, bad luck, or whatever, the angle and lighting was such that the only thing really visible was a small heart under the tape. The symbols within were too dim for us to accurately include in this story. What we *did* see couldn't be construed as 8-N-P or 3-N-P. Among the smudges left by black tape, a faint church-cross, or T could barely be seen by us. Maybe! But *if it is,* could an E and an L be close by? For those of you who may have seen the maps without tapes, and can remember what you saw—we envy you! (Where *were* you when we needed you?)

Like many others who have spent a great deal of time studying the stone maps, we also are at a loss to explain the faint words, "Miguel," and "Pedro," and "Sonora, Mex." (even though the Superstitions *were* part of Sonora, Mex. 1847). It would be easy to cop-out and say they were later additions to the original maps, and that is exactly what we think. There are several reasons why. All three of these thin and scrawny names have popped up on only one map —Map No. 1! They are not characteristic of the hoaxster-artist—and he *was* an artist! The stone maps have felt an artist's touch; composition, balance, beautiful lines, patience and pride went into their creation. His stroke was bold in sketching and printing.

The faint-hearted hand that chiseled "Sonora, Mex," "Pedro" and "Miguel" surely wasn't the hand of talent. As you will note, all three of these suspicious names have several things in common. First, the size of print; second, the shallow depth and thinness of line, as if a completely different tool had been used; third, the words' position—so timidly crouched away from the real work of art. The amateurish hand seemed hesitant, even intimidated by the masterful work he was tampering with. Fourth, Map No. 1 is the *only one of the four maps* graven with this almost invisible lettering. And why are these three misbegotten words the *only ones* daring to unite the Peralta name to the set of carved stones? And why is it the Hansons have no recollection of these three names? "As far as we can remember, the names Sonora, Mex., Pedro and Miguel were not on the map when we saw it."

If all these remembrances and suppositions are correct the motive for selecting these carefully chosen words leads one to believe that someone was selling the Peralta legend. He had to, since the real artist, hoaxster that he was, remained honest to the very end of his final map.

THE Peralta Maps 2 and 3 were almost impossible to solve. There were no inscriptions to guide us, and the numerals didn't fit any pattern. We kept remembering the Greek Omegas. "Omega" is the last letter of the Greek alphabet, and the phrase "Alpha and Omega" has been used since biblical times. Christ had said, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." The Greek Omegas only hinted at what was to come!

More than once we gave up on these maps in disgust. The profusion of numbers on Maps 2 and 3, plus the misleading math equation at the bottom of Map No. 2, led us on a mathematical chase that went nowhere. Pages of math problems filled our wastebasket; we used every kind of math known to us. We even turned to reading the history of mathematics as devised by the Romans and Greeks.

Only the simplest forms of addition brought rewards, but the solutions meant nothing. We were being "eighteened" to death and didn't know why; "18" was in the Spanish inscription, and "18" was part of that crazy equation on Map No. 2. The sum of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 8 along the Priest's fishing line totaled 18. The number of dots linking the dotted trail into the Heart Map add up to the maddening sum of 18.

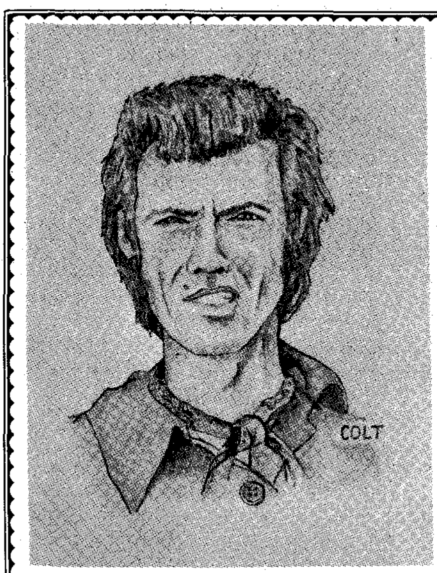
The Florence Quad had been foolishly laid aside during our months of acting like "Einsteins." So much time was wasted trying to solve what we had thought to be a math problem! For several weeks we deliberately stayed away from the Peralta Map solution, but when resuming work we had the Florence Quad beside us. This time we used it!

Photographs of the Peralta Maps were spread next to the Florence Quad. Had we been the hoaxsters, with two blank stone-tablets in front of us, how would we have shown the remaining Florence Quad clues? What was left to show?

Mentally we began to *clean house* on the Florence Quad. We threw out everything already used by the map-makers when planning Map No. 1. We blanked-out the hidden horse, the meridian lines, base line, ranges and townships, the Tonto National Forest boundary lines, place names, creeks and roads.

We were left with a clutter of grids in the lower half of the Florence Quad. They had become the main attraction on the now uncluttered map. Map No. 2's "math equation" (2=3 18=7) quickly jumped into focus and became as obvious to the naked eye as the hidden horse above it! The solution was perfect; its simplicity and accuracy were in keeping with the rock-artist's system of honestly clinging to the Florence Quad's original survey.

The gridwork now *dominated* the lower half of the Florence Quad. Connecting blocks of townships, ranges and sections were stacked side by side in rows, one on top of the other. Like a stack of children's wood blocks, 7 blocks of townships stand *heavily* outlined in black. Inside each of them, *thin* black lines are checkered into sections. Each section represents one mile. If we imagine each section line as ladder rungs, or gates, we would have to climb 18 rungs, or open 18 gates on our way from the city of Florence to the hidden horse's mouth



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dipping into Queen Creek. No matter which way you travel these grids, in any of the four directions, you will find that the seven blocks total 18 miles.

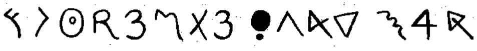
The seven blocks have been mapped in such a way that to give an oral description of how they are placed on the Florence Quad, you would have to say there are three stacks of 3, and two stacks of 2. Thus, we have now calibrated the numbers of the mysterious math equation to match the only thing of importance left in view on the Florence Quadrangle Map.

Our brief vacation from the maps brought fresh ideas. Maps 2 and 3 were used as one map, joined together by the dotted trail. These years of trying to outguess the hoaxster's next move was like having a phantom roommate; we were always together, but never spoke! We had learned something of his behavior pattern and thought it strange he hadn't tried to include the name of his paper-pattern, the Florence Quad. He was too ingenious *not* to record the source of his plan, and this was his last chance to include the name "Florence" as proof of his cleverness. His artist's ego would see to that!

The large letter F signaled the name Florence, and the R and O helped fill in the eight-letter word. Here, the King of Forgers had us checkmated for a time. Remembering that the Greek Omegas had been used on the maps, we noticed that other letters from the Greek alphabet were scattered at random over the remaining maps, and tried converting them into the English equivalents of "A,B,C, D, etc."

Classical Greek came close to giving an answer, but we were left with too many "left-overs" that refused to fit. When forced to fall back on a much older alphabet system, *three words came to life.* Tucked between the amorphous scrawls, the Peralta Maps boast a somewhat accurate knowledge of Primitive Greek. Since there are many symbols to draw from in Primitive Greek, this may be one of those coincidences—but you must admit finding the *fifteen letters* necessary for spelling "FLORENCE QUAD MAP" is worth mentioning, especially since the three words fell into word-groups of 8, 4 and 3—precisely matching the numbers given on the top half of Map No. 2.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 1 2 3



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 1 2 3
F L O R E N C E Q U A D M A P

TRUE, the Greek letters were sometimes upside down, but all can be found on Maps 2, 3 and the Heart Map! There is no F in the Greek alphabet. In two instances we had to use numerals instead of letters, but isn't it interesting that the letters in those three words number the same total as the three large numbers carved into Map No. 2?

If you cannot accept the Greek interpretation of Florence Quad Map, there is another explanation. Maybe it's even better as it includes the numeral 1 on Map No. 3. If we put them all together in a row they read "1-4-3-8."

If we run a quick total of township numbers down the left Quad Map margin,

T. 2	The Range Numbers;	R. 8
T. 3		R. 9
T. 4		R.10
T. 5		R.11
14		38

The totals of township numbers and range numbers match the four numerals flaunted across Map No. 2 and Map No. 3!

The hoaxsters made sure we could double-check his determination to turn Maps 2 and 3 into a proving ground for ranges and townships. Below the wavy line on Map No. 2, the numbers in the equation brought attention to township and ranges squares. Above the line, the four numbers outside the heart depression rigidly conform to the township and range totals! Both sets of figures given, below and above the line, dwell on the same subject and would offer proof of the range and township theory as being feasible.

As for the Heart Map? It strongly suggests "Arizona." Arizona was our baby state until Hawaii and Alaska. She was the 48th to achieve statehood, and admission day was February 14, 1912—VALENTINES DAY! As the Omegas say, "She was the first and last, she was the beginning and the end."

Perhaps the F we took to be an abbreviation for Florence really signaled "February." The heart is stressed throughout the maps; it automatically says "February 14." And if *every number on Maps* 2 *and* 3 *are totaled, the answer is* 1912—*the year of statehood!*

Map No. 2	Map No. 3	Map No. 3 with Heart Map	Total
2	1847	10	45
3	10		1857
18	1857		10
7			1912
8			
4			
3			
45			

The "10", arrived at by combining the 1 on Map No. 3 and O from the Heart Map's Hidden Face, seems logical as the two numerals are joined by the line arching upward from the 1. The arch continues on the "Hidden Face" of the Heart Map, tipped by an arrow pointing to the O.

You say you can't buy that kind of thinking? O. K.! Use the knife flanking the Numeral 1, and its O companion. Sever the two numbers adding up to 10; cut it away from the total of 1912. It is then 1902—birthdate of the Florence Quadrangle Map!

It should be noted that the Peralta Stone Maps have outrageously stolen topographic symbols from the Florence Quadrangle, or any topography map. Such Xs, Os and triangles are codes for horizontal and vertical elevation markers, tanks and wells. The church-cross within a square, shown three different times on the Peralta Stone Maps, is listed on the sheet of topographic may symbols as a "church." A black triangle is a U.S. mineral or location marker, while other Xs and dotted circles mean section corners, windmills, etc.

WHO KNOWS for sure what ideas passed through the minds of men, or a man, planning bogus maps if, indeed, this is what they are! The only motive for such a wild scheme must have been to make a profit of some sort. This was no spur-of-the-moment project. Intelligently planned and executed, the stone map legend has been ingeniously kept alive for almost a quarter of a century.

A handful of symbols are still unaccounted for. We admit failure. The few left-overs make no sense to us, perhaps they will to you. It may be that we aren't 100% correct in our attempt to give you all the symbols just as they appear on the stone maps. If not, we apologize for misleading you even 1%. Our only excuse is that the maps are more closely guarded than the Crown Jewels. To ask questions about them seems a mortal sin.

These past years of meridians, mathemathics, checkmates, stalemates, maps and phantom roommates had to end sometime. We leave the task to someone else; we are tired. Maybe you can put a name to our anonymous prankster. We wouldn't be a bit surprised to find his name somewhere on the maps' fronts, backs, sides or edges as a finishing touch to his masterpieces.

Should you care to add your dollar's worth, for fun or out of curiosity, it is possible to order a photostat of the old Florence Quadrangle Map from the United States Department of the Interior, Geological Survey, Washington D.C. 20242. One dollar will buy a photostat, but if a better quality photographic copy is desired, they can prepare a film negative instead at $6.00 each. D. L. Pinkerton, Chief, Map Information Office, informed us of a forthcoming price increase that may already be in effect.

It has been an unusual experience trying to match wits with our unknown opponent we call "The King Of Forgers." In dollars spent, he made James Addison Reavis look like a penny-pincher when separating men from their money. When we decided to close our lengthy study of the Peralta Maps, we leaned back and looked over the disaster area that once was an office. Like the Phoenix-bird that rose again from its funeral ashes, to picture of the Heart Map had risen to the top of a mound of maps, books, letters, pictures, cigarette butts and manuscript papers. Its imprudent "Public Face" was having the last word. The staggering figure "1000000" was taunting us: "I'll bet you a million to one that nobody will *ever* find the Hidden Horse. But if they ever do, I'll bet you *another* million that nobody will believe your story!"

WONDERING HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO THIS RAG? SEE PAGE 45.

Too Much Gold Talk

(Continued from page 23)

White Sand Hills area, as the Willow Springs wagontrain campsite became known, seemed to have witnessed the massacre.

AFTER the skeletons had been collected and buried in a common grave, the artifacts were removed to the Sul Ross College at Alpine for study.

Colonel Hayes and others probed the case for several years, during which various theories arose. Probably the most reasonable deduction resulted from the arrangement of the train's wreckage when discovered. That the caravan consisted of forty wagons was unquestionable; these were easily counted as the wagon parts were arranged at the Willow Springs waterhole in a V-shape formation. This was a practice distressed caravans adherred to when Indian attacks threatened.

That the wagontrain was en route from California was undeniable. Colonel Hayes discovered that "the wagon tires and some of the household articles were made of tool steel, proving that the train was returning from California, as tool steel could not be purchased in the East at that date, but was selling from freight boats in San Francisco."

He concluded, after he had made a careful study of all the available Yuma newspaper accounts, that the wagons stopped at Willow Springs early in 1874 on their long overland trek. Hayes reasoned that it would have taken the ox-drawn train at least that long to cover the distance from Fort Yuma to the sandhills northeast of Monahans.

Why did the Missouri-bound travelers take to the rugged dune country when there were other more frequently traveled trails across West Texas? Where the massacred train was found was raw country indeed, and little was known about the region until Captain Randolph B. Marcy sought a relief route across the wasteland during September and October of 1849 in an effort to take care of the traffic created by the California gold rush.

Marcy, while laying out the trail, hired a Comanche to guide him over the unknown stretches. He found the whole country around the Willow Springs waterhole, which became known shortly thereafter as Mustang Springs, one continuous succession of great billowing sandhills. In his report he said that the dunes ranged from 20 to 100 feet in height, and that the sand was so deep his horses sank to their knees at every step. Travel was slow and treacherous, making wagontrain travel extremely vulnerable to hostile Indians. Comanches had claimed the surrounding desert as their habitat for several centuries. (Relics of these long-ago tribes can be found in the sandhills today by explorers equipped with four-wheel drive vehicles.)

There was just one thing, it was decided, that could have detoured the wagontrain through the rough country around Willow Springs—the need for water. It existed in abundance at a depth of about two feet at Willow

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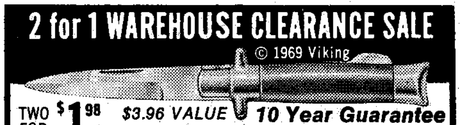

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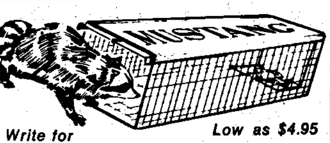

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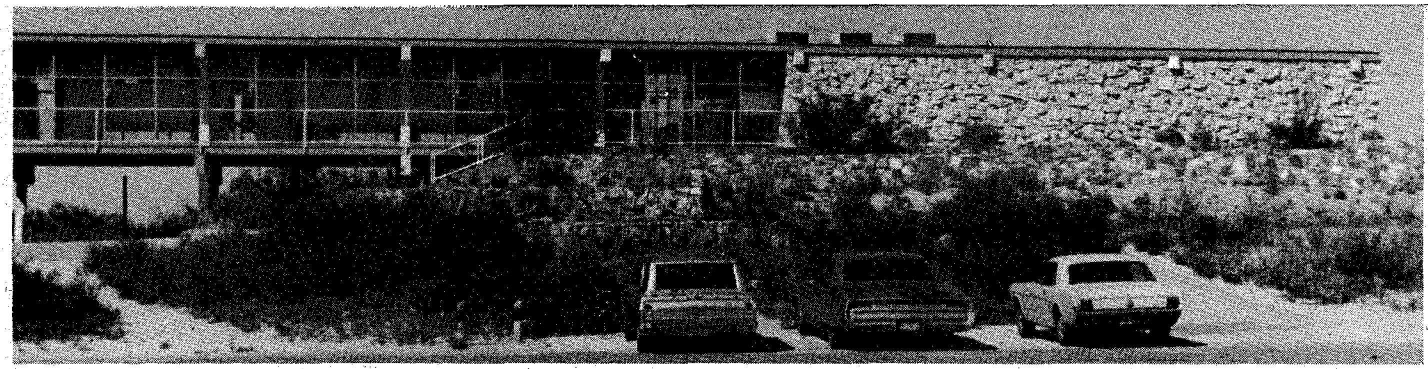


The Willow Springs sandhills are rugged and strewn with Indian relics. A Texas state museum has been located there. The massacre site is about 10 miles from the museum located on Route 80, east of Monahans.

Springs, a fact that had allowed the Indians to live in the wastelands for unknown centuries.

After the Dutch train's annihilation we must conclude that no other caravan came by the Willow Springs waterhole. Had there been other travelers, the tragedy would have been discovered many years before the Hayes exploration party came along.

ATTEMPTS to learn the identity of the slain did not cease when Colonel Hayes died. One of the people determined to solve the mystery was Mrs. Alma Thomas, who in 1924 was a student at Sul Ross College where the artifacts were brought for study.

In *The West Texas Historical and Scientific Society Publications*, 1926, she wrote: "A party of gold seekers, so the legend goes, was returning from the gold fields of California with their treasure, representing several years of hard work, privation, and sacrifice. In order to be perfectly sure that the gold did not fall into the hands of Indians, each night it was buried and all marks of the place were carefully obliterated, but each one of the party was given minute directions on how to find it. By this plan they hoped, in case an attack was made and some or even most of them, were killed, there would still be someone left to carry the gold on home.

"For several days the party had had warnings, by fresh watering places and campfires, that they were in the country frequented by Indians. To avoid an encounter with them, they changed their course and struck out across country to the sandhills, thus hoping to throw the Indians off their trail. And they thought they had succeeded. At nightfall they halted, immediately buried the gold, as usual, then proceeded with the other duties incidental to a night camp; some dug wells from a foot or two deep, from which water rose cool and refreshing to the tired men and oxen. As they lay down that night, surrounded by big white hills, with the softly sifting sand, there was a feeling of security that had not been with them for several days.

"That night was the night, so the legend goes, that the Indians made their deadly attack, infuriated from having been baffled in their pursuit, and killed every living thing, both men and beast, while they slept, and burned everything that would burn. A heap of ashes, in which was found the broad tires of the wagon wheels, the iron yokes of the oxen, and parts of flintlock guns, was all the evidence that a camp had ever been made there. There was not a person left to tell the hiding place of the gold; and that is why people have witched for it and dug for it, but it is still lost."

The Alma Thomas supposition seems good; and she even explains why the gold cache was not found by Colonel Hayes' exploring party in 1901. There is one puzzling point in her theory, however. To cache such a huge amount of bullion each night at campsite would have been a big job, especially after a grueling day of travel in ox wagons. But then, it might have been done, for the people who traveled the trails to and from California during the gold rush days had to be as tough as an old boot sole. Besides there were many people with this train. With coordinated effort, these people could have accomplished such a task.

BARRY B. THOMPSON also made a close study of the Willow Springs massacre. His analysis of the tragedy appeared in *The Texas Permian Historical Annual*, August 1961.

Thompson branded the massacre as "one of the greatest unsolved mysteries in West Texas." And as others before had done, he asked the question, "Who were the people and what were they doing in the desolation that became West Texas?" The train had to be made up of at least eighty individuals, a very conservative estimate. There certainly could have been many more.

Thompson disavowed the legend of the gold bullion, saying that the cargo of the train was largely household goods and certain steel implements. Thompson said the party consisted of men, women, and children, and that there were at least 100 head of horses, plus other domestic animals. These would necessarily have been in excess of the oxen used to pull the wagons, for relic evidence vouched that the wagons were ox-drawn.

Thompson offered other theories, too, saying, "The raid was not a complete surprise, but was an overwhelming attack of superior numbers. Adequate warning was not given.

"At least odds of 5 to 1 would be necessary to overcome thirty-five heavily armed men." (By this, we presume Thompson figured there were thirty-five grown men with the party. Others were women and children.) The attacking force probably numbered 400 Comanche warriors, who were well mounted. "The entire episode was a coincidence of being in the wrong place at the right time. They burned and looted the wagons of all useful articles. The battle was very intense and the Comanches probably suffered heavy losses. The Comanches attacked the train to obtain horses and weapons they direly needed."

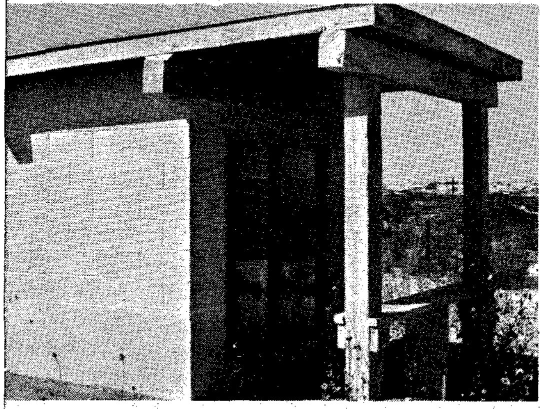
Barry Thompson listed his sources as files of the *Winkler County News*, files of old Tucson newspapers, and information obtained by interviews with old-timers who lived around Kermit, who were named as W. E. Bird and Seth Campbell.

Other versions of the mysterious massacre, though all vary to some degree, ultimately reach the same general conclusion of Colonel Hayes and his party, Mrs. Alma Thomas, and Barry Thompson. It is true that there is controversy about the gold bullion the wagons supposedly hauled, but this is always the case.

Rarely did a train cross the country with everybody having a common knowledge of the cargo. The trails were not only in danger from Indians but also from trail ruffians who'd rather rob than swig liquor in the frontier saloons.

Had there been gold with the ox-wagon train the night the massacre occurred at Willow Springs, we strongly suspect that it is still cached in the area if Indians were the attackers and that it is gone if the outlaws were Anglo or Mexican. History needs to know more about this matter.

Remains of an early sandhill Indian is entombed south of Willow Springs in Monahans State Park. Indians who roamed the forbidding sandhills here are believed responsible for the deaths of the wagon-train company, a tragedy discovered by Col. Hayes in 1901, more than 25 years after it occurred.



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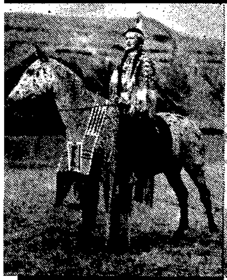
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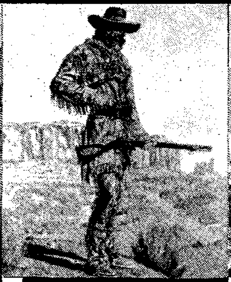
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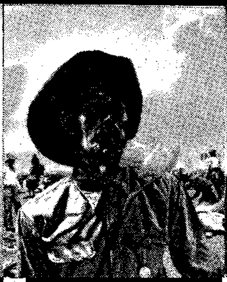
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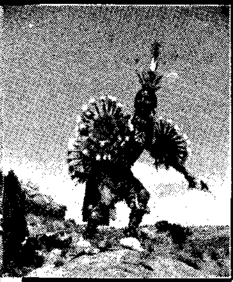
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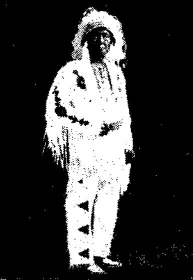
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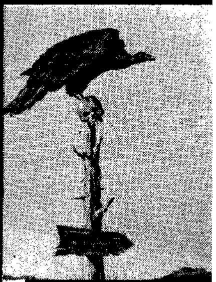
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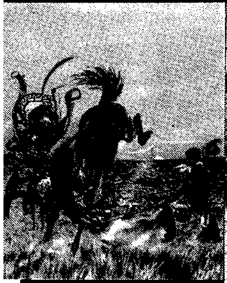
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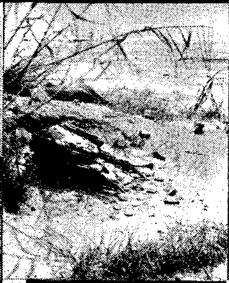
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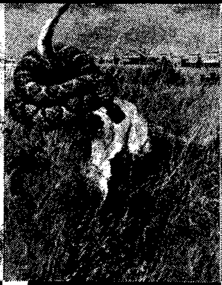
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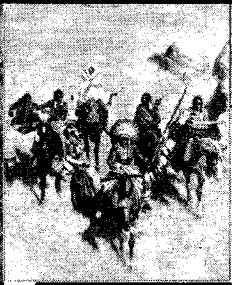
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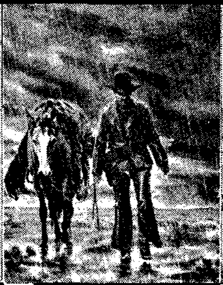
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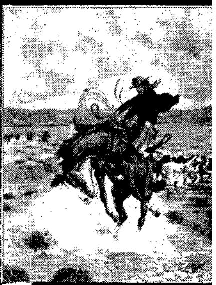
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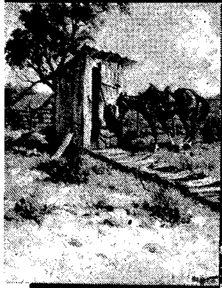
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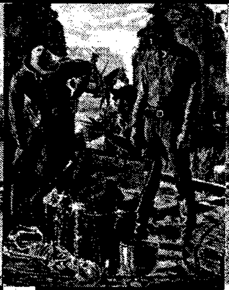
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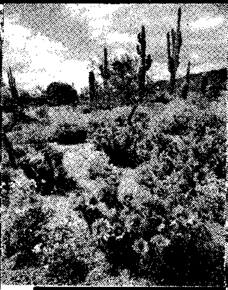
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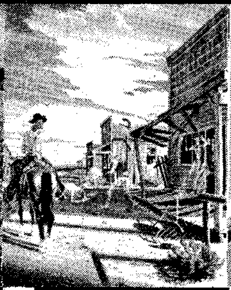
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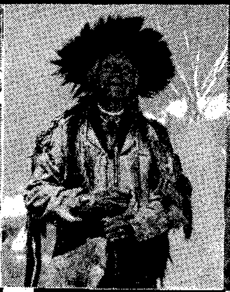
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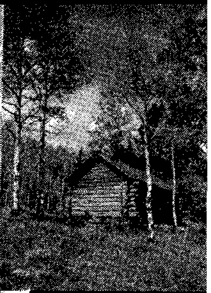
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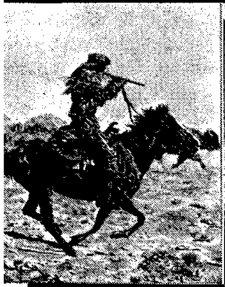
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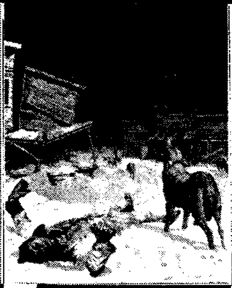
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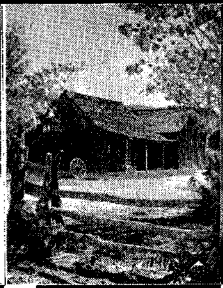
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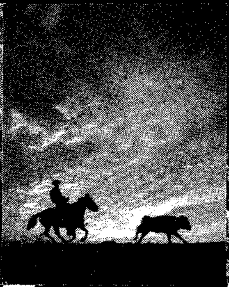
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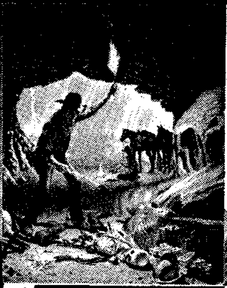
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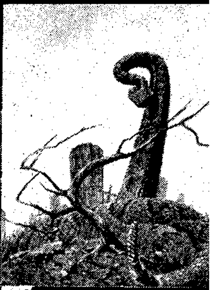
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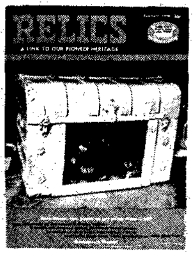

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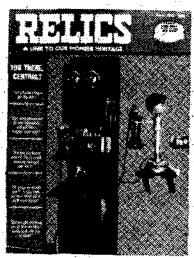

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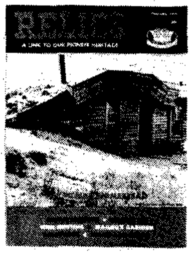

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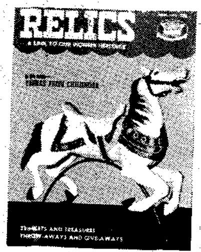

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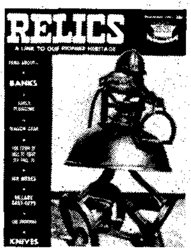

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Nebraska In The Shade

(Continued from page 21)

recitation and contempt of the authorities."

Others were expelled too, and the affair became a stormy one in the Detroit papers, particularly the *Free Press* where Morton worked for Wilbur F. Storey, the man who believed the proper function of the press was to raise hell as needed. The loss of a degree meant little to the ex-senior. Actually, four years later the university reversed its decision and awarded him an official diploma as a graduate of the class of '54. However, when his Alma Mater invited Morton to return to receive an honorary degree, some forty years later when he was a member of President Cleveland's cabinet, he wrote a blistering letter of refusal. He showed it to the President who roared with laughter. "Morton," he said, "I haven't had more fun over a letter in years. . . . It's too bad you can't send it."

It was a long trip from Michigan to newly opened Nebraska in 1854, but it was all adventure to Morton and his bride. They went by train to St. Louis then boarded a Missouri River packet heading northwest, loaded with emigrants, gamblers, missionaries, slaves and hopeful farmers. The river was low and their voyage ended at St. Joseph. The rest of their journey was by bumpy stagecoach to a temporary log cabin home in Bellevue, a trading post within sight of the river and with Indians as neighbors. Within two weeks Morton had plunged into the political fight of getting Bellevue selected as the territorial capital as opposed to Omaha. He lost.

The following year the couple moved to what was to be their permanent home in Nebraska City, where Morton edited the *News*. By this time he was twenty-three. Morton built a small frame house—a rare thing then—and set about beautifying it. Caroline loved flowers, and sent away for ornamental shrubs she had enjoyed in the East to add to the native varieties. Her husband showed an early interest in trees, planting them for shade as well as appearance, and experimented with fruit trees which no one thought would grow. Their little house soon became a green oasis on the prairie and people came from far away to admire it.

Four sons were born to them, and, whatever storms raged in the political arena, there was always affection in this home which had grown from a teen-age romance.

Four years after arriving in the West, Morton was made secretary of the Territory of Nebraska. He served three years, part of that time as acting governor. Working conditions in Omaha were difficult. The unfinished capitol was forever losing windows and sections of its roof to windstorms. There wasn't even a privy, and the basement, used for this purpose, made conditions upstairs uninspiring in hot weather.

Morton was obviously "becoming somebody." He had plenty of ideas and force, but tact had been left out of the package and he had a talent for taking the unpopular side. He opposed statehood, fearing more taxes and bureaucracy; he was fiercely critical of Lincoln and abolitionists; he had little sympathy for the plight of Negroes and felt people should stand on their own feet without government aid. He attacked the struggling Grange movement and fought Cleveland's nomination for President.

THE BURNING issues of Nebraska during the last half of the 19th century concerned railroad privileges, tariffs, coinage, prohibition, important appointments in the new state, and charges of land fraud. Morton was in the thick of all of them, again and again failing to win the top prize such as the governorship. However, in one more peaceful cause he achieved much—the promotion of what today we might call the greening of Nebraska.

Early in his Nebraska City newspaper days he devoted a great deal of space to advice on fruit growing, tree planting and experimenting with new types of grains, vegetables, potatoes and fruits brought in from other places. He recommended timber growing on a part of each homestead.

Morton was enthusiastic in promoting the first territorial and later the state fairs, rejoicing over the display of apples, apricots, pears, plums, peaches, cherries and quinces. He was a charter member of the Nebraska Horticulture Society and in 1871 set out a new orchard of one thousand trees. Records reveal that at a meeting of the State Board of Agriculture the following year he offered a resolution: "That Wednesday, the 10th day of April, 1872 be . . . especially set apart . . . for tree planting in the State of Nebraska and the State Board of Agriculture hereby name it Arbor Day; and to urge on the people of the State the vital importance of tree planting and hereby offer a special premium of one hundred dollars to the agricultural society . . . which shall . . . plant properly the largest number of trees; and a farm library of twenty-five dollars worth of books to the person who on that day shall plant properly in Nebraska the greatest number of trees."

Morton ordered 800 new trees for his farm for the occasion and, it is estimated that more than a million were planted in the state as a result of the first Arbor Day. The date was later changed to April 22, Morton's birthday, in his honor and made a legal holiday. No one knows how many million new tree plantings have resulted from his inspiration.

Between politics, railroad and other interests, J. Sterling Morton prospered. The little frame house was remodeled and enlarged into a show place, with lovely gardens. In 1881 his beloved wife died, but their four sons grew up and prospered. None of them had a college education, for their father did not think it particularly important with all the opportunities a new country offered.

Morton continued to wage political battles—usually losing. But a great honor came to him, much to his surprise, when Grover Cleveland, whom he had fought and attacked, invited him to become Secretary of Agriculture. This was a generous move on the part of the President, and revealed his recognition that probably no other man was better fitted for the post.

Sterling Morton became the first man West of the Missouri River to serve in a Presidential cabinet. During his two full terms he did a good job but inevitably stirred up hornets' nests as he went along. Then, at age sixty-eight he retired to Arbor Lodge for the remaining two years of his life.

Arbor Lodge Park and Arboretum is well worth visiting. It is full of mementoes of Nebraska's early days and is richly furnished. The bedroom of Caroline Morton remains as it was. The huge guest room occupied by visiting celebrities, including President and Mrs. Cleveland, still has its elegant washstand pitcher and bowl set painted to match the wallpaper.

Morton's battles are forgotten by all except historians, but once he wrote, "Trees are the monuments I would have," and this wish has been granted far beyond his own powerful imagination. How pleased he would be to know that just a half-century after the founding of Arbor Day, his eldest son Joy, influenced by his father's love of trees, founded the great Morton Arboretum just west of Chicago.

Author's Note: Direct quotes in this article, unless otherwise credited, are taken from *J. Sterling Morton* by James C. Olson.

The West Wind Blows

(Continued from page 19)

them up. When he emerged from the wash, it was dusk.

King was greatly excited over the find—they had actually recovered something. Yet night drew down with uneasy silence hanging over them. After cooking supper Hightower stood guard in a low stand of brush on the clearing's edge while King ate. Their protective routine had never varied since returning to this dangerous territory.

When King assumed the guard post with his rifle, Hightower ate supper and washed the few cooking utensils. He was away from the almost dead bed of coals when a rattle of riders could be heard to the east. Snaking his rifle closer to hand he waited, but not apprehensively because no bushwhacker would announce his coming in that fashion.

Two tall, roughly dressed men broke the starlight, pulling up a hundred yards away. Dismounting, they left their horses and a pack mule and advanced leisurely, covertly studying the camp. One asked politely if they could camp close by. This was a common courtesy observed by prospectors when meeting. The first one on the ground controlled the campsite. Replying that they could, Hightower remained carefully alert.

The two returned to their stock, soon unloaded, hobbled the animals and made camp.

So far no evidence existed that the obvious hardcases were after them, but to retreat into hiding would disclose their positions, so Hightower remained seated, apparently enjoying a smoke.

After a brief meal the two strangers came over. The talkative one asked if "they" had had any luck.

"No, and we're pulling out of these parts," Hightower replied.

"Since that's so, you might as well let us have the map. You won't be needing it no more and we're after the same thing you are. By the way, where's your partner who got shot up?"

Hightower chuckled without levity. "Right this minute he's looking at you right down the sights of a rifle."

Both men froze and, without moving their heads, peered around the best they could into the surrounding ground shadows and natural obstructions. For a couple of minutes neither spoke.

"Well—dunno as we came here hunting trouble," one said finally. "But if you ain't found nothing and ain't going to use the map, why not pass it on?"

"For the simple reason we ain't got no map," Hightower lied.

"Well, we heard—all right, if you don't want to be sociable!" The muttering pair returned to their own camp.

Picking up his bedroll Hightower deliberately went in the opposite direction from where King lay concealed. Under cover, on quitting the elongated glade, he circled to his partner.

"Them fellows are going to cause us trouble," Hightower whispered. "We'll take off tonight. Get a head start on them."

Their stock had grazed to that side into the edge of the brushy timber. Easily caught out of view, they were tied up. But how to get the saddles and equipment out of the open? When the solution occurred to him, Hightower began chuckling. Whispering instructions to King, he crawled through the grass almost into camp.

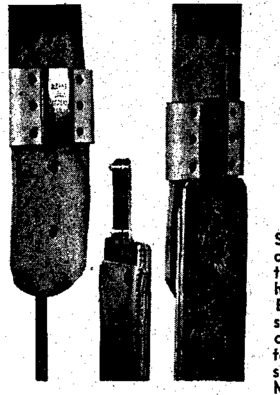
He lay there for all of fifteen minutes before a series of rifle shots thundered eastward beyond the strangers' camp. Not visible before, the two hardcases suddenly erupted and started running in the direction of the gunfire. By then a six-gun began blasting.

As soon as they were on the way Hightower leaped to his feet, grabbed the saddles and threw them into the brush. Cooking utensils, grub and the balance of their equipment went next. He was saddling when King returned from drawing the strangers away from their camp. Ten minutes later they were riding north into the mountain foothills.

"They'll savvy what happened soon enough," Hightower declared, "but they can't track us until after daylight."

The two kept moving steadily all night long, reaching Alamosa Creek at dawn. After cooking a meal and resting a bit, they went on to Alamosa City. The gold bars were immediately shipped by express to Denver. The stock was put in a feed barn.

Late that afternoon the two hardcases showed up. Hightower and King passed them across the street while making for a small hotel saloon. Loitering over their beer for a while the partners finally emerged, right into the surly pair waiting for them on the sidewalk.



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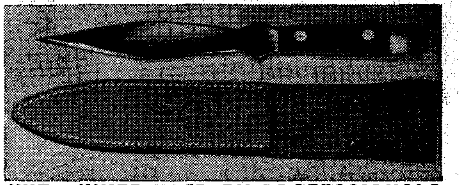

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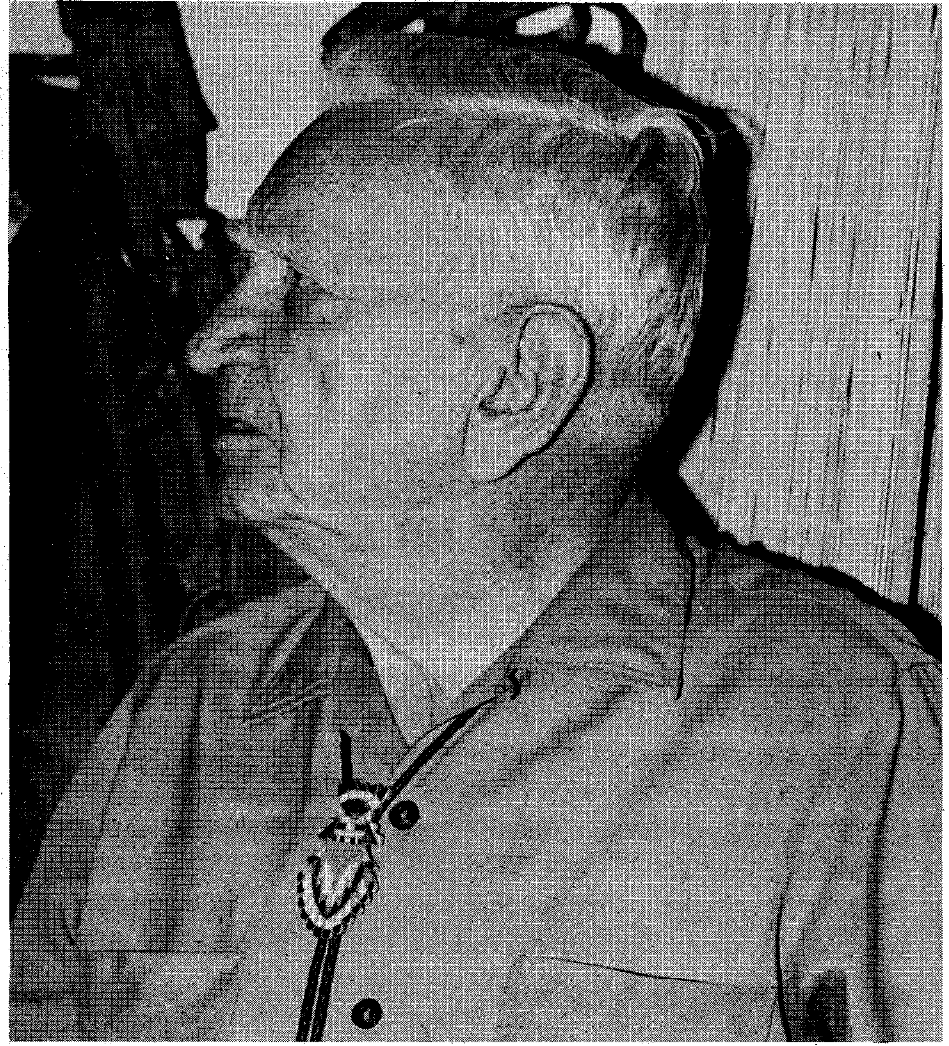

John Arrington, noted historian of Farmington, New Mexico, found and identified most of the sites, including Ike Stockton's grave.

"Two wise alecks!" one declared hotly and obviously started for his holstered gun. Quick as a flash Hightower drew his six-gun and had the pair disarmed. When the town marshal strolled up and asked suspiciously what was going on, Hightower told him of the meeting on the Conejos and said the pair obviously trailed them to Alamosa City.

"They got here a little late to rob us," Hightower concluded. "We've shipped everything out."

"Okay, boys," the marshal said, "let's march toward the jail."

Several men arrived in time to hear most of Hightower's story, especially the statement that gold had been sent to Denver. That night the saloons seethed with wild tales about how the partners had brought in so many "burro loads" of gold.

"Let's go on to Denver and collect there," Hightower told King. "The express company and stage line that was robbed are sure going to hear about this and grab what little we got coming."

This the partners did, collecting something like $8,000 from the U.S. Mint. King immediately returned to his Ohio home, his roving days exchanged for the more prosaic career of farming. When Hightower left the Colorado goldfields the following year he too bought a large farm near Wapanucka, Oklahoma in Johnson County.

In recent years the story of the stage robbery and the large amount of loot taken has become an oft-repeated tale in southwest Colorado. The account has drawn many hunters, especially in the past ten years with so many metal detecting devices readily obtainable.

Hightower always believed, and said, that he and King were too far down the Conejos to have lost the big cache to the flood. It had to be the small one. But how come three of the bars were held out of the larger one, since they represented considerable weight? But this appears to have been the case, so treasure hunters today seek "the big one" closer to Conejos.

The Conejos River can be reached on U. S. Highway 285 from Colorado or New Mexico. Antonito, on the highway, is the largest town, but anywhere west on the *north side* of the river represents good hunting ground.

The Grave On The Hill

(Continued from page 26)

his bet and had Stetson hats to last for many a year. The jug of whiskey was consumed in a shorter time.

Al Mountford was once asked by Ben to take him fishing at Firebox Lake. The two sportsmen set off on horseback from Morgan. Ben had very little experience in fishing so Al had to give him some instructions. When they returned to Morgan, Ben, who had caught a large fish, insisted upon giving his friend a ten-dollar bill for his time and trouble.

Bengough was described as a tall, lean athletic man. He liked to play catch with Al Mountford and insisted that the ball be thrown as hard as possible. Ben loved the strenuous game but Mountford always came out of it with a sore arm and hand.

One time some hunters treed a bear near Ben's cabin and asked his help in taking the animal alive.

"All right," Bengough said, "You chaps stand by with your lariats ready while I pull the bloody beast out of the tree!"

Ben swung up into the tree with the agility of a simian and grabbed the surprised bear by both hind legs. After giving them a strong yank, Ben lost his balance and both he and the startled bear came tumbling out of the tree. The bear landed on top. Though the Englishman received some deep scratches in the ensuing struggle he was quickly on his feet and wanted to box the bear. His acquaintances decided otherwise and roped the undoubtedly bewildered animal.

During his latter years Ben's infrequent trips into Laramie became fewer and fewer. He seemed content to spend his days on his ranch with his dogs, cattle and his books. His friends thought perhaps he had become embittered for some reason.

On November 19,1934 the Laramie *Republican Boomerang* reported that Clement S. Bengough had died at the Laramie hospital following a two-weeks illness. His death was attributed to a heart condition and kidney failure.

At 1 p.m. on November 22, last rites were held in a Laramie funeral home. Dean A. A. Hasting of St. Matthew's Cathedral conducted the funeral service. Immediately following the rites in Laramie, the coffin, accompanied by a number of old friends, was taken to the burial site on Mrs. Fannie Hansel's ranch near Morgan. The Hansel ranch was adjacent to Bengough's ranch and overlooking the property. At 3 p.m. the interment service was held on the lonely knoll where the granite monument stands today.

Clement Bengough's estate was valued at $32,230.56, the bulk of which was cash deposits in a Laramie bank and in several English banks. Little personal property was recorded—the usual clothes, guns and other personal effects. Nothing was found to explain Bengough's strange and lonely life five thousand miles from his English heritage.

High above I-80 on a rocky knoll, Bengough's gray granite marker carries this inscription taken from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Requiem," second verse:

CLEMENT S. BENGOUGH
19 Nov. 1934

This is the verse you grave for me
Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor from the sea,
And the hunter from the hill.
R.L.S.

The rough sod-roofed and dirt-floored cabin is gone now. Here the elements have been victorious. It was reported that the primitive structure was still standing twenty years ago but was rapidly disintegrating.

The American frontier produced many fascinating characters and was the repository for countless others who followed the sunsets west and then stayed. They can best be described as individualists who were close-mouthed about their past and guarded their privacy with a passion. Bengough selected Wyoming's high windswept prairie for his permanent domicile and his last resting place.

West of Laramie, the cold winds blow across the high plains most of the year. Below the knoll where Clement Bengough sleeps alone on the high prairie, automobiles rush by at seventy-five miles an hour. Traffic is heavy with tourists during the summer months but snowstorms block and close the road during the long winter—just as they did in Ben's day.

Blue

(Continued from page 27)

road track that we crossed about one mile from the schoolhouse. A mile before we reached home in the other direction we crossed Queen Creek. It was more like a river with a dry bed, but during rainy weather it reached flood stage very rapidly, presenting a threat to farms south of us. A wall of water twelve feet high had been known to roar down its channel.

Everytime a new kid showed up at school on a horse, there was wagering (without money) whether Blue could outrun the newcomer. I remember being his rider more than once. At the word "Go!" we started off at a fast gallop. Blue seemed to enjoy watching his competitor from the corner of his eye, allowing the rival to come alongside, beating up the dirt, and then letting the horse pass him only slightly. When Blue felt it was just the right second he put back his ears and took off like a rocket! I had to concentrate to stay with him.

One spring day a violent thunder and lightning storm blew in from the north. The sky looked dreadful as it approached —black with turbulent thunderclouds and boisterous winds. We left school early that afternoon under the teacher's protest. She insisted that we stay at the schoolhouse until our folks came for us. When we couldn't be persuaded, she offered us a yellow slicker to help keep the rain off. But we couldn't use it, as it just flapped in the wind and the two of us couldn't hold it on.

Before we had gone a mile, darkness descended upon us. The lightning was cracking fiercely all about us, and the wind swept clouds of dust into our eyes and mouths. We were scared and choked, and we cried—but knowing our folks were expecting us and that if we messed around we might get a spanking, we continued on.

Unknown to us, our mother was walking the floor with fear and anxiety. Dad was telling her reassuringly, "Mother, you know good and well the teacher will

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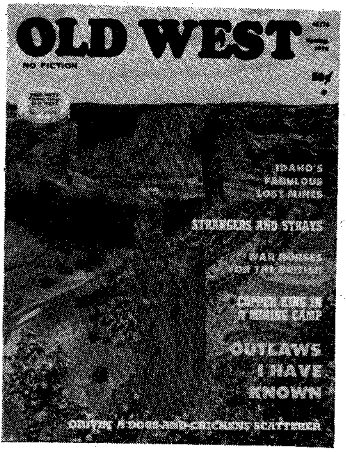
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not let the kids come out in this storm. She'll keep them at the schoolhouse with her!"

THE COLD driving rain soon soaked our clothing and penetrated to the bone. We shivered and suffered. When we got to the creek (we heard it long before we arrived), the water was leaping fiercely and violently in the darkness. Powerful lightning flashes showed us the black, roaring abyss.

We encouraged Blue to swim us across, but he wouldn't budge a foot. Our whipping and yelling did not change his mind. He trembled but would not move. After crying some, we decided to go back the seven miles to the schoolhouse. We turned the horse around and gave him the reins, for in the darkness we couldn't even see each other.

Barely over our heads great balls of fire played hide-and-seek across the heavens. Here a flash, there a dozen, and then all at once! The saguaros, like huge angry ghosts, reached out to grab us with their thorny arms. During the intervals of darkness all we could hear was the horse's hoofs splashing in the mud, the saddle leather creaking, and the rain splattering. We sometimes feared our trusted friend would lose his footing and fall with us as we swayed in the saddle.

We didn't talk much at all. Finally we reached the railroad tracks. Blue was bringing us safely to our destination! The horse stopped at the gate of the schoolground and flashes of lightning lit up the area like noonday. We knew then the place was deserted. All the children had found their way home. We were cold and numb and so scared that we cried again. Bill sobbed against my wet back, "Ruby, I'm so cold I can hardly hang on."

I covered his gloveless, icy, little hands with my cold stiff fingers and he hugged me close to him. "Don't cry, Bill. God will take care of us. And Blue knows the way!" I tried, with little faith, to comfort my little brother.

We turned Blue toward the home of one of the school trustees who lived about a mile north of the schoolhouse. Again we allowed him the reins. He quickened his pace as if he were headed home! It wasn't long until he stopped with a grunt that trailed off into a sigh. With the aid of lightning flashes we saw that we were under a grape arbor at the front door of Mr. Fencher's home.

Bill slid off the horse by holding onto a short rope tied to the saddle. With his numb little fist he knocked loudly on the door. We waited, hoping desperately, but no one was at home. I slid off, too, and fell down in the mud I was so weak and paralyzed from the cold. Nearby was an old touring car covered with a tent. We let Blue take care of himself and both crawled into the car.

Bill got in the front seat and I got in the back, and we had just settled down for a long eternal sleep, when in the distance we heard a car laboriously making its way through the mud, sounding as if it were stuck at intervals. It seemed ages before it came roaring to a stop with its passengers. Bill mechanically got out of the car and stumbled in their direction. A man soon came and carried me to the house and placed me near a roaring pot-bellied stove. Mrs. Fencher prepared warm baths in a wash tub and gave us some milk before putting us to bed. One of the men said that within an hour I would have died. Having sat ahead of Bill in the saddle I had been a shield to him.

The morning sun showed the havoc the night had done. There were new lakes everywhere. Piles of debris were in the strangest places. Albert came over early, riding on Bess, a bay mare. He said the creek's wild rampage had subsided but he had some difficulty crossing the creek bed. Deep holes had washed out in places and were filled with muddy water "as thick as gravy." Boulders of tremendous size had come from a distance to pile and rest against each other.

As we jogged toward home, Albert heckled us. "You're both going to get a good whipping," he said. "Mother and Dad are sure mad at you. You could have made it. Blue would have brought you home if you had let him!" He taunted and watched us with complacency as our tormented hearts ached for understanding. At a distance we saw our parents standing in the road waiting for us. I looked for the switch Mother might be hiding behind her apron as we drew near.

Our parents ran to meet us and Mother cried, "My darlings are home safely, thank God!" As they pulled us from the horse they kissed and hugged us again and again.

Dad handed Blue's reins to Albert. "Give him a bucket *full* of oats!" He commanded. With a smile of gratification, Albert took the horses to the barn.

BLUE lived until he was thirty years old. After seeing the poor old faithful servant almost fall into the water trough, Mother felt a great pity for him. She worried that he might die there while we slept some night. His large frame was bony. His ribs stuck out and were barely covered with his old grey hide. His watery eyes tried with great effort to see her as she fed him from her hand. "Poor old thing!" she would say, then wipe her eyes on her apron.

Mother decided to do something about it. If she were Blue she would want someone to come to *her* aid. One day while Dad was away and the younger children were all in school and the older married ones had left home, she called the glue factory and told them to come after him. They would end his suffering quickly and Blue would understand, she figured.

The truck came for the horse. My brother Albert lived down the road not far from us. On this warm summer day he just happened to be on his front porch and he saw the truck approaching with the big grey horse standing high in the breeze. He took a long look, then sprang to his feet, "That looks like Blue!" He gave a loud whistle and the old horse, with his grey main flying, his head held high, turned and looked at my brother who exclaimed, "That *was* old Blue!" (Blue had been deaf for years.)

Albert rushed into the house to telephone Mother. "Mom, was that Blue that went by here just now in a truck?"

"Yes."

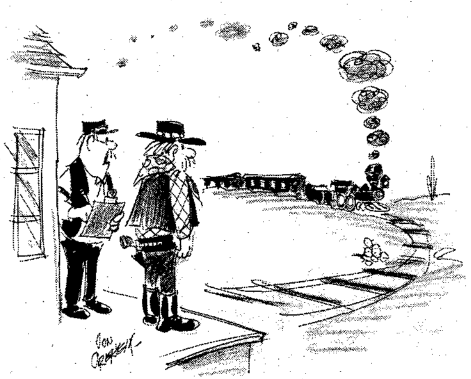
"After all that old horse has done for us—how could you give him to the glue factory?"

Mother didn't answer.

"If I'd known you didn't want him any longer I'd have brought him over here and put him on good feed and taken care of him until he died!"

"He couldn't eat—he couldn't see—he couldn't hear," she sobbed.

Albert hurried out the door to jump into his car and overtake the truck. But each step he took slowed a little and as he reached for the door handle he shook his head, turned slowly around and went back to the house. Mother had loved Blue as much as any of us—maybe more—but it was time to say goodbye.



"It's that new Indian fireman telling his wife he'll be late for dinner."

Northern Minnesota's Gold Rush

(Continued from page 30)

16, 1890. More testpitting disclosed a large body of ore with only a small amount of surface clay and gravel above it.

When this discovery became known by other mining people, exploration was started which resulted in many large, high grade ore bodies being found, all of which could be easily and rapidly mined. Almost immediately there was a very noticeable effect on the steel industry, which at that time was deadlocked with the mining interests. The steel companies did not want to expand unless there was a large amount of ore available; the mining companies did not care to go to the expense of opening new mines when there was insufficient steel capacity to absorb more ore. Now all that was changed. Steel companies could enlarge their operations without worrying about a continuing supply of iron ore. After the Merritt discovery, the steel industry expanded until, at the beginning of World War I, the national capacity had reached 31,000,000 tons and was continuing to rise.

At the beginning of the war England and France could only produce 12,000,000 tons of steel annually to compare with 17,000,000 tons that Germany and Austria could make. To correct this imbalance huge amounts of steel had to be obtained from the United States. In fact, Lord Kichener at the start of the war contracted for the total production of the Bethlehem Steel Company to meet England's needs.

Had Geologist Eames not incited people to go to the alleged gold fields of Lake Vermillion by his false statements, Lewis Merritt would not have become interested in iron ore and his sons would not have started the development of the ore which permitted the United States to supply England and France with sufficient steel to prevent a German-Austrian victory early in the conflict.

Had the Merritts not discovered the high grade ore, it is probable that such ore would not have been found for eighteen or twenty years afterward, too late to have saved England and France from defeat.

TO EXPLAIN, it must be remembered that the only access to where high grade ore might be found was via a hard canoe route on the St. Louis-Embarrass River system. The possibility of finding this ore before logging operations started was very slight.

At least five competent explorers had explored the area for high grade ore and left. The Minnesota Iron Company, operating mines near Vermillion Lake, had sent engineers and geologists on similar searches without success. A well-known geologist had stated that there was only a very small possibility that good ore existed, basing his opinion on the fact that up to 1890 only low grade ore had been found. Wagon tracks near the future site of the city of Virginia had turned up high grade ore, but a Mr. Rattle, head of an iron ore testing laboratory, had said it was not iron ore. Under these circumstances, it is evident that it would have been a long time before high grade ore would have been found if the Merritts had not discovered it by their testpitting. As it was, they had spent twenty years off and on, looking for it.

Of course, high grade ore would eventually have been discovered when logging operations started near the future sites of the towns of Virginia or Biwabik. Near the Virginia site one could kick away the sod and expose good ore. But logging there started early only because sawmills were needed to furnish lumber for the towns started after the Merritts' discovery.

Another possible discovery site would have been near Biwabik. When the news of the Merritts' discovery became public, many firms sent explorers to assess timber lands with the idea that these lands might also contain iron ore. One of the men sent out was John McCaskel who, while eating lunch one day, noticed some peculiar dirt clinging to the roots of a fallen tree. He examined it more closely and found that it was iron ore. This was in the summer of 1891. Had he not been alerted by the Merritts' discovery he probably would not have noticed it. The surrounding timber was rather sparse and would have been uneconomical to log until about 1910 when timber could be hauled to the Embarrass River system and floated to the mills at Cloquet. This would have been twenty years later.

In logging operations, wells were dug for drinking water, and other holes were dug for water storage or for garbage disposal. At the Virginia and Biwabik sites these excavations undoubtedly would have disclosed ore.

So the ill-fated gold rush had three remarkable side effects: the discovery of the Vermillion Range mines that produced 103,000,000 tons of high grade ore; the discovery of the Mesabi high grade ores which up to 1971 had produced 1,300,000,000 tons of ore; and the discovery of taconite, which is one of the most valuable mineral resources of the United States. Besides these was the undeniable effect of the Merritts' discovery on the outcome of World War I.

How about the gold sample that the trappers found? The sample, most probably was from a real outcrop, so Minnesota joins Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada in having a lost gold lode. A well-known geologist, Hugh Roberts of Duluth, has said that in his opinion, gold would be discovered in the northern part of the state if a few Canadian prospectors could be persuaded to look there.

Frontier Foods And Cookery

(Continued from page 33)

county were hungry for news of the outside world, especially political news on the county level. They were naturally hospitable and would have made Mr. Oldham and Ney welcome even though there was no news. However, Mr. Oldham enjoyed talking and always had plenty to tell, and could bring them up to date on what they wanted to hear about. He did not neglect the business at hand, but noontime was his own and he felt free to talk until it was time to move on.

One day as the morning wore on, Mr. Oldham and Ney found themselves close to the home of a reputedly good cook. They saw the husband plowing in the field adjoining the road that led to the house, and Mr. Oldham waited until the man got to the turnrow near them. As it was so near dinnertime the man insisted that they eat with the family. He said he had heard his wife say that morning that she was going to bake a peach cobbler for dinner and he knew that all boys liked peach cobbler. As he said this he winked at Ney, and Ney thought to himself that the man was right.

They went on to the house and the man's wife welcomed them and seemed as pleased as her husband that they were going to share a meal with the family. She set a bountiful table and Ney stuffed himself as only a growing boy can do, keeping in mind that he must save room for the peach cobbler. Usually if the housewife knew in time that there would be company she would make biscuits to supplement the cornbread that was always served for dinner and supper. Of course, there were no biscuits that day but Ney enjoyed the hot cornbread made with buttermilk and eggs and he ate several pieces of it covered with fresh churned butter, finishing up with a helping of molasses on the last piece.

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When the woman thought it was time to serve the dessert she brought to the table a large enameled pan filled with the awaited cobbler. There was no ceremony of removing the plates and serving the cobbler in dessert dishes; it was served to each individual in the plate from which he had eaten the main meal. As she dished out the cobbler she apologized for making the crust of cornmeal, saying that they had played out of flour and her husband had been too busy in the fields to take the wagon and team to go after more.

Ney's countenance fell when he heard that the crust had been made with cornmeal as he could not conceive of a pie-crust made with cornmeal being good. Nevertheless he passed his plate and the housewife piled a generous helping on it and poured thick, yellow cream on the top. To his astonishment, the concoction was delicious and he ate a second helping. Mr. Oldham ate a large helping, also, and complimented the cook highly. He even asked how she made it, as he wanted to tell his wife. Here is what she said:

"I sifted that bowl full of meal [indicating a large bowl on the kitchen table] and salted it. I poured boiling water over the meal and strirred it up into a ball, making sure that the water had gone all through. I had put a half-gallon jar of peaches I canned last summer in a pan on the stove to heat and while they were getting hot I buttered the pan I was going to cook the cobbler in. Then I pinched off pieces of the cornmeal dough and flattened them out with my hands and covered the bottom of the pan.

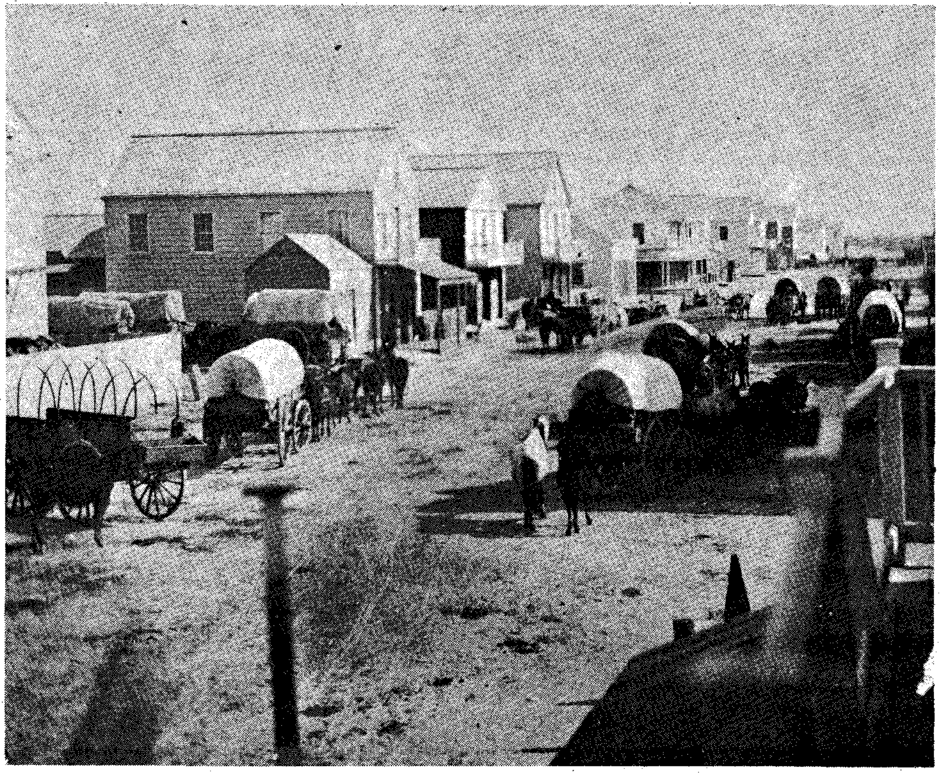
"I sweetened the peaches real good and poured a layer of the peaches. I then made another layer of dough, then another layer of peaches with lots of butter, and covered the top with a layer of dough. I sprinkled sugar over the top and baked it a long time in the oven while I cooked the other vittles on top of the stove."

Well, Ney never forgot that peach cobbler or the woman who made it. In the 1920s when he was the Hays County Tax Assessor he made the same rounds in a Model T car. When he encountered one of the woman's children, then grown with families of their own, he delighted in telling them about how he enjoyed their mother's peach cobbler.

THOSE early settlers enjoyed experimenting with what they had on hand. "Ma made butter rolls real often," said my Uncle Bill, "and we loved them but one day she added something to one that made it larruping good. She had tried to make some brandied peaches but the syrup had turned to vinegar with a brandy flavor. She made up a big batch of biscuit dough and rolled it real thin. This she covered with about half a pound of butter mixed with two cups of sugar, and sprinkled on a half-cup of the brandy-flavored vinegar. She rolled it up and put it in a buttered baking pan, and cooked it in a moderately hot oven. As it began to cook, the butter, sugar and vinegar made a syrup which started to ooze out into the pan. She thinned this syrup with more sugar, butter and vinegar so it wouldn't burn before the roll was done. She basted the roll with this syrup. This vinegar roll was so good that we ate it all at one sitting and begged her to make another soon. When the brandy-flavored vinegar was all gone, she used plain vinegar instead and this was good, too."

The pioneers usually kept a small flock of sheep and several times a year butchered a fat wether for the table. None of the meat was wasted; even the head was used. When it was severed from the carcass, the nose and ears were cut off and any wool remaining was carefully removed. The head was then split in two with a quick chop of an ax and cleaned thoroughly and soaked overnight in salt water. The next morning the pieces were washed again and placed in a large iron pot with some salt pork, covered with water, and boiled until the meat was tender. Then biscuit dough dumplings were dropped into the boiling liquid and cooked thoroughly. Salt, pepper and sometimes milk and butter were added. It was then dished up and served with wild plum jelly or green grape preserves.

Gourmet's delight? You bet!



Busy street scene in a frontier town in the 1800s.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 46)

to know about Joshua Johnson's family.

Daniel Johnson was a charter member of the Niwot Grange, established December 20, 1873 before Colorado became a state. Joshua Johnson lived in Niwot, Colorado in 1880.

Would also like any information about Joseph Howe Jamison, born 1823. Brought his family by ox team to Colorado in 1860. He died in December 1903, I believe in Dos Palos, California. There were nine children: Mariah, James, Rufus, Aaron, Willie, Phoebe (who married my grandfather Daniel Johnson), Harriet Jamison Fowler, and Frances Van Buren. Joseph Jamison was married to Eleanor Hyde, who was born July 1824 and died December 14, 1911 in San Jose, California.—Mrs. George A. (Ila) Deemer, 260 South 15th Street, Fortuna, California 95540

Loy-Cabbage

Will appreciate any information on the Loy and Cabbage families of early-day Iowa. George W. Loy married Susan Cabbage in 1847. They lived in various parts of the state but settled in Burlington for several years before moving to Coffey County, Kansas in 1857. Susan was born in 1822 in Grainger County, Tennessee and moved to Iowa in early childhood. Need names of parents, brothers and sisters of both, and birthplace and date for Edward. Was Elizabeth Loy who married a Tessler related to Edward?—Cecile Wright, Route 3, Monte Vista, Colorado 81144

Dickerhoof

My mother, Alpha Williams Golay, died in Axtel Hospital, Newton, Kansas when she was eighteen and I was between one and two years old. She had a younger brother, Rollo Williams, and a half-sister, Beatrice Dickerhoof. I am searching for information about Alpha's mother (my grandmother), Mrs. Frank Dickerhoof. She was telegraph operator in Marion County, Kansas; then she went to Montana where I wrote to her several times between 1910 and 1923 at Butte or near there. Anyone having information about her or her son Rollo or daughter Beatrice, please let me know.—Mrs. Sam Mollett, 3200 East 56th Terrace North, Kansas City, Missouri 64119

Campbell-Young

Can someone help me find the names and dates of the parents of Francis Marcus Campbell? He was born July 12, 1857 in Seguin, Texas, and had thirteen brothers and sisters (some half).

I would also like to know about the parents of Georgia Morgan Young who became his wife. She was born December 16, 1863 and her father was Colonel Hal Young who served in the Civil War.—Mrs. N. C. Campbell, 850 E. N. 10, Abilene, Texas 79601

Bowen

I would like any information about the family or descendants of Alfred Bowen who went to Helena or Butte, Montana about 1909. His children were Russel Bowen who, I believe, worked for the telephone company; Harold Anson Bowen; Mildred, Mrs. Thomas O'Neill; Florence, Mrs. Percy Way; and Daisy, Mrs. Whitbeck. Any information concerning any of the family will be appreciated.—Mrs. Velma Anson Olds, 210 N. Second Street, Campbell, California 95008

Lawrence-Green

I would appreciate any information concerning descendants of James and Ann Laurence (Lowrance, Laurens), who moved from North Carolina to Georgia in the 1880s. They are brother and sister to Samuel Lawrence, Silverstone, North Carolina, who was born August 25, 1810, and died August 9, 1893; parents were George and Ann Baker Laurance.

Also, I would be interested in hearing from any descendants of Nancy Caliste Green (Greene), who was born in 1811 and died in 1902. She was born at Meat Camp (now Route 2, Boone, North Carolina), Watauga or Ash County, North Carolina. She married Samuel Lawrence—brothers were Samuel (Squire), Manly, David, and Jack—and sisters were Ann McBride and Emma.—Mabel Burma, c/o Glen Pierce, Rt. 1, Solen, North Dakota 58570

Letterman

I would like to correspond with anyone who has any information on my great-uncle, Jacob Letterman Jr. His last known location was somewhere in Nebraska. He was born in or near Dexbach, Germany about 1815. He came to this country in 1850 in company with his father Jacob Sr. and brother Henry. They went directly to Peoria County, Illinois where brothers Joseph and David and sister Eliza were living. Jacob Letterman Jr. went into Nebraska sometime in 1851 or 1852. I have not been able to find out anything about his life in Nebraska.—R. H. Letterman, 15022 Military Rd. So., Seattle, Washington 98188

Rogers

I would like to contact my mother, who is Minnie Rogers. When I was only a few months old, I was left with Mary Jane Enger of Knoxville, Tennessee. I was born in Knoxville about February 22, 1913. Anyone having knowledge of by mother, please write me.—Elizabeth Barnes, 2025 South School, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701

Johnson-Spencer.

Would you please publish the following request for information about former friends. They are Mr. and Mrs. Enoch (Gladys) Johnson and Gladys' sisters, Emmie and Vera Spencer. All were raised in southern Wisconsin and moved to Chicago (Grace St. near Broadway) around 1932. Vera was released from a TB sanitorium in 1932.—D. W. DeHaven, 870 Holland Street, Lakewood, Colorado 80215

Lott-Hull

John Henry Lott, trapper and Indian trader, was born in the Boone, Iowa area and lived between 1842-1853. Lott was the slayer of the Sioux Indian Chief Si-Dom-In-Tah and married to Jemima McGuire. They had three children, daughters Henryetta and Laura and a son John Jr. (Jack White).

I would like to contact the children of Laura. Laura married Mart Hull and they have seven children. The Hull grandchildren possibly could live in the state of Oregon and should be sixty to seventy years old.—Orville L. Duckworth, 2911 South 42nd, St. Joseph, Missouri 64503

Black

Ithema Ballard was born about 1835 near Lancaster, Kentucky. She was called Thema and her middle name may have been Selina. She married William Taylor Black and they had eight children. The only ones I know about are Melvina Isabel, born January 5, 1866, died December 10, 1952; Sarah Jane; Irene Edna Izavene, born in 1868 and died in 1944; Minnie; and a brother with the initials W. F.

I have a letter written April 11, 1918 which states W. F. Black lived at Clarendon, Texas at that time. His wife and oldest daughter had been dead several years in 1918. W. F. Black had a son, Alfred, who had been in the army since September 1917 and was in France at the time of the letter.

Would like to contact any of the Black families descended from Ithema Ballard and William Taylor Black. The family moved from Lamoni, Iowa to Loveland or Holyoke, Colorado. Supposedly Ithema died between 1905 and 1911 and had a son who lived in their place about six to eight miles northeast of Holyoke.—Zane E. Jacobs, 2075 Mariposa Street, Seaside, California 93955

Martin

I'd appreciate hearing from any Martins related to George C. Martin. I don't know his wife's first name, but her maiden name is Anderson. They ranged sheep in the early years near Martinsville and Edgar, Montana.

John and Ella Tilden ranged sheep in the Clark's Fork area of Montana. Their children were John T., who married Ella May Martin; and Dorothy Tilden. "Bart,"

(Continued on page 72)

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By The Old Bookaroos

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BLACK MOUNTAIN MAN

Jim Beckwourth earned his spurs during an epic western era when survival depended upon skilled outdoor craftsmanship. This unique man deserves a better press than fate handed down, and author Elinor Wilson has come up with an excellently researched book which gives Jim the credits due him. The pages of *Jim Beckwourth, Black Mountain Man, War Chief of the Crows, Trader, Trapper, Explorer, Frontiersman, Guide, Scout, Interpreter, Adventurer, and Gaudy Liar* (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95) present the facts that backs the author's claim that this man ranks among great mountain men and pathfinders such as Kit Carson, Tom Fitzpatrick, Jed Smith, Bill Williams, Louis Vasquez and Jim Bridger. Son of a Virginia gentleman and his Negro slave, Jim presented good manners and had sufficient education to make a good impression among Westerners wherever he circulated. After joining the William Ashley fur trading expedition in 1824, Beckwourth either walked or rode horseback over the major western trails. He made the California gold rush and his discovery of Beckwourth Pass eased the travels of Argonauts from the sagebrush plains of Nevada through the Sierra and down the Feather River to Sacramento. Beckwourth was the kind of a heroic figure whose true story gives the reader romantic glimpses of an era when daily life was threatened with unseen hazards. Recommended.

SOUTHWESTERN VERSE

Those who enjoy poetry will be entertained with *Poems Southwest* (Prescott College Press, $6.50) edited by A. Wilbur Stevens. Thirty Southwestern poets have contributed forty-nine poems, part of which are about the West. These were selected from over 1,400 manuscripts from Arizona, Colorado, Oklahoma, Old and New Mexico, Nevada, Southern California, and Texas. Readers may wonder why there are inadequate representations of contemporary Indian and Spanish poetry. They have been partly cared for in other publications. More comprehensive coverage of these two categories are to be included in a future volume.

THE SACRED BLUE LAKE

The sacred Blue Lake of the Pueblo Indians of Taos, New Mexico has been in the national news from time to time since 1906 when it and the surrounding mountain woodlands were taken from the Indians by the United States Government. *The Taos Indians and Their Sacred Blue Lake* (Julian Messner, $4.95) by Marcia Keegan is the story of the Indians' persistent struggle to regain the area. The Blue Lake story spans a thousand years—beginning before the claiming of New Mexico for Spain in 1551. In 1848 the United States assumed ownership from Mexico but still recognized the rights of the Indians. In 1906 the sacred Blue Lake was included in a National Forest. Over the past sixty-five years the Taos Indians have valiantly fought for their rights, not from economic need but on religious and moral grounds. This sensitive book, drawn and richly illustrated, gives insight into a dramatic struggle and its successful conclusion.

GOOD READING!

Though many folks won't admit it, there is a little of the superstitious in most everyone. Most folklore has superstitious connotations. *Heroes, Hexes, and Haunted Halls* (Calvin Horn, $6.00) by Gilberto Espinosa is a colorful book containing an English translation of the poem "Los Comarches," one of the first pieces of Spanish literature in the new world, written in 1700. Also included are stories entitled "Spooks in the Rectory," "A Village Baille"—an account of a free-for-all at a village dance, "El Hermano de Luz"—a tale of the Penitentes, and the "Arenal Hex Murders." Espinosa is a lawyer, folklorist, historian, author and noted Mexican. He translated *Villagra's History of New Mexico* written in 1600 for the Quivira Society. His latest publication is interesting and entertaining and a unique item of Western Americana.

JOAQUIN!

Joaquin Murieta rides again in a new play written in verse by Pablo Neruda. This opus, *Splendor and Death of Joaquin Murieta* (Farrar Straus and Giroux, $2.95) was translated from Spanish to English by Ben Belitt. While this is not a literal translation, Belitt nevertheless transfers the basic message intended by Neruda. Whether the reader accepts Murieta as a myth, a composite of many figures or a real bandido, he should be impressed with the sheer drama of the play reincarnating one of western America's folk heroes. Murieta and wife Teresa sailed from Valparaiso, Chile to San Francisco and joined the cosmopolitan human flotsam and jetsam in the historic California gold rush. Chilenos, Mexicans, Indians, Blacks and Chinese were brutally treated by the overpowering Anglos who dominated mining and politics. Turning to banditry in retribution, after Teresa was raped and killed, Murieta finally was hunted down and beheaded. Neruda captures the pathos and temper of the period and brings off a highly successful morality play.

THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES

The Cheyenne Indians, Their History and Way of Life, Vols. I and II (University of Nebraska Press, $3.00 each volume) by George Bird Grinnell is a Bison Book edition of the classic on Plains Indians first published by Yale University Press in 1923. After several years' acquaintance with members of the Cheyenne tribe, Grinnell gained thier confidence to the point where they told him their innermost secrets about beliefs, customs, and history. From 1890 until 1923 when his books were first published the author spent much time with Indians and in cross-checking his information with other authorities of the day. The Cheyennes migrated westward over a period of several centuries from their ancestral home somewhere northeast of the Great Lakes. Later dividing into two tribes or camps, the Northern Cheyennes of Montana and the Southern Cheyennes of Oklahoma, this people numbered some 3,281 persons in 1970. Grinnell traces the tribe from the time it left its ancestral lands until 1920. He gives intimate details on daily camp life, seasonal sequence of hunting and other activities, food gathering, warring, family life, religious ceremonies, games, and relationships with other tribes. The intricacies of Indian life reveal a tightly knit social structure where women filled an important—indeed, often leading role—in camp and tribal matters. The Cheyenne emerge as a sensitive human race, greatly different from their Anglo-Saxon conquerors, but highly capable of living in and with their environment. Volume II has a comprehensive index. Photographs of early Indian life by Elizabeth C. Grinnell and Mrs. F. E. Tuell support the text. This much sought reference can now be enjoyed by anyone interested in the true nature of the Indians as the white men found them.

THE INDIANS SPEAK

"We did not think of the great open plains, the beautiful rolling hills, and winding streams with tangled growth, as 'wild.' Only to the white man was nature a 'wilderness' and only to him was the land 'infested' with 'wild' animals and 'savage' people. To us it was tame. Earth was bountiful and we were surrounded with blessings of the Great Mystery. Not until the hairy men from the east came and with brutal frenzy heaped injustices upon us and the families we loved was it 'wild' for us. When the very animals of the forest began fleeing from his approach, then it was that for us the 'Wild West' began." Thus spoke Chief Luther Standing Bear of the Oglala band of Sioux and similarly speak other noble redmen in *Touch the Earth* (Simon & Schuster, Inc., Pocket Book, $2.95) compiled by T. C. McLuhan as a self-portrait of Indian existence. The compilation of quotations from Indian leaders was especially selected to portray "the pain of the Indian, as he experienced the death of his way of life." The book is sensitive, not only in the quoted text, but also in the carefully selected paragraphs. It is divided into four parts: "The Morning Sun, the New Sweet Earth and the Great Silence"; "The Hairy Man from the East"; "My Voice is Become Weak"; and "If We Surrender, We Die." The book has a section of notes, a suggested guide for further reading, and the sources for the texts. First published by Outerbridge and Lazard in 1971, *Touch the Earth* will touch the hearts and in-increase the understanding of all those who read it.

LAST FRONTIER

Floor of the Sky—The Great Plains (A Sierra Club Book, $19.75) by David Plowden will give readers everywhere vivid facts about this often misunderstood area lying between the 100th meridian and the Rocky Mountains. The work is one of quality bookmanship, including paper, format, seventy-six photographs in color and black and white, and an instructive text. First considered an uninhabitable desert, the Great Plains was the last American frontier to be settled. The area was threaded with trails and roads that trappers, gold seekers, missionaries and homesteaders traveled to the Rockies and Pacific Coast states. Plains Indians fiercely defended their buffalo lands against white invaders and some of the last and most dramatic wars were between the U.S. Army and fleet redskin cavalry. When buffalo were killed off and Indians subjugated, Texas cattle moved northward to Montana across the ladder of east-flowing rivers originating in the Rockies. Dry farmers later settled on a large part of the cattle range and established the major American wheat belt. Alternating wet and critical drought years are a natural Great Plains phenomena. The disastrous dust hurricanes that vexed the nation in the 1930s further characterized the plains as the "Dust Bowl," a name that is still a partial truth in dry years. The author does a laudable job of identifying the complexities and variety of features that distinguish both Northern and Southern Great Plains. Cross continental roads, railroads and airlines still bisect the area but these now are interlinked with a vast network of communication lines that serve the cities, towns, hamlets, ranches, farms and industries that have emerged. Ranching still is mportant and several ranch operations are described, including that of Tom Lasater, super rancher at Matheson, Colorado, formerly of Falfurrias, Texas. Very good.

WRITTEN IN ANGER

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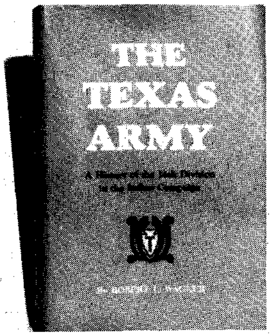
(Continued on page 72)



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The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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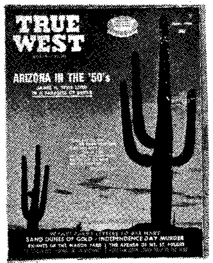

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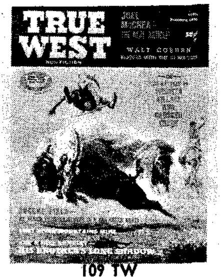

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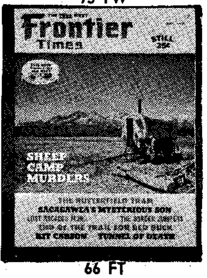

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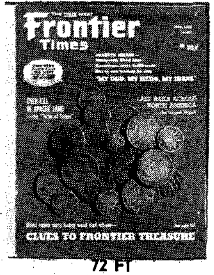

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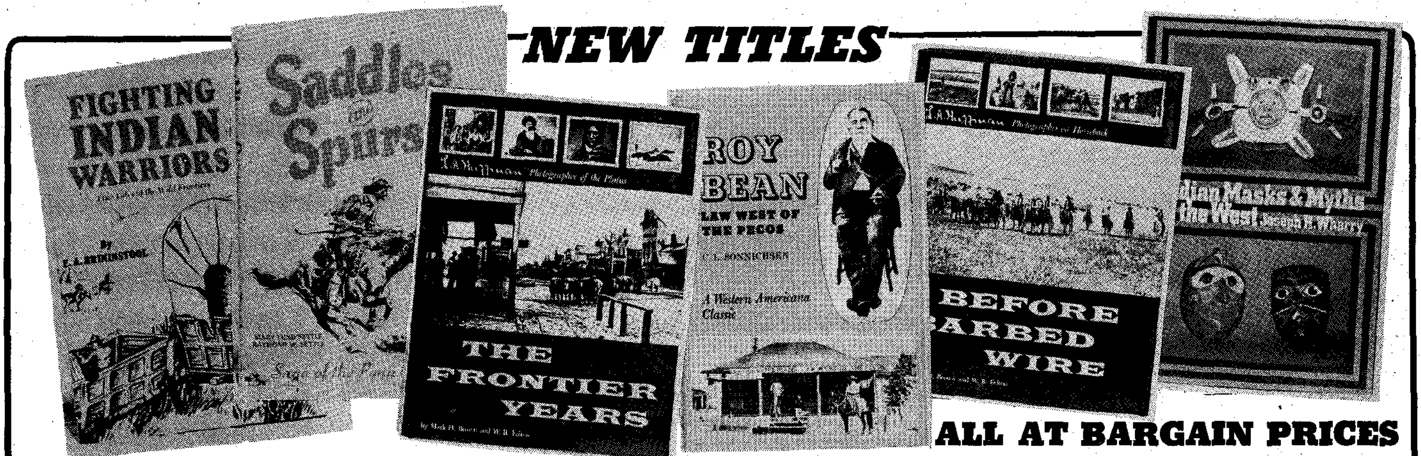

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 69)

ern lands. The book should stimulate readers who will take sides for or against Terrell who has written in anger and has largely presented his own one-sided views. He has catalogued the indignities against Indians who were nearly killed off during planned campaigns of extermination. Tribesmen lost their lands through broken treaties and strong-arm evictions. White men effectively used whiskey as a major corrupter of Indian morals, economy and culture. Fur traders aided in the enormous swindle by using Indians to pillage the beaver population without thought of perpetuating it. The red men were then skinned out of their earnings. The author claims no economic or other good resulted from the American fur trade. He also accuses the cattle barons of stealing much of the western range land and mismanaging it until it finally became useless. Actually major damage to the range occurred after the cattle barons lost out. The book will do a lot of good because too much of what Terrell says is true. Unfortunately he failed to present a fair case for whites, fur traders and cattlemen. The bloody and long enduring conflict between white and red men is merely a repetition of the cosmic urge of crowded people seeking elbow room. This is another example of a primal migration where, in this case, Stone Age Indians succumbed to the crushing power of Iron Age Europeans. Throughout time stronger invaders have overpowered weaker opponents but have seldom been lenient to the conquered. Whites merely took land away from Indians who had previously taken the same territory from other tribes. While many Indians have been killed off, the numbers of those remaining are increasing. Unfortunately, neither the author nor anyone else has come up with a solution to the red man's perplexing problem. The present-day Indian population is the most neglected minority in America, but lamenting the past won't solve his present needs. Preserving such phases of his ancient culture that he wishes to maintain is one requirement and another one is to prepare him to compete economically with the rest of American society to which only he holds a charter membership. Recommended reading.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 67)

"Wash," and "Hat" were some names mentioned in letters in California, Kansas and Montana (Great Falls area).—Ruth Clark Barn, 425 East 61st Street, Tacoma, Washington 98404

County Sheriffs

This office needs pictures of the following old-time sheriffs of Mariposa County, California for office collection. Thomas Early, 1856-1858; Joshua D. Crippen, 1858-1870; Cornelius Nelson, 1870-1871; John F. Clarke, 1872-1885; and John J. Mullery, 1885-1887.

Pictures will be copied and returned to sender. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Norman W. Garrett, Sheriff, Mariposa County, Box 276, Mariposa, California 95338

Lehman-Adams

Having recently reread my valued copies of the March and May 1963 issues of FRONTIER TIMES, I appreciate once more the story "Nine Years With the Indians" by my great-great-uncle, Herman Lehman. His half-sister, Emma Buchmeier Holcomb, was my great-grandmother.

I would appreciate hearing from any descendants of Ernest (Ernst) Moritz Lehman and Augusta Johanna Adams who were married September 30, 1849. They had seven children: Emilege, a girl, who died at about age six months; Gustav Adolph, born May 20, 1855; Wilhelmina, born September 1, 1857; Frederick Herman, born June 5, 1859; Matilda, born February 12, 1863; Moritz Lehman died October 11, 1862; Augusta then married Phillip Buchmeier, June 5, 1863. To this marriage were born six children: Sophie, born March 6, 1868; Emma, born March 15, 1867 (died November 7, 1959); Augusta, born December 6, 1868; Martha born October 3, 1870; Amalie, born February 12, 1873; and Heinrich Wilhelm, born March 10, 1875.

Also, any information about Allie Rohane Holcomb who married Emma Buchmeier would be appreciated. I believe he died sometime in 1930 in Houston, Texas.—Mrs. Robert W. Thomas, 6601 San Homero Way, Buena Park, California 90620

Vaughn

I would appreciate information about my great-grandmother's family. Her father, Mathew Vaughn, was listed with his family in the 1870 and 1880 census of Benton County, Arkansas. His wife's name is Sarah and their children are James, Elizabeth and Nancy. Also my great-grandmother, Martha, who married William King Abercrombie.—Ella Mae Hunter, 477 Filmore, Pocatello, Idaho 83201

Leeper

I am interested in contacting descendants of Samuel Leeper (Leiper?) who came from Virginia to Texas and was in the battle of San Jacinto. He received land grants located in Smith and Harris County. The Smith County grant was later sold by Pratt, agent for the two daughters by first marriage.

There was a brief account in Willbarger's *Indian Depredations in Texas* of his being scalped by Indians near present-day Weatherford, Texas.

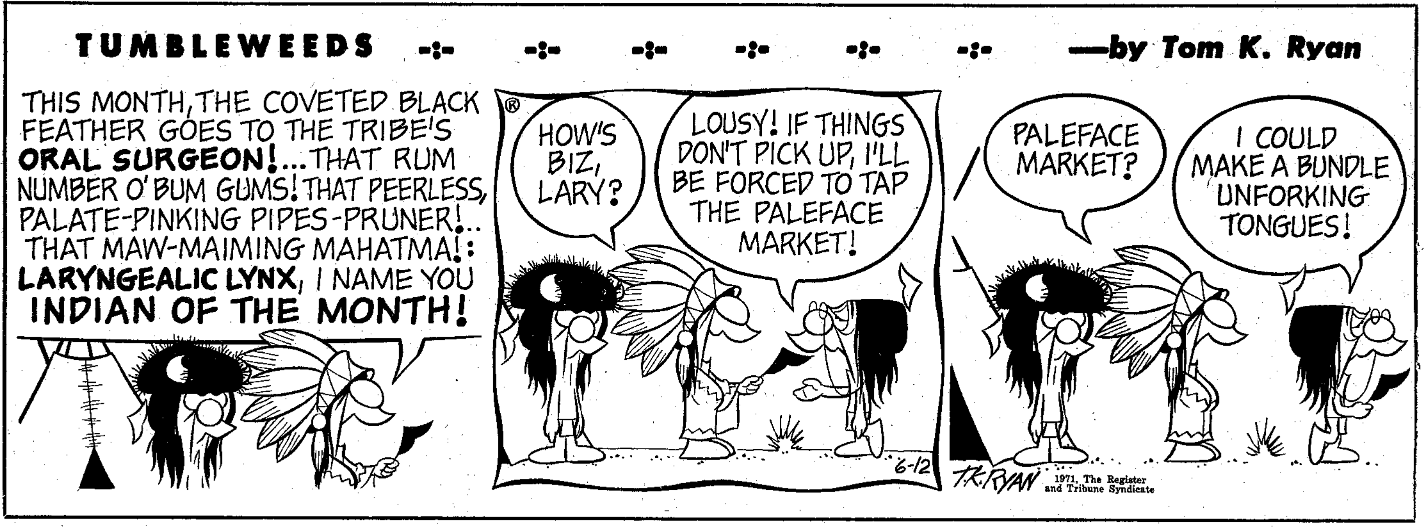
I am his great-great granddaughter through Mary Love (Leeper) De Bord; Sally (De Bord) Webb; and Bess Marian (Webb) De Shazo.—Mrs. Thelma D. Sullivan, 1702 Meadowbrook, Austin, Texas 78703

Lewis

I am seeking information about James Samuel Lewis who married M. E. (Lizzie) Hobbs. He lived at times in Fredonia, Pontotoc and Port Lavaca, La Grange and Robert Lee, Texas. He was a horse and mule trader.

It is believed he had three families—each with three to five children. The different families never knew each other. Children from his marriage to M. E. Hobbs were: James Leslie, Arthur, Victor, Fred and Ella (Graham) Lewis.

I would appreciate any information about any of his families.—Mrs. W. D. McSmith, 1810 Mesa Verde, Farmington, New Mexico 87401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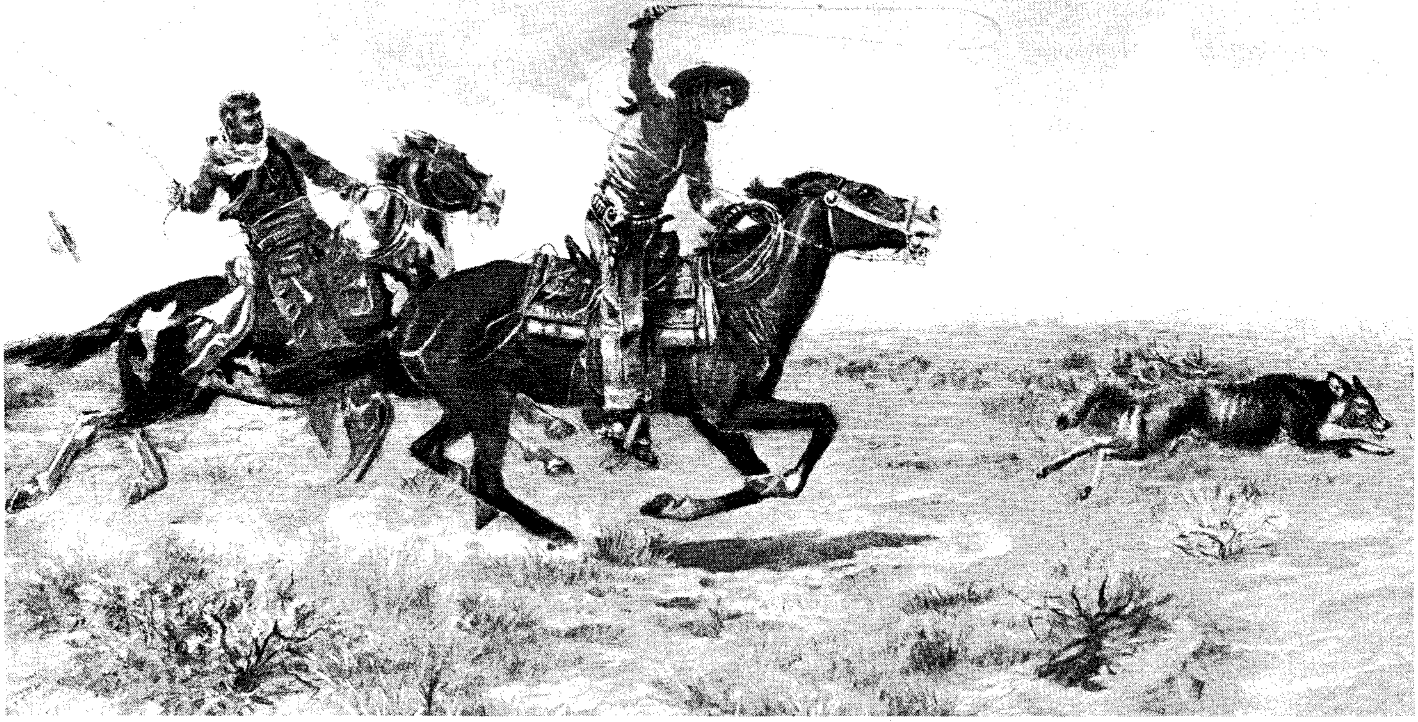

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